

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 5 NO. 23

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

## THE KID PUT OUT

By Corbett at Madison Square Gardens in Fifth Round

AFTER HARD AND ROUGH FIGHT.

At Opening McCoy Was Confident, Corbett Nervous.

BETTING WAS IN JIM'S FAVOR.

It Was Nobody's Battle Until After the Middle of the Last Round—Big Crowd Present.

From Wednesday's Daily.  
New York, Aug. 30, via Skagway, Sept. 5.—An immense crowd witnessed the Corbett Kid McCoy fight at Madison Square Garden tonight. Betting was light as McCoy's backers wanted odds of 8 to 10. A few bets were made at even money at the ring side before the men entered.

Both men appeared in splendid condition, McCoy being several pounds heavier than ever before when he entered a ring, and this made him feel very confident. Corbett appeared very nervous and this had a tendency to change betting slightly in the Kid's favor.

First round—McCoy stood to his work better than Corbett, the latter doing considerable sprinting. Neither man landed a good blow during the round.

Second round—McCoy again lead, but Jim done less sprinting and stood up to his work. Both men did clever sparring and clinched; after the breakaway they again sparred guardedly, and the bell again sounded without any heavy work having been done.

Third round—Corbett rushed McCoy and there was a clinch, followed by hard blows in which each man landed heavy with his left on the other's mouth. Corbett appeared to drop all science and went to wallowing around like a rough and tumble fighter, but without landing. When the round closed both men were bleeding at the mouth.

Fourth round—Corbett rushed the fighting, landing several staggering

blows with his left on the Kid's body, who reciprocated with a hard right on Jim's ear. Both men fought hard and were both tired when the bell rang.

Fifth round—McCoy rushed at Jim and landed both a right and left on his head. There was a hard clinch which was broken by the referee. Jim tried a heavy left, but the Kid ducked and got into Jim's corner where he was followed and smothered by heavy rights and left on his head and body which he was unable to ward off. The Kid crossed his arms over his face when Corbett made a great drive for his heart, delivering a powerful blow which caused the Kid to stagger. A second drive on the heart put him on the floor; he tried to rise but staggered and fell headlong. He again strove to regain his feet but was too slow, having been counted out. Time of fifth round, two minutes and three seconds.

### Stewart River Stampede.

The talk of the rich find on Stewart river has led to something of a stampede in that direction within the past day or two, although to judge from what is said of it this morning by those who are in the best position to know, the strike does not amount to much.

The place where fabulous wealth is supposed to have been discovered is on Clear creek, a tributary of the Stewart entering that stream about 80 miles above its mouth. The discovery was staked by three Australians a week ago tomorrow, and something of the story which reached Dawson was published in the Nugget a day or two since. Frank Dooner has received word from his brother Jack Dooner and Henry Roseberg, who are now on the ground, this morning and says he believes from his information there is nothing there worth making the trip for.

Some seven or eight people started for Clear creek from here last evening and quite a number have been reported as leaving the creeks for the new strike, but inasmuch as those who have prospected the ground have returned here and are not going back, it may be taken for granted that there is little excuse for a stampede.

### Whipping Post Needed.

Francisco Roderigo who was charged sometime since with the attempted perpetration of an unspeakable crime, was before a jury in the territorial court this morning for trial.

Clifford Moore, a child of 10 years, who did not know the nature of an oath, made a statement to the court and jury which bore the stamp of truth, although he was not sworn because of his extreme youth and lack of knowledge of the obligation of an oath.

The child told his story in a straightforward manly way, but at one place in the narrative broke down and cried bitterly.

The prisoner, under examination by Crown Prosecutor Wade, had to admit the truth of some very damaging evidence, and the jury, after being out but a few minutes, returned a verdict of guilty as charged.

Judge Craig, in the course of his few brief remarks to the prisoner before delivering sentence, told him that the crime of which he had been found guilty was the most abominable which could be conceived. He said: "You might be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, under the law, and whipping besides. I regret that there is no arrangement for whipping in readiness here, as I should certainly include whipping in the sentence. As it is, you are sentenced to two years' at hard labor."

Then a policeman came forward and marched Francisco Roderigo away to jail.

Ladies, see the brussels squares that have arrived for Brimstone & Stewart. c12

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

## ROGERS CHOSEN

As Candidate for Governor by the Fusionists of Washington.

SELECTED AFTER A HOT FIGHT.

U. S. Cabinet Considers Diplomatic Relations With China.

FORCES ARE STILL NECESSARY

To Preserve Respect for Foreigners in Peking—King Humbert's Murderer Condemned for Life.

Seattle, Aug. 31, via Skagway, Sept. 5.—After three days of the most bitter and hard fought political battle in the history of the state of Washington, John R. Rogers, present incumbent, was renominated for governor at the joint convention of Democrats, silver Republicans and Populists. Rogers' strongest opponent was Angello Vance of Seattle, and Fred G. Robertson, of Spokane, were nominated for congressmen.

### Chinese Matters.

Washington, D.C., Aug. 29, via Skagway, Sept. 5.—A special meeting of the cabinet was held lasting all day. Affairs pertaining to diplomatic relations with China were under discussion. Plans for future action were discussed and agreed upon.

It is understood that Russia will notify the powers that the relief of Peking having been accomplished the forces of the allies should be withdrawn.

The feeling of the cabinet is that the forces should be kept in Peking until a satisfactory adjustment of all difficulties is arranged.

### Bressi Condemned.

Milan, Aug. 29, via Skagway, Sept. 5.—Bressi the assassin of King Humbert, has been sentenced to life imprisonment the severest sentence which is allowed under Italian law. When judgment was pronounced Bressi arose and made the following statement: "I decided to kill Humbert to avenge the misery of myself and the people. I acted without advice or accomplices."

### Bryan Will Lead.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 29, via Skagway, Sept. 5.—Bryan has started on a tour of the Central and Eastern states, in all of which he will deliver speeches. Towne will stump the Pacific states for the Bryan Stevenson ticket.

### Brief Canadian News.

Toronto, Aug. 20.—Andrew Hughes, aged 28, a sailor, was drowned on Saturday while attempting to board a schooner. He, with another companion named Hunter, had been on shore and upon return Hunter assisted Hughes aboard, but the latter slipped into the water.

The body of an unknown and apparently well-to-do man with a bullet wound in the right ear, with a revolver lying close by, was found in a ravine near Indian avenue, High Park, on Saturday.

The Dominion government agent at Glasgow has forwarded a letter from the Glasgow Tramway & Omnibus Company concerning the Canadian produce they

used last year, in which that company speaks in high terms of Canadian oats and hay which they had supplied their horses with for six months.

The high commissioner's office, London, has received inquiries for Canadian dried apple rings from an important firm of importers who are anxious to have the Canadian products.

Mr. King, secretary of the bureau of labor and editor of the Labor Gazette, recently inaugurated by an act of parliament, took possession of his office in Molson bank chambers here today.

Sydney A. Creene, manager of the General Advertising & Publishing Co., of this city, was drowned while bathing near Hanlan's Point on Saturday night.

Hon. J. E. Tarte reached Ottawa today. Interviewed as to his alleged disloyal utterances while in Paris the minister said the utterances, as published in Canada, were a perversion of facts, and that he had given expression to the same sentiments in Paris as he had given on the floor of the house of commons on more than one occasion. He declared the object of the publication of these perverted facts was to serve the political purposes of the opposition.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 20.—Hon. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and party arrived here on Saturday and were accorded a warm welcome.

Fredericton, Aug. 20.—J. Linches, formerly secretary of agriculture in the Brunswick legislature, died here yesterday, aged 77.

Exeter, Aug. 20.—J. Vail, of Exeter north, while in a fit of despondency, brought on by long illness, yesterday committed suicide by hanging.

Ottawa, Aug. 20.—Mr. Taylor McVeity, independent Conservative candidate, who caused a split in the Conservative party at the last general elections, is said to be contemplating another attempt to run at the forthcoming election for this city.

Quebec, Aug. 20.—The preliminary statements of the receipts and expenditures of the province of Quebec for the year ending June 30th, shows a surplus of \$22,556.

Milton, Ont., Aug. 20.—Wm. Howson, a section man, was almost instantly killed—by being struck by an engine on Saturday night while standing on the railway track.

Belleville, Ont., Aug. 20.—Wm. McVeatty, an old resident, fell dead at the residence of his sister, Mrs. W. Thompson, on Saturday. Deceased was 65 years of age and had resided here nearly all his life.

Sydney, C. B., Aug. 20.—J. Tobin, a carter, was run over and killed by an I. C. R. engine at midnight on Saturday.

Montreal, Aug. 20.—Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the opposition, interviewed here today, speaks hopefully of the result of the general elections from a Conservative standpoint. He is certain the Liberals will be swept from power by a large majority. Preferential trade within the empire, he added, would be urged during the election campaign.

### Loose Boat Captured.

At about 2 o'clock this morning a loose boat was observed drifting down the Yukon. It was captured by the watchman of the Standard Oil warehouse and found to contain a portion of an outfit. Evidently the boat had been capsized, as its contents were much water-soaked. The boat is now at the Standard Oil dock where it can be reclaimed by the owner.

### Grand Opening.

On Saturday night, September 8th, the California house on No. 56 below on Bonanza will be opened to the public. There will be a grand ball and banquet to which all are cordially invited to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Erickson will leave nothing undone that will add to the pleasure and comforts of their guests. The Italian string band will furnish the music.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regins.

## SARGA GUILTY

Of Manslaughter Is the Decree of the Jury Today.

JUDGE RESERVED HIS SENTENCE.

The Confession Was Admitted as Evidence.

JUSTICE IS FINALLY DONE

In a Famous Criminal Case—Murderer Showed No Emotion at the Verdict.

The Sarga trial is at an end, and the jury has returned a verdict of manslaughter, and the judge has the sentence in reserve.

After taking the matter of the confession into due consideration, Judge Craig decided to admit it in evidence, hence the verdict of manslaughter.

The confession of Sarga relates that he and Ballois had been working a lay together on the right limit of Bonanza creek for some time previous to the date of the killing, and that they had quarrelled several times, and once came to blows over a dispute arising out of his (Sarga's) claim that Ballois owed him \$100. The pay in the claim they were working pinched out and the partners decided to go up the Klondike and bring down a raft of wood to Dawson. They got the wood and while bringing it down the dispute again arose about the \$100, and regarding the fight that ensued the confession says:

"Ballois at the time had a revolver in his scabbard strapped to his side. He always carried a revolver.

"Ballois then swore at me, and said 'you still continue to say I am wrong.' We quarrelled and Ballois made a move to draw his revolver. I picked up a stick that was laying in the wood pile near the fire and struck Ballois on the left side of the head above the ear. He did not fall, but wavered and seemed dizzy. He kept on pulling his gun and got it out of the scabbard, when I sprang forward and grabbed his hands and tried to take the revolver from him. He was a much stronger man than I so I caught his hand in my teeth and bit a piece out. He turned loose the revolver and I got it and jumped back. He started toward me and I was afraid he would get back the revolver, so I emptied the revolver into his body, shooting him six times. He fell dead."

The document goes on to state that the prisoner took from the body of the dead man the scabbard and belt, and after scooping out a shallow grave with his hands in the loose sand buried the body, after which he jumped on the raft and came to town.

He states that it was his intention to give himself up to the police and tell his story, but became frightened and ended by joining the Nome stampede.

Stetson hats, latest styles. Oak Hall.

Bicycle hose, a large variety. Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. dock.

Short orders served right. The Hot-born.

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DEVILED CHICKEN	DEVILED TONGUE	CHICKEN LOAF
POTTED TURKEY	CORN BEEF HASH	TURKEY AND TONGUE
POTTED TONGUE	PORK AND BEANS	LUNCH TONGUE
BEEF LOAF	HAMBURGER LOAF	ROAST BEEF
ROAST BUTTON	SALAD MEAT	CORN BEEF
BREAKFAST BACON	LAMB'S TONGUE	DEVILED HAM

**AMES MERCANTILE CO.**



# The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

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Yearly in advance.....\$24.00  
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**LETTERS**

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1900

(From Wednesday's Daily.)  
**THE VOTER'S CHANCE.**

Tomorrow evening a meeting will be called in McDonald hall for the purpose of selecting delegates to represent Dawson in the convention to be held on Saturday.

The meeting is an important one and it devolves upon all citizens who feel interested in advancing the cause of reform to attend. The delegates selected will be empowered to speak for the reform forces in Dawson and it is for the meeting to say tomorrow night in what manner the delegates are to act. Every man who has a vote and who endorses the memorial presented to the governor general by the citizens' committee is entitled to participate in the meeting tomorrow night.

The delegates are bound to act under the instructions of tomorrow night's meeting and whatever those instructions may be it is to be expected that they will be carried out to the letter. If the citizens have any candidates whom they wish nominated in the convention, tomorrow night is the time for them to state what they want. If they have any features which they desire incorporated in the platform to be adopted on Saturday the delegates selected tomorrow should be so instructed.

In brief, the purpose of a primary meeting for the selection of delegates is to give the voter an opportunity to control the convention proper if he so desires. If the voters of Dawson do not turn out and improve the opportunity now before them they will have no one, aside from themselves, to blame.

We expect to see a large and representative meeting tomorrow night.

The completion of a good system of roads connecting Dawson with all the adjacent creeks means a reduction of from twenty-five to fifty per cent in the present cost of operating claims. When this is accomplished a very considerable amount of ground now regarded as being impossible to work can be developed on a paying basis. Transportation of freight into Dawson from the outside and from Dawson to the creeks is altogether too high. Excessive freight tariffs have greatly hindered the development of the country which never will make the showing to which it is entitled until a substantial reduction in these charges is made. Every time freight charges are reduced it simply means that a larger area of ground can be worked and a greater quantity of commodities will be consumed. There is something in this which the transportation companies may well take into careful consideration.

John R. Rogers, the present governor of the state of Washington, has been re-nominated by the fusion forces of that state for the office of governor. Rogers has given the state the best administration it has ever had, although he has been badly handicapped on account of the warring factions of which the fusion party is composed. While the people of Washington have been very well satisfied with the present governor's conduct of his office, there is little reason for belief that he will be re-elected. This will be distinctly a

Republican year in the coast states. Senator Frink, the gubernatorial candidate on the ticket of the latter party is the strongest man the Republicans could have nominated and in spite of the enviable record which Rogers has made for himself during the past four years, a victory for Senator Frink seems almost certain.

The interest which was manifested at the various polling places on the creeks in the coming convention betokened the fact that the people generally are fully alive to the issues involved in the present campaign. Voters generally are manifesting a strong degree of interest and this appears to be just as true on the creeks as it is in Dawson. The main consideration, now is to get the best men. For its first elected representatives the Yukon should put forward the very best men of which it can boast.

The Chinese dragon bids fair to be cut up into large chunks and distributed around among the various nations of the world which have had sense enough to become civilized during the past three or four hundred years. China has refused to accept the Christian religion and is now to be made acquainted with the Christian sword. The latter may not be more to the celestials' liking than the former, but at least it will be something which he will be able to understand.

While the various candidates who are seeking political preferment at the hands of the people of this territory are not saying much there is a great deal of quiet wood sawing going on, the result of which will become manifest a little later on. The convention Saturday will doubtless develop the fact that a number of candidates who have not been very conspicuous of late are after all very much alive.

It has become quite the fad to guess upon the date when the Yukon will close this fall. We suggest to people who are figuring on a late close up that they do not back their judgment too strongly, particularly if they anticipate getting any freight in along toward the end of the season.

**Keep Your Eye on Kadiak.**

Already the warning comes, "Look out for Kadiak island. That's the next place to be boomed." Nome has had its day; York was a fizzle, and now it is predicted Kadiak will be chosen as the place for next spring's boom. Here is what W. B. Heims of Marion county, Oregon, says about it:

"As we came down we stopped at Kadiak to take off the crew of a cannery which has just been shut down. There were 40 men in the crew, bound for San Francisco, and some of them exhibited vials of black sand in which colors of gold could be discovered. The sand was found on a high stretch of beach which is washed by the sea at times of full tide. None of the cannerymen cared to stay with the diggings themselves, but when we arrived in Seattle the daily papers came out with scare-head articles on the fabulously rich diggings to be found at the mouth of Red river, on Kadiak island. The news was given the world on the strength of what the captain of the Valencia had said about the place, and the information was vouchsafed that a great stampede was being made for Kadiak, where hundreds of miners were digging out gold to beat all. Yet there isn't a human soul within 80 miles of the mouth of Red river, but all the same, look out for that point as being the place to which the unwary are to be lured next."

Perhaps it will be Kadiak—perhaps some other place. At any rate, it is a safe guess that the transportation companies are already trying to choose some far-off region which they can describe as a new Eldorado and to which they can stampede a crowd of dupes before the truth comes out. It doesn't matter how many thousands come back disgusted—it doesn't matter how many don't come back, but leave their bones rotting on the beach, as they will at Nome; the steamship companies have got their money and there will be a new crop of suckers in the spring. Who cares?

After a while it may be the stampede starters will discover their "wonderful gold region" so far north among the icebergs—that it will take a man two years to go there and return, and then the same boom can be worked for two seasons. But for the present people may expect to see a fresh Alaska boom every year.—Spokane Chronicle.

## STROLLER'S COLUMN

The Stroller is being importuned by residents every day and by letters every mail for advice on points relative to the election now pending. Many of these requests are from men who say "I have not yet announced my candidacy, but am awaiting for my friends to bring me out." They invariably look upon their nominations as assured in case their respective names are placed before the convention in a suitable manner.

While the Stroller has religiously refrained from giving advice to individuals, he deems it his Christian duty to give some general points on matters pertaining to nomination speeches. There is such a thing as overdoing matters and a nominating speech can be made too strong as easily, as more so, as it can be left undone. Therefore, in the approaching convention, in case of placing in nomination the name of a man for whom it is desired to make a strong plea to the miners, don't overdo the matter by asserting that the man whom you are about to name was born and raised in a mine, that the first bath of his life was taken in a gold pan and that his ancestors for seven generations back were miners.

The Stroller once knew a bright and promising young man to have his blissful anticipations rudely shattered and a brilliant future irrevocably clouded by an over-zealous friend who had been selected to place the name of the young man before a convention as candidate for member of the state legislature from Coffee county, Georgia. He was known to be true to his promises and he was on record as saying he would, if elected, use his vote and his influence against the pernicious practice of levying a state and county tax on the manufacture of whisky. What more could be asked of any candidate who was willing to trust his fate to the hands of the suffragists of Coffee county? Nothing. And yet, he was killed by an overdrawn nominating speech. The man who made the speech had been selected for the purpose several weeks previous, and had been practicing down in an "old field" every day for nearly a month.

As agriculture was the principal industry of that county, it was necessary that the successful candidate should poll the farmer vote and it was to catch the farmers' attention that the speech had been prepared. After dilating at length on the many qualities of his man, the speaker said:

"And now, my fellow citizens of Coffee county, I wish to state that the man whom I am about to place in nomination is not only to the manor born, but to the farm born. His grandfathers were farmers! His father was a farmer! He has always followed farming himself! Why, to tell you the truth, my fellow citizens, the man whose name I am about to submit for your distinguished consideration was actually raised between two hills of corn. I take pleasure in"—

"Hold on thar," came a voice from the Hoop-pole precinct delegation, "you've done said 'nuff. I reckon I'm a farmer myself; but dam me if I'll vote for a pumpkin."

The old man's break dissolved party harmony with the result that a yellow nigger represented Coffee county in the next legislature.

The above is given for the benefit of those who are practicing on nominating speeches for next Saturday. Verbum sat sapiente.

"This is a queer world we live in," said an old rounder in the presence of the Stroller yesterday. When asked in what respect the world is queer he replied:

"In the respect, sir, that so long as a man has a job and is making money nobody ever duns him for what he owes; but as soon as he gets out of work and goes to hanging around on the street like a homeless dog everybody to whom he owes a cent is after him when they well know he hasn't a sou in his clothes.

"For example: I quit work Saturday evening; was fired. Things had been coming my way for a few weeks and I had established a good credit. The laundryman would say 'that's all right, old fellow; pay me any time that suits you; next month or month after will do.' The restaurant man would say 'come here and eat any time; there is nothing too good for you.'

"Well, as I said, Saturday night I got fired and today when I called at the laundry for my clothes, while I hadn't said a word, the fellow seemed to size me up as being 'on the pig,' for he said 'when you pay up the back bill you can get your clothes; savey?' It was the same way at the restaurant. I told the boss I wanted to take a meal with him and he said when he started a free lunch counter I could eat with him, but not before.

"But that's all right. These old bones will rise again and then Rome will howl for some of these stuck-up geees who try to rub it in on me jest because I'm broke—ah, thanks; I'll take a little rye! This is the first ray of sunshine which has crossed my path this week."

And the man who had lost his job strolled down the street and when last seen was gazing earnestly at a boiled ham in a restaurant window.

Fine old Scotch at wholesale. The best quality. Northern Annex.

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

Rosenthal & Field are selling case whiskies at wholesale. The Annex.

Brussell's squares at Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. Co. dock. McCandless Bro.

Pabst beer and imported cigars at wholesale. Rosenthal & Field, the Annex.

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

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Dawson Post is Fitted With Public Safe Deposit Vaults.

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\$30.00 First Class to Whitehorse, including Meals and Stateroom.

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One Time Lee Outgeneraled the Federals.

A Fearful Charge of 500 Union Soldiers From Which Only 50 Ever Came Out Alive.

From Tuesday's Daily. Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out to the last and give him all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier who was ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap: "I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

Every face had his pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death. On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number, and only one day of the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above, at the bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general: "We must have news of Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

"Out of h—ll and into Pennsylvania—forward—march!" And when the long night had passed and daylight came again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other: "Lee has passed, and we are too late!" M. QUAD. Had a Kick Coming. A man with a week's growth of beard on his chin and a fierce gleam in his eye stepped up to one of the windows in the postoffice and asked the clerk: "Is this the registry department?" "Yes," replied the clerk. "I want to register a kick." "Say, don't get!" "I've got a 10 cent stamp that's never been used, and it's as good as new. I wanted to trade it for five 2 cent stamps at that window back there, and the fellow won't take it. A 10 cent stamp ain't no use to me. The government won't be out nothin', I says. 'You can sell it again, and'— "You needn't waste any of your time talking to me about it. He's got his orders, and you can't!" "I ain't wastin' any of my time. I've got lots of it. I say it's a darned shame if the United States won't redeem its own!" "Will you stand aside and let those other?" "No, I won't stand aside. I'm goin' to get in my kick. When a government can't afford to make an even trade on a 10 cent stamp, I say it's gettin' mighty thinderin'!" "I told you once!" "I offered to take 9 cents and call it even if he'd let it go that way. I won't stand and chaffer over a cent. He wouldn't do that either. He knows I can't use a 10 cent stamp, but he thinks I have got to use 2 cent stamps and I'll have to buy 'em. I'll fool him on that. You see if I don't. If a good citizen is goin' to be treated this way by the government of these United States and the men it puts in office, I'll be darned if I ever buy another postage stamp as long as I live, so help me Captain Streeter! It's the darnedest, littlest piece of business I ever!" And he was still registering his kick in impassioned language when the uniformed floorwalker led him away. Fine Caves In. There was a big cave in on Jeremiah Lynch's claim on Chechako hill opposite No. 2 below on Bonanza last Sunday evening. Fortunately there was not a man in the mine at the time, all the laborers having left it a few minutes previous to the occurrence. It is said that the mine has been considered unsafe by the laborers for some time past, and the cave in when it did come was not wholly a surprise to them. As it was in one of the drifts or tunnels that the accident occurred, work is still being carried on in other portions of the mine. A Quiet Wedding Last Night. Last evening, in a cabin near the McDonald hotel, Mr. James Frazer McDonald, the genial and popular clerk of the McDonald hotel, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mina Caroline Trakell, of Kansas City, Kan. The Rev. Grant, of the Presbyterian church performed the ceremony, and Mrs. Phiscator and Dr. Thompson were the bridesmaid and groom's best man. There were present besides these Mrs. Roberts, Colon McDonald, F. Phiscator and Attorney Dan McKinnon. The ceremony took place at 10 o'clock, and immediately after the party repaired to the hotel where a quiet, though very pleasant, supper was served. Mr. McDonald is well and favorably known here and counts his friends by the score, consequently the happy couple may expect to be subject to a deluge of congratulations from the many who wish them prosperity and happiness. THE SARGA TRIAL. (Continued from page 6.) When court opened after the noon recess, Godfrey Talbot was called to the witness stand and testified, through Deputy Sheriff Longpre (as he could not speak English), that he had been among those who discovered the bones in question, and that others had thought at first that they were the bones of a dog, but that he had recognized the jaw bone as being that of a man. When shown the bones he said they looked like what he had seen at the time, but could not swear to their identity positively. He finally did, however, identify positively several bones. Carl Hense was the next witness called and testified that Bellois had worked for him from July to February '99, and that Bellois and Sarga had then appeared to be friends. All through the proceedings, while the bones were being examined, Sarga looked on impassively and never betrayed in any way that he had more than passing interest in what was going on about him.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. ALLEN BROS. Publishers

A NATURAL GROWTH.

Confidence in the future of Dawson is written in the actions of every commercial concern in the town. Almost without exception they are increasing plants and adding to their stocks to an extent that indicates an almost incredible expansion of business. This display of confidence is founded upon the very soundest basis. Dawson has been a flourishing camp for three years past in spite of legislative burdens well calculated to sap the life blood from the town. As a business center it has grown and developed in a way which under the circumstances may be considered as being little less than marvelous. That growth has been no more than commensurate with the development of the resources of the country surrounding. The various creeks upon which it has been possible under existing laws for work to be done have been opened up on a scale which proves conclusively that all the confidence which has been shown in the natural wealth of the country is wholly justified. From year to year the output has increased in amount and value and there is every reason for believing that the maximum will not be reached for years to come. In addition to hindrances brought about by virtue of adverse legislative enactments, the development of the country has been hindered by reason of other conditions, some of which have seemed almost insurmountable. The cost of freight, the lack of good roads, the severity of the climate, have all been against the miner and his efforts to wrest a portion of the natural resources out of this country. Yet with all these odds against him, as noted above, the development of the country has steadily continued and each succeeding year has seen a steady increase in the area of working ground. Now at length there are indications of better things. The territory is to be provided with a system of roads; a public bridge is to be placed across the Klondike; the claim reservation law has been abolished and legislation reducing the royalty and arranging for the conversion of gold dust into currency in a manner equitable to the miner may be anticipated at no great length of time. It is fair to presume that under favorable legislative conditions the Yukon will advance at a more rapid rate than ever. Certain it is that the country will be able to sustain a larger population than heretofore, and there are evidences to indicate that the number of people in the territory is on the increase. We believe, therefore, that the evidences of prosperity now so manifest in Dawson are the result of natural conditions purely and simply. The growth which the town is now experiencing is normal and only such as constantly expanding business warrants. That growth should continue without intermission for years to come. The convention which meets on Saturday of this week will receive the confidence of the people if its actions are such as will warrant the same. Men of reliability and responsibility must be placed in the field if it is anticipated that they will be given general public support. It is about time that the many dark horses now lying around should begin to declare themselves. It will get down to a case of "to be or not to be"—a candidate very soon. The board of school directors of Dawson City has a knotty question presented to it, involved in charges preferred against J. D. Bower, a colored man who holds the principalship of one of the city schools. Prof. Bower had saved portions of his salary, with which he bought a residence in an aristocratic portion of the city. Of course, as the professor suspected, the neighbors protested against a "nigger" family residing among them. Then the shrewd

colored man offered his property for sale at a handsome advance. It was promptly purchased; then he bought another residence which was followed by another flurry among the "400"; then another sale at an advance over the cost. It is said that during the past two years the thrifty school teacher has made more money out of real estate than most men who operate with ten times his amount of capital. Finally, charges were preferred against Mr. Bower and the school board has the matter "under advisement." But probably the teacher has discovered by this time that he does not have to teach school for a living. His color is his capital. —Seattle Times.

Regarding Gold Dust.

Editor Daily Nugget: Dear Sir—Having read in your valuable paper the memorial of the Board of Trade of Dawson advocating the reduction of the price of gold dust from \$16 to \$15 per ounce; I wish to say a few words in opposition to this reduction. When I first came to this country gold dust was taken by the companies and everyone then in the district at \$17 per ounce, and it then was not adulterated with black sand. In the spring of '98 all the companies refused to allow more than \$16 per ounce for gold dust taken in trade. What was the result? The miners instead of cleaning the black sand out of their dust as they had been doing, were less particular with the result that they could accept \$16 for their dust and still be making more on their output than they were at \$17 per ounce. And if this \$15 per ounce idea is put in operation the miners will simply add a little more black sand so the end desired will not be attained. To my mind, the only solution of the difficulty is a government assay office, and until such time as an assay office may be established if the merchants or any one receiving gold dust will simply run a magnet through any and all dust before accepting it the people will soon realize that black sand as a medium of exchange is worthless and the adulteration of dust will soon cease. I have had three different assays of gold dust taken from my claim on Bonanza which average \$16.48 per ounce, so I feel justified in saying that \$16 per ounce is only a fair average value of the dust of the district and I think this valuation should be maintained. If I am not mistaken there is a law in the Dominion of Canada which makes it a criminal offence to in any way adulterate gold dust; and if the Board of Trade will direct their energies toward the enforcement of this law instead of trying to lower the value of gold dust thereby taking away from the already overburdened miner another sixteenth of the proceeds of his property, I think the desired result will be attained. FRANK BUTEAU. Australian Laws the Best. Editor Klondike Nugget: Dear Sir—I wish you could find space in your valuable paper for these few lines in regard to the Australian and Klondike mining laws. I have traveled the country fully 80 miles from Dawson and no matter which way I traveled the stakes were staring me in the face and no work was done; and what is the cause? This is not the way in Australia. In placing, if the prospector finds nobody on abandoned ground, he stakes over and commences work on it. We cannot do that here. There is lots of ground on hillsides and benches on the gold bearing creeks here to my knowledge that would probably make hundreds of the prospectors happy if they had the privilege to prospect and re-stake; and for instance all this ground that is called concessions. I think that the laws of Canada go on to say a man has to take an oath and swear that it will not average more than three cents to the pan. Now, show me the man that could prospect such big bodies of ground in a life time; for instance, look from the mouth of Hunker to the mouth of Last Chance; this is a large scope of good average ground that would give employment to about 400 men if it was not corralled, and the crown ground on Dominion creek would give lots of work to the miners if it was open for relocation. This is not the way the mining regulations are in Australia, where the miners made good mining laws there and kept them; but here the government closed the main districts from the prospector a year ago the 1st of May—for what cause we cannot understand. They don't do such things in Australia. There were hundreds of people left this camp through its being closed, where it should have brought hundreds more and made one of the best mining districts in the world. I hope there will be a change and have the country opened again. A MINER. Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office. Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.



# RECEIVED BY WIRE. HOLD THE WIRES.

## Chinese Boxers Follow Example Set by Filipinos and Boers.

## UNDATED MESSAGE FROM CONGER.

## Says Allied Militia Is Having Hard Lines in Peking.

## IMPERIAL PALACE IS EMPTY.

## Bill Introduced to Advance Royalty in British Columbia - Smallpox Restrictions Modified.

[From Monday's Daily.]  
Washington, Aug. 30, via Skagway, Sept. 3.—Reliable news from China is not being received to any great extent. It is believed the Boxers have cut the telegraph lines in many places in the interior, as a cable from Shanghai reports that they are operating along the lines of communication just as was the case in the Philippines and in South Africa. The fact that the Boxers are sufficiently strong to hold the lines of communication is taken here as conclusive evidence that they are much more formidable than was at first supposed.

Another undated message has been received from Conger which says there have been no new developments further than that the allied military is meeting with much opposition in the attempt to restore and preserve order. No representatives of the Chinese government have yet shown themselves. Several ministers of the tsung li yamin are reported to be in the city and it is expected they will appear soon. The various generals of the allied forces have decided to not enter the imperial palace, but to leave it vacant.

### Smallpox Scare Over.

Skagway, Sept. 3.—The smallpox restrictions at the boundary line have been greatly modified, very much to the delight of travelers who were formerly subjected to various annoyances.

### To Increase Royalty.

Victoria, Aug. 30, via Skagway, Sept. 3.—A bill has been introduced in the provincial legislature to increase the royalty in British Columbia from one to two per cent on both quartz and placer outputs.

### "Canada's Own."

Quebec, Aug. 25.—Of the 119 invalided Canadian soldiers who returned from South Africa, yesterday, on the steamer Lake Onatario, there were very few who preserved the appearance of invalids, when they stepped ashore today, after their arduous campaigning.

They swung around the corner of the Queen's wharf to St. Peter's street, and up the steep mountain hill to the Citadel, with an ease and vigor which showed that the hardships of the South African veldt had left hardly a trace. They were in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Delamere, commandant of the Bisley team, and were clad in khaki. He marched at their head.

Today they were paid off, and sent to their respective homes.

The voyage was a pleasant and uneventful one, except for a delay of six hours at Belle Isle straits, on account of fog. The men were allowed the freedom of the whole ship, the only time in all their voyages, they said, when they were not treated as Indians. A clean bill of health was reported, and Dr. Epouste, medical health officer of the port, allowed the ship to proceed.

Coming into Quebec, a grand reception awaited the home-coming soldiers.

### The Cow Came In.

Last Saturday evening a young married man went home and to bed, never dreaming of being disturbed by any

serious night alarms or intrusions. His wife went to bed, also the baby; they were also without apprehension. Sometime towards morning the man was suddenly awakened by hearing a heavy fall, accompanied by the crash of falling crockery. There was also a peculiar swishing sound at irregular intervals and a heavy breathing. One of the first things he noticed was that his wife was not in bed, and that the baby was crying lustily. Then he commenced looking around at the darkness, and presently saw two large greenish spots which made his flesh creep and his hair bristle. He thought two such eyes could find room in the head of nothing smaller than a reincarnated mastodon.

With the energy born of despair he sprang out of bed and struck a light. In the center of the cabin floor, in fact she took up about all the standing room there was, stood a large red cow, peacefully chewing her cud and from time to time basting the stove with her tail. The young wife had heard a noise in the house which led her to get up and investigate, and in the darkness she had run against the cow, and promptly fainted from fright. She fell against the table and knocked some dishes off, which, combined with her fall made sufficient noise to waken her sleeping spouse.

The man says after this he will lock his door when he goes to bed, and not leave it open for fresh air and dairy cattle.

### Freighting to Hunker.

Owing to the very hard condition of the road or trail leading from Dawson to Hunker it is impossible to get freight there other than by packing a few pounds on the back and going afoot, or by towing small boats up the river. This latter is a slow and laborious process. One man with a long rope pulls the boat along close to the bank while another with a pole keeps it out a few feet in the water. When the boat contains 400 or 500 pounds of freight it requires two days' hard and steady work to make the trip from Dawson to the mouth of Hunker.

### Lucky Baldwin's Scheme.

A late communication from Nome to the P. I. reports a scheme which has emanated from the fertile brain of Millionaire "Lucky" Baldwin for the emancipation of the "poor miner" of that place. It may be on the "square" and it may be a scheme of a philanthropist in the eyes of the people in order that he may be enabled to sell out his large stock of booze before the crowd gets away. The article referred to is as follows:

Keeping a resort in which patrons may drown thirst and woo the goddess fortune at almost any kind of a game, is not the only thing that Millionaire "Lucky" Baldwin, of San Francisco, is doing here. Mr. Baldwin has numerous prospectors, accompanied by pack trains laden with the best to eat, scouring the country in all directions from Nome, with eyes peeled on ground that looks good enough to locate and record. Baldwin has to date made 286 locations and says he is not going to stop until he has staked 1000 claims. As the recording fee is \$2.50 for each location, the noted San Franciscan will have spent a small fortune in recording fees alone by the time he gets all the ground he wants.

Out of the whole number of locations he expects to find possibly two or three that will pay to work. Development of the few will, however, not begin until next season, and it will cost him a big pile of money to find the few among the many, as more or less development work must be done in all to find what there is in them.

Mr. Baldwin is partly actuated by a desire to expose the broad injustice of the present mining laws which, he says, permit one man to locate the whole country if he has the means to do it, to the exclusion of the many who come to the country with their grub and blankets on their backs. Mr. Baldwin has confided this magnanimous purpose to a friend. He says that when he returns to Seattle and San Francisco he hopes to be interviewed by the big newspapers, so as to place the situation before congress and the people of the country.

Mr. Baldwin's mascot seems to have deserted him in the saloon and gambling business. The general financial and thirst condition of the crowd is at a low ebb, and for once the name "Lucky" is a hoodoo for him.

### Much Business in Sight.

From now until the close of navigation there will be no idling on the part of the river steamers either above or below. From the upper route is reported thousands of tons of freight, all the steamers arriving at Skagway being loaded to their full capacity. The Canadian Development Company expects to keep all of its ten steamers on the go all of this month and until forced off the run by low water or ice. The outlook for very heavy travel by the upper river during the remainder of the season is promising.

# ALL ARE IN LINE

## At Points on the Creeks Where Meetings Have Been Held.

## ARE ENTHUSIASTIC FOR REFORM.

## Representative Men Selected as Delegates to the Convention.

## HARMONY THE WATCHWORD.

## Bonanza, Eldorado, Grand Forks and Last Chance Have All Taken Action.

Partial reports from the members of the citizens' committee who went up the creeks on Saturday have been received. Meetings have been held on Bonanza, Eldorado, at the Forks and on Last Chance, and in all the places named the voters turned out well and displayed commendable enthusiasm. On Saturday night the British subjects on Lower Bonanza were called together at the Elby roadhouse. A large crowd turned out, although the notices had been posted only a few hours.

E. Chandler was chairman of the meeting and Peter F. Hoggart acted as secretary. Secretary Joe Clarke of the citizens' committee, attended the meeting. The following delegates were selected to act in Saturday's convention: Dan McGillivray, Harry Mackay and Jos. Thebidean. There were about 50 voters present.

Yesterday afternoon the voters on Eldorado got together at Billy Leak's cabin on No. 31. From 40 to 50 men attended the meeting and elected as their delegates to the convention the following: G. Williams of 30 Eldorado, Wm. McPherson of 31 Eldorado, who has been here nearly two years, during that time has been in Dawson but once, and C. S. (Kodak) Cameron of hillside off 19, who is as well known in Dawson as on Eldorado. Mr. Cameron was formerly of Ottawa.

Sunday evening a well attended and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Forks, where C. W. Woodworth and Barney Sugrue made stirring addresses. They were followed by Mr. Gibbs, Dr. Edwards and McLeod, Mr. McMillan, Ernest Rivard, Louis Hagelwood and others. The following delegates were selected: Skiff S. Mitchell, well known in the Klondike and at Fortymille; Geo. H. Gibbs, Eldorado grocer; Jack Trembley, of 14 above, Bonanza; Dr. Edwards, Forks physician; Ernest Rivard, in charge of 17 Eldorado, and Louis Hagelwood, a well known Forks business man.

The meeting at Last Chance was large and representative. Fully 70 men were present and one and all were enthusiastic and sincere. They feel the need of reform and also feel that now is the time to get it. Col. MacGregor and C. W. Woodworth of Dawson, were present at the meeting. Harmony prevailed from start to finish. Two excellent delegates were selected to the convention in Messrs. McCormack and Nadeau.

At a late hour this afternoon a report was brought in by Mr. Proudhomme of the following selection of delegates on Dominion creek: At Caribou, R. Smith, T. Donovan, Napoleon Huott. At Lombard, Alex Clark, Gust Chism.

### Sold Hootch on Sunday.

Yesterday there was a noticeable lack of police uniforms on the streets, although police officers were plentiful. There were lots of them about, but they were arrayed in citizens' dress. A possible explanation of this was found later in the day when a couple of arrests were made for violation of the Sunday liquor ordinance. The dispensers of hootch who thus profited by the drawn front door curtain, and the open back door were placed under arrest, but as today is Labor day and the courts are closed, the cases cannot be heard before tomorrow morning.

"It's a very strange thing, but a fact all the same," said the man behind the Pioneer bar this morning, "that there are plenty of men here who seldom buy a drink during week days, who will

come in on a Sunday and make a talk for a drink that would draw tears from the eyes of a potato, and then, if we give it to them we get run in and fined more money than some of them would spend over the bar in a year."

The Bonanza proprietor, when asked if he had been arrested for selling liquor on Sunday said, "Yes, but that's nothing; that is one of the things which may happen any time and has to be taken into consideration beforehand."

### Stratton's Mail Received.

Two bags of mail were delivered at the postoffice yesterday that originally formed a part of the mail consignment shipped on the ill-fated steamer Stratton which was wrecked near Selkirk last October.

A man coming down the river in a small boat picked them up on a bar and brought them through with him. Beyond the fact of their being soggy and discolored from long immersion, the bags were little the worse for wear.

### Shipwreck on the Klondike.

An accident which might easily have resulted very disastrously, occurred on the Klondike yesterday afternoon at a point a short distance below the upper ferry.

Jas. Kelly, Daniel Keelar and T. M. Banlay were making their way up the river in a skiff. They reached a point where a sharp turn in the stream occurs, around which the water runs at about a seven-mile speed. In attempting to pass the point the men lost control of the boat and the stream caught it broadside on. The skiff was swamped immediately. Two of the men were on shore with lines, but the third got a thorough ducking. The contents of the boat, consisting of blankets and grub, were soaked. A bundle of the former floated down stream and was picked out of the water by a couple of passers by.

The party was en route up the Klondike hunting, but concluded to give it up as a bad job and returned to town.

### Mrs. Ferguson Coming.

Mrs. M. L. Ferguson, a Los Angeles capitalist, will arrive on the City of Seattle today enroute to Dawson to look after interests which she has there. Mrs. Ferguson is one of the most energetic business women that ever came to the North. She last year compiled a directory of the Klondike and other parts of the North, and it is in connection with this directory, in part, that she is making her present trip. Mrs. Ferguson visited Nome this summer.—Alaskan.

The Dawson directory which Mrs. Ferguson compiled did not materialize. She received permission from the council to issue a directory of Dawson, but that is as much progress as was made.

### As It Should Be.

When the local office of the government telegraph moves into its quarters in the new postoffice building the arrangement will be complete and modern. The business will occupy three rooms, one down stairs on the first floor and two upstairs. The business room, where all patrons of the office will be received, will be just off the hall from the westward entrance off Third street, while the operating room and manager's private office will be on the second floor. An elevator on which messages will be sent to and received from the operating room will connect with the business office, the public being excluded from the upper rooms.

### Possibly Abandoned.

According to the majority of the officers of the steamer Tees which arrived yesterday from the south, the wrecked Skagway-Vancouver flyer Cutch cannot be saved. They fear she is too badly stranded. However, some of the officers hold that possibly the craft may be by careful handling be lifted up and patched and finally floated. This is on the ground that other vessels in apparently as bad a predicament have been reclaimed.

The Tees stood off opposite the Cutch half an hour or more when she sighted the wreck. The noisy siren of the Tees was blown for a long time, but no one appeared on board the Cutch to answer the salutation in any way or manner, and there were no signs of men about the ship or on the shore.

It seemed as though the Cutch had been abandoned, and this conclusion is held quite firmly by a number of men on the Tees.

The only sign about the ship that might lead one to think there was yet someone aboard the Cutch was what appeared to be a boat hanging to one of her davits.

It was predicted soon after the tidings of the wreck of the Cutch reached here that she could be saved unless a wind should come up. A severe south wind was blowing in Skagway last night, and if the same wind prevailed at the scene of the wreck it is ventured, perhaps the once fleet and nimble liner is now a shapeless pile of wreckage.—Alaskan, Aug. 29.

# BITTER FIGHT

## Now On Between Local News Agents, Who Are Busy With the Knife

## CUTTING PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

## Trying to Have Each Other Boycotted by News Dealers.

## A FRACTURED CONTRACT

## Results in the Public's Benefit to the Extent of Half Price for Sunday Papers.

News Agents Wholly and Pollock are at war, bitter relentless war, and contrary to most wars this one is not of a nature to benefit those who supply the munitions, but the public in general, or that portion of it that reads the outside papers is reaping the reward of quarters which, when white-winged peace presided over the Dawson newsdealers, went to the pockets of Messrs. Wholly and Pollock.

The reason of all this dissension is, so the story runs, due to Mr. Pollock's having sold a lot of P.-I.'s of the date of the 23d of last month in a way contrary to his agreement with his business rival. It appears that at the same time the papers of the 23d arrived, a lot of others of the 18th and 19th came to hand, and an agreement was made and entered into by which the papers at the latest date were to be held from sale until the public had been given an opportunity to read (and pay for) those of the earlier dates. Mr. Wholly says that his competitor sold the P.-I.'s of the 23d when he should have been selling the others, hence the present difficulty and the fact that Sunday Examiners are being sold on the street today at 5 cents per copy when heretofore they have brought 50 cents. One of the warring news men has today procured the services of all the newsboys in town, excepting one lonely vender of news, and has served notice on the various newsstands that if they dare to handle the papers or magazines of the hated rival, they need look for no mercy in reading matter at his hands, and everyone connected with that branch of business is waiting for the end which is not yet clearly discernible.

### The Sheriff Sells.

"Five dollars, five dollars! Come, gentlemen, if you want that fraction bid up and don't waste time joking. The idea of bidding \$5! It's ridiculous. Why, that is one of the richest pieces of ground out of doors. The gold sticks out between the grass blades and the nuggets are so thick that nothing larger than a grass root can find soil enough to grow in. Five dollars! You can't have it for less than five hundred."

Nevertheless, the sheriff knocked the Eureka creek fraction, down a little later to a man who had run the bidding up to \$75.

Clerk McDonald, of the territorial court happened to come along the street during the sheriff's sale of property, mining and otherwise, and before he realized what had happened he had heard the seductive voice from beneath the canopy of canvass and parted with \$50 for a pair of bob sleds. Now, he is trying to figure out why he did it, and what he is going to do with them.

Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell got sight of Deputy Sheriff Longmore as he arrived on the scene with two dogs, and the sight, coupled with the description of the animals and the romantic account of how they had been captured single handed by Mr. Longmore in the wilds of Labrador, led to Mr. Bell's undoing and he bought the nucleus of a dog team.

### May Locate Here.

Mr. John Kalem, the Skagway wholesale grocer, is again in Dawson, this making his third trip in since navigation opened last spring and each time he has brought with him and sold large stocks of goods. He has five carloads of an additional shipment now on the road. Mr. Kalem is accompanied this trip by his wife and four children and it is possible that they may make their home here.

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**MOST WICKED OF ALL WOMEN**

**Belle Oats and Her Temporary Efforts to Reform.**

**She Gave a Man Time to Pray Before Shooting Him—She Was the Terror of Texas.**

(From Monday's Daily.)  
Belle Oats, of Star Oliver, as she has often been called, who a few days ago escaped from a posse of Texas sheriffs by boldly plunging her horse into the Rio Grande and guiding him through a flood of waters to the opposite shore, is one of the most daring and successful criminals that ever operated on the southern border. She has been called the world's worst woman criminal, says a western correspondent.  
The story of a strange affair which caused Belle Oats to repent and abandon a career of crime for a short time at least was found in a bunch of papers which she left at the house of one who had gained her confidence while she was trying to lead a better life. It was written in Spanish and is evidently the girl's own work, done when remorse possessed her to the exclusion of all other emotions.  
"I had just stepped out into the road," she has written, "when I saw a man mounted upon a splendid black horse coming toward me. He was evidently in a very happy frame of mind, for he was whistling a lively air, and his face wore a look of careless serenity that I can never forget. With a slight inclination of his head and a good humored 'How do you do, sir?' he was about to pass on when I caught his horse by the bridle and thrust my revolver in his face.  
"Without uttering a word of protest he dismounted in obedience to my request, but when I pointed toward the brush and told him to go forward his face turned deadly pale, and such an appeal of hopeless terror was depicted on his features that I wonder how any one could have acted as I did. 'Go on,' I said, taking a step toward the poor, trembling creature and threateningly displayed my pistol. He walked slowly forward, never once turning his head or speaking a word, until he came to the bank of a stream of water.  
"That will do," I said. 'Take off your clothes and be in a hurry.' Then for the first time he turned his colorless face and despairing eyes toward me and asked if I were going to kill him.  
" 'Sir,' said he, 'won't you kindly grant me a few moments to pray for my wife and little children? They will soon be fatherless.'  
"I thought I had never seen a nobler specimen of physical manhood. I was tempted to spare his life and fall in love with him, but the old feeling of devilry possessed me, and I said, 'Oh, go ahead and pray as much as you like while I smoke a cigarette.'  
"He instantly fell upon his knees, with his face turned from me, and began to pray. I felt my better nature asserting itself, and to still it I touched the trigger. The unfortunate man fell forward at the crack of the pistol, a stream of blood spouting over the back of his neck. I quickly examined his pockets, finding only a small purse containing a few silver coins. In his agony the dying man had struggled nearly over the bank of the stream. I mounted his horse and galloped away.  
"After riding a short distance I came to a cabin, and, being desirous of making some inquiries, I shouted hallo. A woman appeared at the door and invited me to dismount. The odor of cooking reached my nostrils, and after learning that I was traveling in the wrong direction I concluded to enter the house and appease my thirst and hunger.  
"Papa has gone to the store to buy me and brother some candy and tell old Santa Claus not to forget us," said a little girl 5 or 6 years of age.  
"By this time a beautiful curly haired little boy younger than the girl had crawled up in my lap. The woman smiled and said: 'The children are not afraid of strangers. My husband wants to town to get some Christmas toys for them, and they are impatient for him to return.'  
"The little girl had scrambled up on my knees, and I was admiring their beauty and innocence, when the door was pushed open, and I heard the woman scream. Upon turning my head it seemed as if the horrors of hades rained upon my brain. A man covered with blood stood in the door. The woman and children flew to him, crying, 'Oh, papa, what is the matter?'  
"Do not be alarmed," he said. 'A bad boy shot me, and I fell in the river, but I am not badly hurt.'  
"While they were helping him toward

a bed I made an effort to reach the door, but my legs were numb. A dumb terror possessed me, and I fell headlong on the floor, moaning in agony. I crawled into the yard, and, regaining my feet, I staggered to the gate. Here I happened to feel the little pocket-book, and I dropped it in the path. Then I ran away and never stopped until I fell on the earth exhausted.  
"For three days and nights I rolled in the dust in agony, praying for forgiveness for my crimes. After many days of sorrow I sought Father Sebastian, and since I have met him I have lived in peace."—Ex.

**He Objected to the Sailor Hat.**

A funny story is told in Paris of a Kansas City girl who was studying art. It happened several years ago, but has not lost its interest even now in the Latin quarter. For some occult reason or inexplicable whim the masculine students disapproved of the sailor hats worn by the English and American girls and made themselves generally obnoxious by rude comments. One day the Kansas City girl was going to her little room from the atelier where she studied. In one hand she carried a portfolio, in the other a tightly rolled umbrella. After a time she was followed by a tall youth, whom she recognized as a poet and a leader in the warfare upon sailor-hats. He followed her block after block, loudly expressing his disapproval of the hat she wore, until she became exasperated, beyond endurance, especially as his objections took the form of paper and bread balls thrown at the offending chapeau. Turning suddenly, but calmly, in front of a large cafe she asked sweetly, "Am I to understand that you desire me to remove my hat, monsieur?" The poet, long and lank of hair and lean of aspect, answered unhesitatingly, "At once, mademoiselle."  
"In America," said mademoiselle, genially, "gentlemen always remove their own hats in making a request of the ladies. Allow me!" And a well directed blow of the tightly rolled umbrella sent the poet's cherished silk hat spinning into the boulevard under the feet of horses and wheels of carriages. He stood paralyzed with astonishment, and the crowd at the tables broke into loud applause, while the girl escaped safely down a side street.—New York Tribune.

**Queen Emma's Diamonds.**

The ex-Queen Regent Emma of Holland can plume herself on having a more beautiful collection of diamonds than any other of the crowned women of Europe. The piece of highest value is a remarkable diadem of diamonds and sapphires, some of which are of extraordinary size and produce the grandest effect by the way in which they are arranged. The sapphires are placed on the front band and increase in size toward the middle, where a sapphire of the size of a walnut forms the apex. Below this sapphire there are three stems bearing three diamonds of the size of hazelnuts. These diamonds rise like flowers from the midst of a crown of leaves.  
Not less rich are a stream of 34 large brilliants and a necklace of three rows of splendid pearls, with hooks of diamonds from which hang pearls of extraordinary size. There are also various brooches ornamented with diamonds and the royal crown. One represents the lion of the Netherlands in enamel and stones, and another has the initials of the royal couple. The effect is augmented by the great skill with which the stones are cut, enabling them to dart forth magnificent flashes of light.—Le Diamant.

**Alaska As It Is.**

While the loud voiced orators of the Republican and Democratic parties are holding forth to their more or less appreciative audiences in the several states of the union, in regard to the wonderful possibilities of the Philippines or the perils of the expansion policy, Alaska, neglected and abused, struggles on in its efforts to rise, cursed by some of the most damnable legislation ever conceived by the mind of man.  
If the fate of the Alaskans' prayer to the powers that be augurs anything for the policy to be applied in case of the final subjugation of Aguinaldo and his followers, we do not blame them for the stout resistance they are making, but rather envy them for the hope they have of ultimate success.  
The history of this end of the pie counter is so filled with horrible abuses that if it were known, it would cause our revolutionary forefathers to turn in their graves for very shame and indignation. Yet Alaska, the land of patience, struggles on, and only now and then does a groan of resentment reach the shores of the mother country. It would seem that the watchword of the nation is now: Millions for conquest, but not one cent for justice.  
It is not the purpose of this article to enumerate in detail, the wrongs alluded

to. It would take too long and we have not the spare time. Suffice to say that every industry, has felt the blighting effect of the tax placed upon it, and the drain of money that flows into the treasury at Washington. Many "infant industries" have been forced to relinquish their efforts and today their wheels are standing idle.  
Our people have met in convention and have drafted resolutions and petitions, which they have piled at the feet of legislators at the hands of authorized, but unpaid and, perhaps, unwelcome representatives; yet without avail. The spirit of entrenchment in expenditures has been always the policy with Alaska. Large and influential trading companies have been suffered to drain our resources of valuable furs, with but slight remuneration to the government, but the pioneer who comes to develop, to dig, to delve, and build for himself a home, is subjected to a tax that makes the task doubly great. The usual encouragement and liberality is supplanted by a policy that deprives him of even the benefit of the homestead laws.

Much more might be said in regard to the system of courts of justice that has been in vogue, but which has happily been remedied, in a measure, within the last few months. The system of taxation referred to has been in operation for more than a year and its effects become more apparent each succeeding day.  
We would ask the question: Can we stand it? Will the business interests of the country survive the continuation of this most pernicious system?—Douglas Island News.

**She Oiled the Baby.**

The absurd manner in which ignorant mothers misconstrue instructions given in reference to the care of their babies is well illustrated by the following story told by a lady out of her own experience:  
While in one of our great New York hospitals some months ago I observed a very unhappy, helpless looking woman sitting in the waiting room with what seemed to be a bundle of soiled clothes in her lap. It was a six-weeks-old baby! As I drew near she wailed:  
"Oh, madam, my baby is dying!"  
I turned down the cover from the little one's face and involuntarily exclaimed:  
"Oh, how awful!"  
The poor little infants face and hands were literally frosted with dirt. I said:  
"Have you bathed this baby this morning?"  
She answered triumphantly:  
"Oh, no. I have not washed it much since it was born. I have just oiled it."  
Some one had told her it was well to use sweet oil with a newborn babe, and she had done it.

**Secret of Telephone Discovery.**

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is reported to have explained in a lecture how he came to invent the telephone as follows:  
"My father invented a symbol by which deaf mutes could converse, and finally I invented an apparatus by which the vibrations of speech could be seen, and it turned out to be a telephone. It occurred to me to make a machine that would enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist, and he advised me to take the human ear as my model. He supplied me with a dead man's ear, and with this ear I experimented, and upon applying the apparatus I found that the dead man's ear wrote down the vibrations.  
"I arrived at the conclusion that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear I could make an instrument more delicate which would cause those vibrations to be heard and understood. I thought if I placed a delicate piece of steel over an electric magnet I could get a vibration, and thus the telephone was completed.  
"The telephone arose from my attempts to teach the deaf to speak. It arose from my knowledge, not of electricity, but as a teacher of the deaf. Had I been an electrician I would not have attempted it."—Electrical World.

**Martin Makes Charges.**

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 22.—Some boisterous scenes were enacted on the floor of the legislature this evening, due, in part, doubtless to the fact that one of the ministers had held a dinner party and some of the members showed the effects. The first storm broke through the revival of the question of the pledges and the platforms which the supporters of Mr. Charles Wilson and the Conservative party had given before election. Capt. Tallow, Mayor Garden and McBride, minister of mines, came in for particular criticism, the members of the administration showing great impatience whenever the name of Charles Wilson was mentioned. Finally the speaker ruled that these matters must not be referred to in the house.  
The storm broke, however, a little

later, when the speaker was about to declare a government measure carried. After the opposition had called for the registration of names, the speaker said he had not heard the names called for, although three opposition members rose and said they had done so.  
Fired by the interruption of government supporters, Mr. Martin launched out in charges to the effect that the opposition was not being treated fairly in the house, and that, if the speaker was not going to accord the opposition fair play, he would take means to make him do so. This challenge was at once accepted by the government, who professed to be much shocked at the grave discourtesy which had been shown the speaker.  
Loud calls for retraction were heard, but Martin absolutely declined to make it. Prentice, the provincial secretary, attempted to interrupt Martin, who turned on him savagely and told him to sit down and not always be making a nuisance of himself, adding that he (Prentice) did not know very much, but he ought to have sufficient brains for that. The house did not rise till midnight.

**Wants His Mail.**

Editor Daily Nugget:  
I do not wish to make suggestions as to the manner in which the Dawson postoffice should be conducted, but it does seem that from Saturday until Tuesday is a long time to be compelled to wait for mail. In most countries postoffices are open for general delivery an hour on Sunday, and one hour in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon on legal holidays. If such customs are practiced elsewhere, why should they not be practiced here? To have to wait three days after mail arrives, fully as long as it now takes the same mail to come from Skagway to this place, is rather a severe test on the patience and temper of a patron, especially when, as I have done, that patron lives 20 miles away from town and makes a special journey to town for the sole purpose of getting expected and important mail. Such practices are not customary on the outside and work hardships here; especially as not one in every ten outside of official circles, had remembered that this is Labor day, consequently a holiday.  
MINER.

**Trilby's Letters Torn.**

Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed in letters received from the Klondike in regard to the condition in which mail arrives at Dawson. Postmaster Stewart yesterday received a communication from "Trilby" Collins, well known as a former newsboy of Seattle, asking his aid in bringing about a better condition of affairs. He states that letters often arrive there with the edges of the envelopes so worn that the contents are very apt to be lost. The addresses are said to be often so illegible that the letters cannot be delivered to the parties to whom they are addressed, and the interior of the letter is also frequently so defaced as to render it illegible.  
Collins attributes the condition of the arriving mail to the number of times it must be handled in transmission from Seattle.  
Mr. Stewart yesterday said that the mail when it leaves this office is carefully tied in bundles and every precaution taken to insure its safe delivery. The first handling it receives is at Skagway, and as the postal officials are usually very scrupulous, it is to be presumed that it receives the same careful attention accorded in the Seattle office.  
Mr. Stewart's explanation was that the damage might possibly result from careless handling on the British side of the boundary, which it is necessary for Dawson mail to cross before reaching its destination. For some time, he says, it has been the custom of the Canadian postal officials to disinfect all incoming mail matter, and it is presumed that after the fumigation the letters are not again properly tied in bundles and placed in the sacks.  
Mr. Collins' letter also protests against mail being sent to Dawson by the all-water route, up the Yukon river. Klondike residents are usually very anxious for home mail, and the Yukon route takes at least 28 days from Seattle, while by way of Skagway mail can be delivered in Dawson in from eight to twelve days.—P. I., Aug. 25.

**In the Asylum.**

Guard—There's the saddest and most violent case we have here. Listen to him rave.  
Patient—Dyea, Juneau—no, I don't. Ha! ha! Chilkoot pass—no. St. Michael—not yet. Mackenzie river—no!  
Visitor—Poor fellow! Did hunger in the Klondike bring him to this?  
Guard—No. About a year ago he decided to go to the goldfields, and every one he asked told him a different and the best route to take.—Up to Date.  
Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

**STANDARD THEATRE OPENS.**

**It Puts All Other Houses in the Shade.**

**Largest Stage, Hanging Gallery, Unobstructed View and Splendid Dancing Some of Its Features.**

The theater-going people of Dawson are at last to have a first-class family theater. The Standard will open tonight and with its opening a new era in legitimate amusement will be inaugurated. The management of the house will strive to give clean and wholesome amusement to Dawson and will eliminate all those objectionable features which the usual theatrical combination has afflicted the Dawson audience with in the past.  
This will be the only theater in Dawson, now that the Orpheum is closed. The pavilion has been entirely rebuilt and the change is something remarkable. A splendid stage has been built and new scenery specially painted for the house has been staged. The stage has a larger frontage than any other in Dawson. There is one innovation in this theater which will be particularly well received by the public, that is the hanging gallery, leaving not a post on the floor to obstruct the view. The gallery is upheld by hanging rods from the roof and has been pronounced absolutely safe by the officials who have investigated the strength of the structure. The orchestra is sunk below the main floor, which is another excellent feature. This house will have the finest dancing floor in Dawson, as the old Pavilion floor of matched hard wood has been enlarged and forms the main floor of the theater.  
On the upper floor in a semi-circle are arranged the boxes, each of which commands an unobstructed view of the stage. They are tastefully furnished with blue silk and white curtains. On this floor at the front of the house are 16 rooms in which the numerous employes of the house will find lodgment. A private entrance has been cut from the alley near the front of the theater, this being put in for the accommodation of parties who wish to obtain access to the building without going past the bar, which together with the club rooms, is situated in the front of the main floor.  
The Nugget congratulates the enterprising proprietors of the theater and wishes them the success their efforts deserve. The house is operated and owned by Theo. Eckert, Daisy D'Avara, Jack Kirk and "Biddy" Doyle.  
The show opens tonight with the best talent in the city. "Tragedy," a farce comedy, will be the curtain-raiser to be followed by musical skits, songs and dances, specialty work and an original composition by Jim Post.  
**Will Change his Business.**  
Jack Emerson who came to Dawson a few weeks ago and accepted a position on the staff of the government organ, the Yukon Sun, having decided that government journalism is not to his taste, severed his connection with the paper and is preparing to open a saloon in the Portland restaurant building, corner of Second avenue and Third street. If he can hold the government trade in his new venture, success is assured.  
**Not Coming Back.**  
A late Winnipeg Free Press says that Dr. R. M. Simpson has returned there from a business trip to Chicago and that he intends to resume practice in the prairie capital, having settled all his affairs in the Klondike. This is not in keeping with the announcement made by the doctor when he was going out, but then when a man leaves a place in such a hurry and so quietly as the doctor left Dawson he has little time and less inclination for full explanations. It may be that when Dr. Simpson said he was coming back he meant it but that when he got safely outside and was still unable to get a comfortable lead on pursuing shadows he decided to keep right on going. If the exhibition which he made of himself when on the witness stand in connection with certain charges of official corruption should ever appear to him as it did to disinterested people who saw it he might be reasonably expected to increase the distance between himself and the original location of the scene, while if he should ever get a good snuff of the order which with this and other little pieces of questionable business he created for himself he would, if he had any decency of taste, try to get away from his own presence.—Whitehorse Tribune.  
Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.



# KEEPS ROLLING.

## The Wave of Reform Reaching Out to Distant Points

### WHERE DELEGATES ARE SELECTED

#### Pledged to Better Government and Better Times

#### FOR THE YUKON DISTRICT.

#### Hunker, Gold Bottom and Upper Bonanza in Line With Strong Delegations.

[From Tuesday's Daily.]

At No. 3 above on Hunker a large crowd of miners congregated on call of notice sent out by the citizens' committee. The meeting was called to order at 2:30 p. m. Sunday. Mr. McFarlane was elected chairman and Norman J. H. McLeod secretary. After the object of the meeting was explained John McCrimmon and L. McFarlane were elected delegates. Both delegates declared themselves in sympathy with the reform movement. The meeting was short but enthusiastic, many of the miners having to quit work while the meeting was held and returning thereafter.

At Gold Bottom sharp at 8 o'clock the largest assembly ever crowded together in that district filled both the dining room, bar and kitchen of the Valley hotel, owned by McLeod and Campbell, to take part in the election of delegates to attend the Dawson convention, almost every British subject from discovery to 50 below on hillsides and creek claims were present, the French speaking British subjects probably being in the majority, but the meeting, although very enthusiastic was harmonious. Any man running on the reform ticket would be a winner whether an English or French speaking subject. The name of any of the would-be candidates opposing the citizens' reform party would be sufficient to conjure angels with cloven feet and spear-shaped tails. J. McLeod, a large operator on Hunker, was elected chairman and A. L. Baulais secretary. The chairman was well enough posted on the objects of the meeting to explain every detail, making a lengthy speech there seemed to be considerable competition among aspirants who should be the delegates. If 50 were required to uphold the principles of reform, Gold Bottom could furnish them. After a vote was taken James McLeod, H. H. McDonald and A. H. Bibert were elected. Each delegate was called upon and showed his ability at speech making to be almost equal to Bryan or probably Lawyer Noel. Taking it all through the meeting was a huge success.

On upper Bonanza a good meeting was held at claim 35 last night, representatives being present from nearly every claim between 14 and 43. The meeting was held by the dim light of candles in a floorless cabin, but the spirit of reform swelled from every bosom and harmony and good feeling prevailed. R. Davis Colbey was chosen chairman and Donald Fraser secretary. Barney Sugrue was present and made a telling speech which was most enthusiastically received.

The following delegates were chosen: R. Davis Colbey, merchant; Henry Willett, French-Canadian and owner of 43 above, and A. McRae, laborer and an Ontario boy from Guelph.

#### River News.

No boats have come in from the upper river yesterday afternoon or this morning, but several are expected in today, among them the Zealandian, Eldorado and Yukoner. A large number of people are on their way in these being principally old times who are returning from their summer's sojourn to their homes.

The water is continuing to raise and with continuous rains it may reach the high water mark again this fall.

Several scows were started down the river the night before last, three in all. They were tied to a wood raft which

was supposed to be safely anchored, but during the darkest hours of the night, and owing to the floating of the raft, the scows and raft went down the river without awakening several men who were asleep aboard. The raft belonged to Mutchler Bros., the freighters. The scows are owned by C. Humes and Sawyer.

The crew consisting of Geo. Lindsey, Chas. Willeck and another man who cannot speak English, were awakened before reaching Moosehide, and started the people near the hospital with their yells for help. No help being available they bethought themselves of the sweeps and beached the scows at Moosehide. They were towed up to the city this morning by the Clara.

One of the scows was left at West Dawson, as it would have sunk in mid-stream. It was leaking badly. The freight was principally hay and grain. Another raft belonging to Dan Matheson broke loose from its moorings and went down river.

Orr and Tukey suffered the sinking of a scow load of grain and hay. It was punctured by a jab from the derelict raft mentioned above.

The following was received by wire this morning:

Steamer Yukoner passed Selkirk this morning at 3 o'clock going down.

The Canadian reported at 7:30 today going down at Hootalinqua.

The Bailey, Sybil and Ora passed up by Hootalinqua this morning at 3, 3:20 and 9:40 respectively.

The Flora left Whitehorse at 9 a. m. today.

The Zealandian and Eldorado passed Stewart river this morning, the former at 6 and the latter at 9 o'clock.

The Yukoner was reported at Ogilvie at 6 this morning.

#### A HOP FIEND'S DREAM.

A hop fiend went on a weary stroll, Looking for a guy that he could roll; For he had not smoked for a whole long day— He was barred from the joint, he could not pay. He strolled along with the yen yen bad, 'Till he struck a friend who money had; He touched him quick, and off he flew, To cop the hop from the "Chinks" bamboo. He smoked, and smoked away, And thought of the riches he would have some day.

He talked of his friends and roasted all, For a fiend that won't roast is no fiend at all. He finally into a sweet sleep fell, And dreamed of all the places but hell; He dreamed sweet dreams of untold wealth, Of all the dough he could cop by pelf. He dreamed of diamonds and riches rare, And of the suckers he could ensnare. He was worth a million in nickels and dimes, And counted them over a thousand times. He owned houses and lots and cattle and sheep, And a million ships that sailed on the deep. He was king of the world whom all obeyed, And was in the most costly garments arrayed. Had a thousand wives so pretty and rare, All dressed in the finest, with golden hair; A billion servants who stood at his call, For Aladdin's palace wasn't in it at all. He kept on dreaming till he had awoke, Only to find he had run out of dope.

#### A Smart Boy.

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain, "cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could bulster up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

#### His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "my constituents aren't violent people. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

#### Would Do for the Boy.

"Why is it you sign your son's name to that article instead of your own?"

"Well, you see, it is intended for a magazine."

"What of that?"

"Why, when the magazine gets around to the point of printing it, I will be too old for it to be of any service to me, while my boy, who was deemed old enough yesterday to appear in trousers for the first time, ought to be just on the threshold of a literary career, where it may be of some help to him. To my mind where we are weak in literature is in not starting in early enough. A man foolishly tries to make for himself instead of planning to pass the chance on to his children or his grandchildren, who might thus get some sort of a show."—Chicago Post.

#### The Convention Rose to Him.

"Yassir," said Erastus Pinkley. "When I made my appearance in that convention, I was de object of mo' attention dan anybody else in de place. Dey jes' riz up in dar seats when dey saw me comin down de aisle."

"Did you make a speech?"

"No'indeed; I had a bucket of ice water an a glass."

# THE FUEL WORKS

## Do Not Look Good to Convict Harrison Doing Eight Months

### SO HE MAKES BOLD DASH TO ESCAPE

#### But Is Recaptured and Held Over to Territorial Court.

#### NOW WEARS BALL AND CHAIN.

#### More Evidence of Slumber Brand— Constable Piper Pilots Wheelbarrow—Law Violated.

It was a tuff house that greeted Magistrate Scarth on the opening of police court this morning, there being nearly a dozen cases up for hearing.

Some days ago the Nugget contained an account of Swan Harrison, alias several other names, being sentenced for two months for stealing a gun. Two days later he was given a short rest from the woodpile while he was brought into court, tried and sentenced to six months for stealing a kodak. Evidently the woodpile does not look good to Swan, neither does he take kindly to such work as landscape gardening, for this morning about 8 o'clock and after working an hour at raking up trash in the barracks square, an inspiration seized him; he acted on it and throwing the rake at Constable Kerr who was acting in the capacity of guard, he made a bold dash for liberty. As the constable could not leave the other prisoners in his charge, he sought to intimidate the flying Swan by discharging his pistol a couple of times. Instead of having the desired effect, the pistol shots only served to accelerate the fugitive's speed. The constable exercised his lung power and soon his fellow officers were in pursuit with the result that Harrison was overtaken between the barracks and the Klondike river and triumphantly marched back to jail. He was brought into court on two charges, one of escaping from lawful custody, the other of assaulting an officer while in the discharge of his duty. When the evidence of the prosecution had been heard and the terrible Swede was asked what he cared to say in his own behalf, he said: "Ae tank Ae bater ba gatin' out of hare for fare Ae gate seek." It was not clear whether Swan's statement was intended as a reflection on the culinary department of the guardhouse or not. The order of the court was that he be held over to the higher court on both charges. He was marched back to the guardroom from which ten minutes later he emerged with a ball and chain, one end of the chain being anchored to his right ankle, and thus handicapped he will continue to serve out his eight months' sentence, after which he will have the decree of the upper court to liquidate.

With a perpendicular split in the side of his nose Lucas Freeburg pleaded guilty to having been drunk and disorderly and remitted \$10 and costs. Dolph Garrett violated a health ordinance about 2 o'clock this morning. The current fine quotations for such offence is \$1 and costs; but as Dolph "sassed" the arresting officer, he paid \$5 and costs.

John O'Hare, over whose head has passed fully 50 winters and probably nearly as many summers, informed the court this morning that last night was the first time in all the days of the years of his pilgrimage through this vale of tears in which he had ever been drunk; and when the court said "That is no fit a condition for a man to get in," John acquiescingly said "Indade, an' it is not, yer honor." He paid \$5 and costs.

Malcolm C. McCloud was very drunk and abusive on Third street yesterday evening when found by Constable Piper, who was compelled to engage in the transfer business for such time as it required him to transport Malcolm to the guardhouse in a wheelbarrow. It took \$10 to even up Malcolm's indebtedness.

John Fynn had vied with John O'Hare in his attempts to decrease the amount of slumber brand of hooch in

the city, but up to this morning honors were even. Both had reached the stage where they wooed balmy beneath heaven's broad canopy without regard to whether or not their beds were dry planks or damp alleys. To keep honors even the second John was also fined \$5 and costs.

For the 'steenth time Pat O'Shea was up on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. The court recognized him as being a "regular customer" and gave him a pointed lecture, the closing words of which were "\$10 and costs."

At this stage of the proceedings Magistrate Scarth vacated the chair which was occupied by Magistrate Starnes, whose first case was one against Chris Beeg of the Green Tree saloon for selling oil of joy on Sunday. Beeg pleaded guilty and was fined \$50 and costs, the latter amounting to \$20. F. Coole, of the Pioneer, and Chas. Schultz of the Bonanza, were up on the same charge as Beeg and each paid the same fine and costs. The three men were instructed to have their various licenses in court this afternoon when notes of their having been violated, and the date of such violation will be placed thereon.

#### Thursday Night's Meeting.

The meeting to be held Thursday night, September 6th, at 8:30 o'clock in McDonald's hall in this city for the purpose of selecting 20 delegates to the district nominating convention to be held at the same place on Saturday, the 8th instant, is being looked forward to with considerable interest by all friends of good government and by all advocates of reform of the laws pertaining to the Yukon district as they now exist. As a large majority of the eligible voters of the city, like their friends on the creeks, are heart and soul in sympathy with the sentiment embraced in the late memorial to his excellency, the governor general, and as all such are entitled to seats and voice in the meeting, the prospects are good that the hall will be tested to its full capacity Thursday night.

The work thus far accomplished on the various creeks along the lines of reform and pointing with no faltering nor quivering index to an era of future unprecedented prosperity has served to rejuvenate those who, for three long years and in the face of the most bitter opposition, have never faltered in their efforts to alleviate wrongs long endured; therefore, it will be with an eye on the already brightening horizon that the British subjects of Dawson may attend the meeting Thursday night, feeling that already is the dawn of emancipation day apparent.

#### Has a Hope Left.

Mike King, the promoter of the Chilkoot and Lake Bennett railway, whose application for a charter was turned down by the Dominion and British Columbia governments, was in town this week. Mr. King accepts the inevitable for this year at least, but promises to be heard from again if he gets any kind of a chance, which he expects he will within another 12 months.

#### Work Ahead.

"What's this?" exclaimed the division superintendent. "Here's an application from the station agent at New Era for eight assistant baggage smashers. The man must be crazy. I don't believe a trunk has been put off at that place for six months."

"But you know," his chief clerk explained, "that the State Federation of Women's Clubs is to be held there next Thursday and Friday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### Americans Stranded in Paris.

Paris, Aug. 25.—No sooner does an American get stranded here than he makes straight for the United States consul general's office, which is simply overwhelmed just at present with penniless individuals clamoring for financial assistance. Discussing the matter today with the Times' correspondent, Consul General Gowdy remarked: "There has been more applications made to the consulate general here by Americans for financial aid since the exposition opened than during the whole of my previous term of office. There are at least 400 indigent Americans in Paris at this moment. Some of them came here in the honest but delusive hope of making money during the exhibition."

"Then there are thoughtless youths who come here to spend their scanty dollars in a few days. Such, for instance, were young Reynolds of the U. S. S. Baltimore and Charles Fox of the U. S. S. Saratoga, who ran up from Havre to do the exposition, and who didn't have money enough to pay their way back.

"Others have been stranded here because they have been robbed. There is at present in this city a gang of confidence men plying their trade.

"They have left many Americans without a cent. They work what is known as the gold brick racket."

# SARGA TRIAL

## Now Receiving the Attention of the Jury and Territorial Court.

### SOME VERY GRUESOME EVIDENCE

#### In the Shape of Charred Human Bones Is Offered

#### BY PROSECUTION FOR CROWN.

#### It Has Not Yet Been Decided Whether or Not the Prisoner's Confession Will Be Admitted.

The territorial court was called to order this morning at 10 o'clock, and after a number of motions had been heard having to do with civil cases, the case of Mrs. Margaret Mansen was fixed for hearing on Monday the 17th. C. M. Woodworth appeared for Mrs. Mansen.

After this business had been disposed of the case of John Sarga accused of murder was called and the following named jurors empaneled to try the case: S. McRae, E. Sears, F. Nicola, H. E. Dugas, Wm. Bradley and W. McIntosh.

The Sarga case has been so fully described from time to time that it needs little or no introduction now, saving to say that John Sarga stands charged with having murdered one Louis Bellois on the 2d of July, 1899, on Last Chance creek. He made his escape down the river to Nome, where he was placed under arrest and made a confession to the American authorities. He was taken out to the Sound, and after many delays and the lapse of much time was finally returned to Dawson, where, at his preliminary hearing in the police court, he pleaded not guilty.

After the case had been outlined to the jury by Crown Prosecutor Walsh, the jury was retired to give Mr. Walsh and Attorney J. P. Smith an opportunity of deciding on the admissibility of Sarga's written confession as evidence.

Attorney Smith argued that inasmuch as it could not be shown that Sarga, owing to his lack of knowledge of English, knew the nature of the document when he signed the instrument, that there was no proof that the confession was made voluntarily, and that the nature was not open to proof at hand. After argument had been heard from both sides Judge Craig reserved decision for the crown and the jury was recalled.

Witness Louie Lagrois was called by the prosecution and testified to having found the charred remains of a human body on claim 26 above on Last Chance. The sack containing the bones previously exhibited in the police court was emptied upon the barrister's table and witness identified certain of the bones as among those he had previously seen as on Last Chance. He also identified some of the other things such as cooking utensils, etc.

At this point a window had to be raised on account of the odor arising from the bones. Under examination by the defense the witness testified that the place where he had found the bones had the appearance of having been some sort of a shelter or canopy having been temporarily used by some one, and that the bones had been badly charred and somewhat scattered.

D. Lacert was called by the prosecution and testified that he was a miner living on Last Chance, that he had been engaged in cutting hay in the vicinity of the place where the gruesome exhibits were found and, that the bones had been somewhat scattered when he saw them, and that this might have been due to dogs having been among them. He had seen his own dog champing on one of the bones and had made him leave it. He also identified certain of the bones and other articles as being the same he had seen at the time of their discovery. "I know this piece of bone," he said picking up a piece of bone from the revolting heap, "because of the dried meat attached to it."

At the conclusion of this witness' testimony court adjourned till 2 p. m.

(Continued on Page 3.)



# A SLIGHT COMPLICATION.

## How a Chicago Man Exercised His Judgment.

### And Saved a Young Girl From an Unfortunate Marriage—Romance of the Windy City.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

As I was leaving the office Baxter called to me that if I was going to walk home he would go with me. I was going to walk, as I always do on nice days, but I was not anxious for his company. I could not think of anything that would turn him off, however, so I replied, with what heartiness I could summon: "All right. Come long." The reason for my not wanting him or any one else with me was an absurd one, and I had the grace to be ashamed of myself even while acknowledging its weight. For the last month I had become foolishly in love with a girl I did not know, and the only time I saw her was in the afternoon on Michigan avenue, when I was going back from town and she was coming down. I did not always meet her, but I always hoped to when I left the office, and I liked to be alone when I passed her. Absurd as it may seem, another person always seemed intruding. Therefore I cursed Baxter inwardly and talked business outwardly as we left Jackson boulevard and turned into Michigan avenue.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. The grass in the park was still green, and a fresh, exhilarating breeze blew in from the lake. She could certainly not miss such a day for her walk, I argued, and fixed my eyes on the stream of people flowing steadily past me on the walk, trying to catch a glimpse of a trim figure in a gray walking suit.

I had often wondered where she went every afternoon and even planned to follow her, but I was positively timid for once and afraid to make an advance which would give information about my unknown. Possibly she went to meet and walk back with a lover, a brother or a husband. I was rather inclined to the brother idea, though I don't know why. She did not look married, and why should such a girl care enough for any man to meet him and walk home with him? No, I was convinced that no such fortunate creature existed.

She wore a black hat, tilted over her forehead, and she always gave me a quick, comprehensive look under it, as we passed. As for me, I fixed my eyes on her, and never took them off until she had gone by; it was only by a superhuman effort of will power that I did not stop and stare after her.

We usually met near Twelfth street, but today we had reached Sixteenth and I had given up hope, when I saw her coming toward me. Baxter was telling me some troubles of his, for I believe he mistook my silence for sympathy.

We were nearly opposite to her before Baxter saw her, at the same moment that she saw him. She bowed and smiled—I had never seen her smile before—and just one little corner of that one belonged to me and with it the sweetest of glances that set my heart beating idiotically.

Suddenly I realized that my talkative companion had not spoken a word since he muttered "How do you?" I looked at him. His face was profoundly gloomy.

"What's the matter?" I asked. I felt good natured enough to talk to any one, and I suddenly conceived a great interest in Baxter. He could tell me who she was—perhaps he means in time of my meeting her.

"Did you see that girl I bowed to just now?" he said.

"The one in gray? Yes, I noticed her."

"Well, that's she. She's the one."

"What one? Whom you are talking about?" I was at a loss to account for his tone of gloomy emphasis.

"The girl I was telling you about. Funny we should have met her just as I finished. Well, you can see for yourself that she is pretty."

I looked at Jim Baxter in absolute amazement.

"When did you tell me this history you are alluding to?" I spoke calmly, but I was agitated. There was something the matter with one of us, and the effect of my question on Jim showed that there was no question in his mind as to which of us it was.

"When did I tell you? For heaven's sake, Ray, do you mean to tell me that you haven't heard what I've been saying for the last mile? You had better consult a specialist if you are subject to such attacks of mental aberration."

"I didn't hear a word," I said lamely.

"To tell the truth, I was

thinking so hard on a certain subject that my mind was incapable of taking anything else. Tell me again, and I swear you'll have my undivided attention."

"Thanks, but I won't trouble you. That isn't the sort of story a man cares about dwelling on, you know. And, come to think of it, it's better that no one should know about the business anyway."

In vain I assured him of my interest in his affairs, of my desire and ability to help him if he needed help. He would tell me nothing. What an unmitigated fool I had been! I had missed a chance to learn all about her, and I might never get another.

"At least tell me her name," I said finally in desperation.

"Miss Norwood—Ethel Norwood. Why do you want to know her name?"

"Oh, nothing," I said indifferently. "I suppose she goes down town to meet somebody, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Her brother, I suppose?"

"Hasn't any brother."

I had gone too far to back out. "Who does she go to meet, then?"

"She goes to walk home with her sister, who studies at the art institute. And now I should like very much to know if Miss Norwood has aroused your interest—merely through her being an acquaintance of mine. That conclusion is flattering, but doubtful."

To walk home with her sister? In a sudden burst of joyful confidence I told him what had been going on inside of me for the last month. I used extravagant language to describe my state of mind. I colored every trivial incident to produce the rose colored effect of romance.

We had reached Twentieth street and stopped on the corner where our ways divided. I looked at Baxter and saw that he was amazed, as I had been a few moments before.

"That's why I wanted to hear your story and also why I didn't hear it—because I've lost the little head I ever had over your Miss Norwood."

"And so it's you!" exclaimed Jim. "Well, I never!"

"You seem to enjoy being mysterious," I replied, annoyed at another such remark from him. "Is that connected with a story which I am not to be allowed to hear?"

"I'll walk along with you. I suppose you ought to know." We turned into Twentieth street. "What I told you before was simply this: Ethel Norwood is the most ungrateful girl in the world. We've always known each other, went to school together in the beginning, and all that. I never cared for any other girl. Well, last summer she told me that she was engaged to Tom Camp. Know him? He lives in Boston and visited some people here last spring. If there ever was a villain in these commonplace times, he is one. I told Ethel so, and she dared me to prove it. I was in college with him, and I proved something about him even to her satisfaction. She broke her engagement and told me she never could be grateful enough to me. She continued to treat me as though I were the one thing necessary to her happiness until I became convinced that I had only to declare myself to receive my reward for saving her from that fellow. I spoke last night, and she turned me down without asking for time to consider even; said she liked me, though, and thought we were just good friends."

I tried to feel sorry for Jim and say something appropriate, but I couldn't think of anything.

"But the worst of it was that when I asked her if there was any one else she said, 'Well, no; not exactly.' And then she went on and told me that she was very much ashamed of herself, but she believed she was half in love with some one she didn't even know; saw him every day and looked forward to meeting him, and a lot of that sort of stuff. I was disgusted and told her so and that the fellow was probably some one not worthy of tying her shoes. She said she wasn't afraid as long as she had me to rescue her. Then I left, feeling pretty sore. And now it turns out to be you, and you tell me the same thing."

My feelings were indescribable.

"There's only one thing for you to do—be a good fellow, Jim," I said.

"Well, I won't do it," said Jim emphatically.

"Very well; just as you feel about it. We probably have other mutual acquaintances," I replied nonchalantly. "You, being an old family friend, could so easily take me to call, but of course if you don't want to—"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to," groaned Baxter. "She'd make me anyway on some pretext or other after seeing us together."

With this ungracious consent I was satisfied. Inside of a week I had met her. If I had thought her charming on the street, I found her in her own home utterly bewitching. I am waiting for a

decent and reasonable length of time to elapse before telling her what she can see if she isn't blind. I am not blind either, and yet I try to remember how mistaken Jim was about her feeling for him and not let myself be too sure.

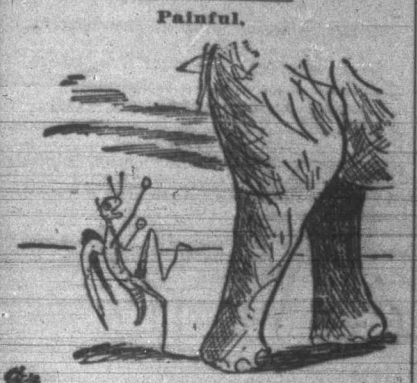
I am sure, though, that she never looked at Baxter the way she looks at me sometimes when I meet her on the avenue and turn to walk back with her.—Chicago News.

**To Say Nothing of Getting Married.**

"Sometimes," said Mr. Blykins, "I'm surprised at my own courage."

"Why, you never went to war," answered his wife.

"There are other risks than those of the battlefield. Every time I pick up a paper I find an article on the dangers to our political system, 'dangers to public morals,' 'dangers of eating,' 'dangers that lurk in the atmosphere' and so on without end. I tell you it takes a mighty nerry man to go on eating and breathing."—Washington Star.



**The Bug—Get off my corn!**—New York Journal.

**He Was Better Off.**

"When I rejected you the other day," she began with affected sweet confusion, "I did not."

"You did not know I was wealthy," he interrupted coldly.

"Not at all. I knew you were well off, but—"

"I didn't know when I was or I shouldn't have proposed to you."

Her confusion then was not affected, neither was it sweet.—Philadelphia Press.

**Because She Loved Him.**

"Will you always love me like you do now?" he asked the Boston girl.

At this juncture, dear reader, comes in the remarkable feature of the affair. She did not correct his grammar. She merely said "M"

All of which foregoing goes to show that love is a leveler beside whom a steam shovel looks like 30 denarii.—Indianapolis Press.

**His Ambition In Life.**

"That boy seems to have no ambition in life."

"There's where you do him an injustice. He wants to be the husband of an actress, and no one has worked more industriously than he to acquire the necessary liking for fur lined coats, champagne and diamonds."—Chicago Post.

**Modest, as He Always Is.**

The pirate pauses as he is about to pass finally on the scene.

"But who among you will persons swear like when I am gone?" he asks sadly.

Nobody answers, but the goldfish is seen to blush modestly and cast down his eyes.—Detroit Journal.

**Horrible Diets.**

Towne—Hicutt has conceived a horrible idea.

Browne—What is it, an infernal machine?

Towne—It's infernal, sure enough. He proposes to set some of Browning's poems to Wagner's music.—Philadelphia Press.

**Comforting Reflection.**

"Well, there's one thing certain," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, who was watching a boy dangling over the pier and holding a fishing pole in both hands. "The capitalists can't organize any happiness trust."—Chicago Tribune.

**Why She Said It.**

Bobbs—My wife told me last night that I was the smartest man on earth.

Dobbs—Huh! She was talking through her hat.

Bobbs—Oh, no. She was talking for her hat.—Baltimore American.

**Heard In the Restaurant.**

Knicker—Jones is a self made man. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Bocker—Maybe that's why he has his knife in it now.—Brooklyn Life.

**When He Painted It.**

Auctioneer—Lot 52. A genuine Turner. Painted during the artist's lifetime. What offers, gentlemen?—Punch.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, proprietors.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

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

Heavy underwear at Oak Hall.

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And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipe, and the fire risk you take in having defective fires caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

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Arrive at Dawson ..... 12:30 p. m.  
Leave Dawson ..... at 3 p. m.  
Arrive at Forks ..... 7 p. m.

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American and European Plans

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GIBSON & JEWEL, Props.



# RATES WILL SOON BE RAISED

### On the Large Steamers Operating on the Upper Yukon.

### Will Probably Be \$50 and \$70—Many Passengers on Their Way In—River Notes.

From Wednesday's Daily.  
Yesterday afternoon was one of unusual activity in steamboat circles, there being four boats to arrive in Dawson, three from the upper river and one from Fortymile. Travel both ways is now unusually heavy and the boats arriving and departing are coming in and going out with full passenger lists.

The \$40 rate which the W. P. & Y. R. has charged for the past season will be cancelled after September 16th. The rate to be charged from that date has not been announced, but it will probably be \$70 first-class and \$50 second. This rate will apply in all probability on all the large boats. The Klondike Corporation will make their own rate as this company is operating independent of the W. P. & Y. R. and may upset the calculation of its powerful rival by cutting under that company at any moment.

The companies which will raise their rates with the W. P. & Y. R. are the D. & W. H. N. Co., operating the steamers J. P. Light, the Lightning and Tyrrell, the latter boat being on the Fortymile run now; the Yukon Flyer line, operating the Eldorado and Bonanza King; the steamers Gold Star and the Clifford Sifton.

The river is continuing to rise and is now again submerging the bar upon which the rafts and scows land below the barracks.

The Zealandian arrived yesterday afternoon with a small consignment of mail, her full complement of freight and the following passengers: A. H. Cook, Mrs. Branstelles, Mr. Braustelles, Mrs. A. H. Cook, Mrs. Patch, Miss Dorcas Coffman, Eva Magassig, Mrs. Ada Magassig, Mrs. Summerville, A. Stein, Mrs. Ward, Robert Ward, J. A. Oshard, Miss H. M. Henderson, M. L. Ferguson, D. R. Thibadeau, J. B. G. Moff, J. J. Putrow, Olive Detting, Bertha Kranker, J. J. Courad, Peter Olson, Mrs. S. V. Holt, Mrs. J. Kline, Mrs. E. S. Dunham, Mrs. C. E. Gilbert, L. M. Sehl, L. A. Iversen, H. Crosswell, Mrs. M. Kohn, Arley Soucie, Frank Breen, James Higgins, W. B. Ellis.

The steamer Yukoner arrived last night. She brought 17 sacks of mail and 150 tons of freight. She sailed at 2 o'clock today with a full passenger list for Whitehorse. The following passengers came down on her: Mrs. Sweetman, Ethel Blakey, Mrs. Beahue, Willit Beahue, Mrs. La Mont, Ross Burns, G. W. Dawson, Mrs. A. M. Glave, J. L. Byrne, Fred Wilson, Thos. Truth, Geo. Beach, F. J. Murphy, Mrs. N. Dewig, Mrs. McRae, Jas. Murphy, J. C. McCarthy, John Emerson, D. Crox, Mrs. Cole and child, G. A. Johnson, W. C. Huates, H. D. Cole, Miss Shier, Thos. Brown, A. Oie, Thos. Fraynes, Andrew Paxton, Alex Paxton, Antonio Cloutier, Mrs. C. J. Wechter, Mrs. Newland, Miss Walvey, Miss O. Anderson, Mrs. Giffig, Cora De Rhest, Mrs. Tom Chisholm, Annie Jottigaard, Mrs. J. Crow, Mrs. P. Roamason, Mrs. S. Morrison, Wm. Nowatt, L. J. Stevens, Chas. W. Kellog, C. Cloers, L. Colers.

The steamer Eldorado came in at 3:30 yesterday afternoon with 136 tons of freight and 68 passengers.

The Tyrrell arrived from Fortymile last night with a cargo of coal. She will be dispatched again to that point and continue as a collier for the balance of the season.

The following was received by wire: The Sybil arrived in Whitehorse this morning.

The Bailey left Whitehorse this morning.

### A Libel Bluff.

Down in Victoria a couple of hotel men with Dago names have taken action against the proprietor of a weekly paper named Black and White, for libel or blackmail. They allege that an agent of the paper called on them and solicited a \$2-advertisement which was refused and that the refusal was followed by a threat to "show the house up." The house was "shown up" all right and in a manner that must have made the teeth of its proprietors chatter, and must also have caused the chief of police a little uneasiness, but whether the allegations of the hotel men as to the cause are true or not is open to serious question. A lower grade of Dago mind might conceive that a newspaper man could be so cheap, and be foolhardy enough as well, to believe that he could

make his conception go down with the public, but it is better than 16 to 1 betting that he is on the wrong track. The hotel in question is the Grand Pacific. It has a sign "Furnished rooms" stuck up outside and between the letters in invisible ink is written "No questions asked." Anyone who has ever been in Victoria and has had occasion to pass the place late at night would be sure to remember it by its offensive odor. The man who has a good chance of picking the next Derby winner as he has of picking the winner of that libel suit, if it ever comes off, wouldn't have to work any more; neither would his friends if he was a good fellow. —Whitehorse Tribune.

### Alfred Has Bessie Arrested.

Night before last Alfred Renald, who carried about with him more money than was necessary or wise to do, paid a visit to the Standard theater, where he met Bessie Kearns and for her bought champagne in bottles to the number of three, so he says, and afterwards went to bed in the house in one of the upstairs rooms. According to the complaint which Alfred filed in the police court this morning against Bessie, he charges that after spending \$60 for wine with her, she later on took from his pockets the sum of \$160 in bills.

### Meeting Tomorrow Night.

Friends of various candidates are busily engaged in the work of drumming up support for their men. The interests of politicians is now centered in the meeting which is called tomorrow night at McDonald hall, at which time delegates will be selected for the convention on Saturday. Citizens who subscribe to the memorial presented by the citizens committee to the governor general are invited to be present at the meeting tomorrow night and take part in its deliberations. It is specially desired that a large representation of citizens be present in order that the fullest possible expression of public opinion may be had.

The meeting will select 20 delegates to represent Dawson in the convention on Saturday.

### POLICE COURT NEWS.

Four plain drunks occupied the front bench in Capt. McDonnell's court this morning, and there was every evidence that each member of the quartette harbored a chestnut sorrel taste.

At 1 o'clock this morning Joe Farley was found trying to hold Albert Hughes steady on his legs, and at the same time Albert Hughes was exercising the same forethought for Joe Farley. Both had poured deeply of the brand that causes legs to wobble like those of a young calf. Each man was given the option of paying \$5 and costs or contributing ten days of his time to the royal fuel refinery.

Geo. Sutherland had partaken of the slumber brand and at 10 o'clock last night had retired on the sidewalk near the Melbourne. "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams," George looked the picture of despair this morning and was allowed his choice as to \$5 and costs or ten days.

Chas. Rebbun stepped into the prisoner's box and before the charge could be read said "I'm guilty." Charles likewise looked too frequently on the compound fluid extract of rye without putting lemon in it. He paid \$5 and costs.

Louie La Valle paid \$5 and costs for violating a health ordinance.

Henry Nickody who is managing editor of a garden near the upper ferry, conceived the idea that Mrs. Corbett had stolen one bucket of turnips "to the value of \$25" from his garden. In court this morning he was not able to prove that Mrs. Corbett had ever been to his garden. On the other hand, the lady admitted having visited the garden at which time she "proved" that she had purchased a bucketful of turnips from a man whom she found there, paying him \$1 for what she received. The court could not see why the charge should be sustained, therefore, it was dismissed and the man who quotes turnips at \$25 per small bucket will probably see that he has a case that will stick before he again rushes into court.

### Jenious of His Prerogative.

Manager—What do you mean by using such language? Afe, you the manager here or am I?

Employee—I know I'm not the manager.

Manager—Very well, then. If you're not the manager, why do you talk like an idiot?—Tit-Bits.

### Attracts Attention.

"Has the new boarder anything distinctive about him?"  
"Yes. He spears bread across the table with his fork and drinks coffee with his spoon sticking up between his fingers."—Chicago Record.

### Pressure Removed.

"Emeline, didn't it vex you to have to give the census man your age?"  
"No, indeed. I've kept it a dead secret so long that it was a blessed relief to get a chance to tell it."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Table de hote dinners.

The Holborn.

### Eagles to Scream.

The Eagles are to give another public social next Sunday night at the Savoy theater. The event will be a duplicate of the successful meeting held at the old Palace Grand last winter. The fol-

lowing talent has volunteered to take part in the social: Stanley & Scanton, Celia DeLacy, Miss E. Montrose, Walters & Forrest, Bryant and Onslow, Blossom & Bordman, Post and Ashley, Freddie Breen, Robert Webb and Ida Howell.

### Arctic Brotherhood.

All members of Camp Dawson, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, are hereby requested to be present at a meeting to be held in McDonald hall Friday night, September 7th, at 9 o'clock. All visiting brothers are invited to attend.  
L. O. WILCOXON, A. C.  
E. J. WHITE, A. R.

### Dawson Has a Lady Furrier.

Mrs. Roberts, who for several years was at the head of the fur department in the N. A. T. & T. Co., has established a business of her own on Third avenue. She has imported a \$5000 stock of furs from Montreal and will manufacture from the raw material. A specialty of the establishment will be seal jackets made to fit the figure. A general line of fur goods will be kept in stock.

When in town, stop at the Regina.  
We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

#### LAWYERS

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 building, Front St., Dawson.

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

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

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEECKER AND DE JOURNEL Attorneys at Law, Office—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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

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

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

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

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co. hardware store, First avenue.

#### ASSAYERS.

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

#### DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.

GEORGE EDWARDS, C. E., Dominion Land Surveyor, cor. Fourth street south and Fifth avenue.

T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor, McLennan, McFeely & Co's Block, Dawson.

#### DENTISTS.

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

## Grand Social Session

OF

# THE EAGLES

Next Sunday Night

AT

## Savoy Theatre

## D. A. SHINDLER

Hardware, Bicycles, Guns, Etc.

## The Nugget

## Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.

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

## Just An Item

IN AN IMMENSE SHIPMENT.

# GLASS DOORS

With California Redwood Frames

For Stores and Residences.

# A. E. CO.

MRS. E. R. ROBERTS  
...Furrier

FUR GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.  
Third Avenue, Near New Postoffice.

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

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

# "HIGH - GRADE GOODS."

S-Y.T. Co. We are now prepared to fill orders in any quantity for merchandise of this year's shipment, our boats having arrived with immense consignments of S-Y. T. Co.'s goods.  
...The Mines Outfitted or the Family Supplied.

## S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue.

### LATEST ARRIVALS

NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

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

A. E. CO. American Made, New Styles

## Fall and Winter UNDERWEAR

AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN MAKE

IN CASHMERES FRENCH RIBBED WOOL FLEECE LINED CALIFORNIA MISSION FLANNEL

ALL-SIZES, COLORS AND QUANTITIES

# SARGENT & PINSKA

"The Corner Store," 1st Avenue and 2nd Street.

## HOLME, MILLER & CO.,

Boilers, Engines, Hoists, Pumps, Ejectors, Pulsometers, Stoves and Ranges....

TIN SHOP. NEW STOCK. FIRST AVENUE

## WILL GET THE COIN.

Dawson Merchants Aghast at A. S. Levine's Plunge.

## The Standard

SEE... THE NEW THEATRE

ALL THIS WEEK

The Laughable 3-Act Farce Comedy

# Tragedy!

A Powerful Cast and Full Scenic Effects, and a Big Vaudeville Show; also Jim Post's Comedy

## THE ARRIVAL OF FITZSIMMONS!

## Bonanza - Market

All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.

TELEPHONE 33  
Third Street, Opposite Pavilion .....DAWSON

## Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.

OF SEATTLE, WASH.  
Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.  
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MRS. E. R. ROBERTS  
...Furrier

FUR GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.  
Third Avenue, Near New Postoffice.

The books of the W. P. Y. R. show a recent entry for freight payment of \$33,000. This sum represented the amount paid for one consignment of goods by a local dealer. The magnitude of the amount started a Nugget man on an investigation into the facts relative to the payment of such a large sum of money. The information obtained makes interesting reading, showing as it does the phenomenal enterprise of a concern which but a year ago occupied the most unpretentious position in mercantile circles.

It being learned that the genial proprietor of the Star Clothing Store, Mr. A. S. Levine, was at the back of the big shipment he was found at his store on First avenue and the following statement obtained from him:

"You can say," said Mr. Levine, "that the goods you refer to and on which the sum of \$33,000 was paid, is consigned to my store and from this store all this immense shipment will be sold. I realize that it will crowd us to dispose of them all in the stipulated time, 60 days, but I have made up my mind to put the prices on all these goods to a margin of profit which will but pay for the handling."

When a ked what character of goods he was selling and the prices asked, Mr. Levine answered:

"Take moccasins as an example; we have a stock worth \$8000 in this article alone. These moccasins are hand-sewed with waxed threads and are exceptionally well made. I will sell these goods at \$2.50 a pair by one or 100 pairs."

Opening a case marked "Furs," Mr. Levine took out a well-made fur coat and showing it to the scribe said:

"Here is a cap I am going to sell for \$3.50; the same cannot be obtained anywhere for less than \$8 in Dawson. I have sold the same caps last season as high as \$12.50. The same applies to our clothing. I can sell a man as good a suit of clothes as he can get anywhere in the States and at the same price as if he bought in any of the coast cities. I have not unpacked overcoats yet, but they compare favorably with the swell winter wear in the Eastern cities, particularly our Meltons. When I put those on sale, the price will surprise the old timers. I have an assortment of felt shoes, the finest obtainable and case after case of underwear, Levi Strauss' overalls, high-top boots, gloves and mittens, shirts, both under and overshirts; in fact the Star Clothing House is out for business and we will handle a large amount of money in the next 60 days."

As the reporter looked at the piles of goods and made a hurried calculation he could but admit that such would be the case.