

Vol. 3—No. 197

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

PRISONERS TO BE SHOT

Summary Business Way in Colombia.

Gunboat Boyaca With 300 Men on Board Has Been Missing Since July 29th.

Panama, Aug. 8.—A telegraphic message received here from Bogota says that Gen. Marin, the revolutionary leader in the department of Tolima, and his forces have been attacked and destroyed by government soldiers.

The steamer Isabel returned to Panama this afternoon after an unsuccessful attempt to find the government gunboat Boyaca which has been missing since July 29, when she left here with reinforcements for Gen. Morales Berti, at Agua Dulce.

Mr. Bryan Repeats It

Muscataine, Iowa, Aug. 8.—William J. Bryan settled for all time the rumors that he will be a candidate for president in 1904 in an interview today while on the way to Danville, Ill., where he was to speak tonight.

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

New China

All Nicely Decorated and Gilded in Newest Shapes and Designs.

- Cups and Saucers, . . . . 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
China Salads, . . . . \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
China Plates, . . . . 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



THE KLONDIKE DON QUIXOTE.

Telegraph Wire Down.

The telegraph wire went down at some point south of Stewart yesterday and has not yet been repaired.

Gen. Meyer Dead.

Brussels, Aug. 8.—The Petit Bleu announces the sudden death of Gen. Lucas Meyer, of heart disease. Gen. Meyer was attacked several times with this illness during the war in South Africa.

Gen. Meyer was commander of the Orange Free State forces in the Boer war. After the conclusion of peace he left South Africa for London, where he was entertained in British official circles.

Gen. Meyer accompanied by his wife, left London a few days ago for Dresden. This step was taken upon the advice of his physicians.

On his way to Germany he stopped in Holland to see former President Kruger, of the Transvaal.

Don Cesar de Bazaan — Auditorium. Turning crowds away nightly — Auditorium.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

Valuable Information.

One of the leading specialists of Germany has just issued a very interesting circular on the treatment of dandruff and how to avoid baldness. For full particulars see

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

Crew is Sanguine

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Aug. 14.—Encouraging word has been received by the Peary Arctic Club concerning their steamer the Windward which was dispatched in search of Lieut. Peary. The crew announces that no difficulty is anticipated in finding Peary.

Condition is Critical

Special to the Daily Nugget. Calcutta, India, Aug. 14.—The agricultural condition of Bombay district is indeed critical. Everything hinges upon the progress of the monsoon during the next ten days. The weather reports to date, however, are quite discouraging.

Returns to France

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Aug. 14.—Santos Dumont, the expert navigator of the air has sailed from here for France but will return in time for the St. Louis exposition.

Minister Suicides

Special to the Daily Nugget. Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 14.—The Rev. Dr. Sweeney, pastor of the Bellevue Methodist Episcopal church, has committed suicide.

Bill Has Passed

Special to the Daily Nugget. Sydney, Australia, Aug. 14.—The women's franchise bill has passed both houses in the New South Wales legislature.

Will Visit Ireland

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Aug. 14.—King Edward will visit Dublin, Cork and Belfast before the end of next February.

Leader is a Prisoner.

Manila, Aug. 8.—The surrender of Dulitan, a Mohammedan priest, who has been the leading opponent of the American forces on the island of Mindanao, will probably insure peace with the Moros in the Lake Lanao district of that island.

Dulitan submitted to the American authorities last Tuesday and he promised to induce the remainder of the defiant Moros to surrender.

He—What a lovely complexion your friend Miss Pinkleigh has. She—Yes, she's an earnest worker. He—What do you mean by that? She—She loves art for art's sake.

For suits and trousers see Brewitt's new fall goods.

The Masked Lady.

Paris, Aug. 8.—Interest in the "Masked Lady" case has been increased rather than lessened by the verdict given in the Palais de Justice in the suit brought by the beautiful and rich young widow, Madame du Gast, against Maitre Barbox, one of the best known of Paris lawyers, who had accused her of poisoning, wearing only a black mask, for a painting by Gervex.

The painting, "Woman With a Mask," was done by Gervex, who is an artist of note, fifteen years ago, and when exhibited made a tremendous sensation. The allegation that Madame du Gast, who is a famous sportswoman and recently drove her own car in the Paris to Berlin motor race, had posed for the picture was made by Maitre Barbox in antagonizing a suit brought by the lady to recover an inheritance. Madame demanded that the barrister withdraw the accusation and, when he refused, brought the action for defamation of character.

The proceedings in court, which attracted an enormous crowd, were lively and typically French. When Madame du Gast attempted to speak she lost all control of herself, was called to order several times and finally left the chamber shouting, "Coward! Coward!" at her accuser. Not long after her exit judgment was given for Maitre Barbox on the ground that the remarks had been privileged. As the lawyer was leaving the court room the Prince de Sagan, Madame du Gast's fiance, rushed up to him and slapped his face. The two men exchanged cards and Maitre Barbox shouted to the prince, "You will hear from me again!"

Madame du Gast herself went to the court with a riding whip hidden in her parasol, and after the trial was over lay in wait with the intention of laying it across the shoulders of the lawyer who she declares has libeled her. Maitre Barbox, however, was defended by the police and Madame could not get at him.

The Prince de Sagan, who struck Maitre Barbox, has been expecting to receive the lawyer's seconds, but instead has been notified that a complaint for assault had been lodged against him by the man he chastised.

Come early and avoid the rush — Auditorium.

Job printing at Nugget office.

GOULDS BACK OF IT

Will Give Portland New Railroad

Line Will Extend From Coos Bay, Oregon, to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Portland, Or., Aug. 8.—The Oregonian says: "A circular issued by J. L. McLean & Co., bankers and brokers, 25 Broad street, New York, sets forth the merits of the Gould system of railroads, and speaks of the connection of the Goulds with the Great Central railroad projected between Coos bay and Salt Lake City. On this matter the circular speaks as follows:

"The Great Central, now building between Coos bay and Salt Lake City, with an extension into Portland, is believed to be for the purpose of supplying the missing link to the Pacific coast for the great Gould system. It is the general belief through best posted financial channels that the money is being furnished for this road by the Goulds and their associates."

"This circular was intended for circulation among foreign investors, and it was quite incidental that one of them reached Portland yesterday. Those who have watched the situation, however, see other evidences of the connection of the Goulds with the Coos bay project."

On Long Hunting Trip.

Seattle, Aug. 3.—W. H. Welsh and David Davies, of Edinburg, are traveling many thousand miles to hunt wild game in the country about Cook inlet, Alaska. They were in Seattle yesterday as guests at the Rainer-Grand hotel, and sailed last evening on the Excelsior for Valdes. Both are proficient in outdoor sports and were greatly interested in American baseball and other national games.

Mr. Welsh, who is a student at Edinburg college, was hurt in the last international football game between England and Scotland. On account of this he was advised to take the voyage to America. As his friend was going to Alaska he accompanies him.

Lockjaw Not Fatal

New York, Aug. 8.—Physicians connected with the Harlem hospital have announced the recovery from lockjaw and discharge from that institution of Joseph, son of "Silent Mike" Tiernan, who was for many years a member of the New York baseball team. On the 4th of July he shot himself in the hand with a blank cartridge. He was taken to the hospital on July 12. Lockjaw was well developed and it was decided to inject anti-toxin into the spinal cord, and not into the brain, as in previous cases. The injections were made between the first and second lumbar vertebrae. On the fifteenth day the jaw relaxed.

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

HALF PRICE SALE OF SLATER SHOES



Our entire stock of Slater Shoes, comprising Box Calf, Vici Kid, Enamel, Patent and Ventilating Shoes which sold at \$8.00 and \$10.00 are now on sale at \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Strathcona Boots,

Former price \$12.00, NOW \$6.00

Sargent & Pinsky,

118 2nd Avenue

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$50.00 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



THE LOCAL SITUATION.

Dawson is suffering from a financial and commercial depression due almost entirely to the effects of unwise and hasty legislation, which has been imposed upon the community for purposes political and for no other reason.

Without regard to the effect of their actions upon heavy vested interests the Yukon council has fastened a lot of laws upon Dawson the effect of which is apparent to the very least observant in the stagnation which prevails so generally in business circles.

The city council has shown itself to be a pliant tool in the hands of the territorial authorities, incapable of formulating a policy and lacking in stamina and backbone sufficient to assert their rights.

It is a notorious fact that the city has absolutely no control over the local police force other than to pay the salaries of the men employed. Nominally there is in existence a committee of the city council for the control of the policing of the town, but that committee is merely a figurehead and of no consequential importance.

To be brief about the matter Dawson is no more a self-governing municipality today than it was before the ordinance of incorporation was submitted to the voters. The town is nothing more nor less than a plaything—a bauble in the hands of the territorial authorities and is being manipulated for political purposes and to the injury and detriment of those who pay the taxes.

The only cause for hope that is presented in the entire situation rests in the fact that the city council is elected for a term of but one year.

A GOOD INDICATION.

The way to influence outside capital to come into the Yukon for investment is first to show conclusively that local moneyed men possess confidence in the camp sufficient to induce them to warrant going ahead by themselves.

The city of Seattle has brick buildings today built by the product of Klondike placer mines the total cost of which would nearly reach one half the assessed valuation of Dawson. Other cities have profited in a similar manner, though not to so large an extent, but the facts are sufficient to indicate the policy that has been followed by the average "rich Klondiker."

It is satisfactory to note, however, that a gradual change is taking place. The Nugget is aware of a number of mining enterprises, which will ultimately require the investment of enormous sums of money, which are being exploited entirely through the agency of local capital.

Obviously, there must be a day of small beginnings for everything, and the matter of proving the Yukon territory to be a quartz country is no exception to the established rule. We must first help ourselves if we would have others help us and it certainly is not to be expected that outside capital will take the initiative in establishing the country as a quartz producer.

THE OVERLAND ROAD.

The rapid progress of construction work on the overland road from Dawson to Whitehorse is peculiarly gratifying to the Nugget, by reason of the fact that the necessity and practicability of the project were first set forth and commented upon in the columns of this paper.

It was quite evident that as long as winter communication with the outside should remain dependent upon the time when the river should close up, the same conditions must annually recur. The construction of the overland road was then advocated in this paper and the subject was not permitted to be dropped until the government's ear had been secured and definite action taken.

Myer—Slyker is a friendly sort of chap, isn't he? Gyer—Yes; he's most too friendly. Myer—How's that? Gyer—He no sooner quits shaking your hand than he tries to pull your leg.

Popleigh—I'm awfully proud of that boy of mine. Simkins—Unusually intelligent, eh? Popleigh—Yes. He is three years old and hasn't made a single bright remark.

Lady—Why don't you go to work? Tramp—I feel so tired. Lady—What made you tired? Tramp—Watching the guests in yer parlor play ping-pong.

A man loves a woman for what he thinks she is—a woman loves a man for what she knows he is. — Smart Set.

Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Table Cloths, Sheets, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-R

FOOTBALL PLEASURES

First Game of the Season Last Night

Canada Wallops England by a Score of 32 to 1—Slow Game.

The Canadian giants literally wiped up the earth with the sons of old England on the football gridiron last night, the score at the conclusion of the game standing 32 to 1 in favor of the former. It was the first game of the season and on account of the rain the attendance was small, but those who were there enjoyed the rare spectacle of seeing thirty men wallow about in the mud for an hour.

Considering the lack of practice there were some excellent plays made last night by several on each side. Gibson for the Canadians played like a house on fire, was in every scrimmage and never overlooked a bet. Jack Bell also distinguished himself, Cosby made several fine tackles, Senkler was a whirlwind at times, McMurray, Mackay and Tobin did splendid work in the forwards.

In the first half England took the kickoff, Brimston forwarding the leather about twenty feet with a light punt. There was an exchange or two, a scrimmage and before the Britishers knew what was doing Tobin had scurried back of the goal line and scored a touchdown in just two minutes from the time play began.

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Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Table Cloths, Sheets, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN

Mgeckay, Howard, Gibson, Bell, McMurray, Henderson, Winters and Robertson.

England—Brimston, Nicol, Davis-Colley, Bullock, Bell, Palmer, Sugrue, Pindar, Sammons, Lyons and Lamphier.

Goal judges—Harry Ewart and C. B. Burns.

Touch judges—H. E. Hanwell and Tom Hinton.

Referee—Dick Cowan

Timekeeper—Jack Eilbeck.

GOLD FROM NAZINA

New District Tributary to Valdez

Several Thousands of Dollars Already Taken Out—Bench Claims Are Rich.

M. T. Rowland, the discoverer of the Nazina placer diggings, arrived in town this week in company with all the members of his party except one who remained at the property. The first reports of the Nazina strike are as nothing compared with those brought out this time. A placer district has evidently been opened up in a country which will rival the Klondike in both richness and extent.

Mr. Rowland brought out several hundred dollars worth of dust which was taken from Chititu creek and tributaries. Sluicing was only carried on for a few days, and even then was more in the nature of prospecting than mining. A complete cut was made across Rex gulch and pay was found the entire width, a distance of about 120 feet. Some sluicing was also done on Chititu creek by the Rowland party and Kopus and Kiernan.

The Rowland party give as their reason for coming out at this time that they were not prepared for placer mining, having gone into the country for the purpose of looking for copper. Messrs. Blei and Rowland have secured options on practically all the property staked by their party and Mr. Rowland will go on to the states on the Bertha and will make preparations to work the property next year on a large scale. They will take in a \$25,000 outfit and will be prepared to extract the gold from the ground in quantities that will surprise the world.

Chinese Object. Special to the Daily Nugget. Peking, Aug. 14.—The Chinese are considerably agitated by the Russians who are delaying the restoration of the Peking Shaan Hai Kwan railway by refusing to relinquish the new Chwang Can Hai Kwan section unless they are allowed to retain the machine shops and round houses. The Chinese object to foreign officials having control of the line.

Automobile Accident. Special to the Daily Nugget. Paris, Aug. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair, Americans, and relatives of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., were killed in an automobile accident near Evreux, France.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

MUSICALE ON SULPHUR

Large Audience at 22 Roadhouse

Praise for Senorita Reios and Rev. J. R. Van Wyck—Other Entertainments to Come.

The people of Sulphur creek were really astonished last night. A musicale under the management of Senorita Reios and Rev. J. R. Van Wyck has been announced. Little did the people of Sulphur dream that such an assemblage of local talent could be got together. But the unexpected happened. There were about seventy-five people present at the road house at 22 above discovery when the meeting was called to order by Chairman Coffin, the mining inspector. He told the people that he had a program which would be difficult to excel.

Senorita Reios, a soprano of high quality and rare flexibility, proved to be a most attractive performer. Her numbers were chosen from the works of the masters. Repeatedly she was again called to the platform to respond to enthusiastic recalls. Her closing number captured the house and she returned to sing that most winsome of pieces, the "Last Rose of Summer." Senorita Reios sang in Italian and her rendering of Ave Marie revealed wonderful possibilities in her voice. We trust that Senorita Reios will remain for some time on the creek and that she may be heard often at similar occasions.

The accompaniments were very cleverly performed and in an excellent manner by Mrs. Wright. Her

readings were received with marked favor by the audience.

Two popular airs by Mr. Cowling, N. W. M. P., made him a universal favorite with the audience. No future gathering on Sulphur creek will be complete without him.

Mr. Sam Reed gave in fine style three Scotch airs. The audience listened with marked relish to his singing.

Rev. J. R. Van Wyck, B. A., the new Methodist minister on Sulphur, sang with considerable skill three fine songs—Calvary, Life's Lullaby and Love's Old Sweet Song. His voice is rather an exceptional one, being of base quality but rare for its richness of tone. The reverend gentleman was evidently a favorite with his audience. He also gave a reading from Mr. Dooley on Christian Science. The opinion of the creeks is that Mr. Van Wyck is an all round man. Mr. Van Wyck does not as a rule take collections at his meetings, which are very well attended. In order to give those a chance who care to give him a "lift" he is going to give a concert of a similar character on the 2nd of September. We advise the people of Sulphur to keep this in mind as they are to be given another treat equally as good. The people of Dawson are not the only people in the territory that can give a good entertainment. It would not hurt them to come to Sulphur and get a few pointers as to the production of a unique success such as we had last night, August 12th, and such as we will have September the 2nd. Yours,

EXCALIBUR.

Get Others Prices. Then come to me and get your outfit. Prices Always the Lowest. T. W. Grennan GROCER King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

STR. CLIFFORD SIFTON. WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE. MONDAY, AUGUST 18th, AT 8:00 P. M. FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

FOR SALE Cheap for Cash. Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine. Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

STR. PROSPECTOR. Revised Sailing Dates... For Sixtymile Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8 p. m. and Stewart Monday, Aug. 18, at 2 p. m. DUNCAN Tuesday, Aug. 19, 2 p. m. Apply W. MEED, Mgr., - - S-Y. T. Dock

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

The White Pass & Yukon Route. Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson. Str. "Victorian" Will Sail for Whitehorse Saturday, Aug. 16 8:00 P. M. Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway. J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson. J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. STAGE AND LIVERY

# Fastest Train on Earth.

Chicago and New York are about 1,000 miles apart, almost one-third of the way across the whole board United States, yet a man traveling in one of the two fastest long distance trains in the world may do half a day's business in New York, and still reach Chicago in time to see the office boys open the offices there. Never before have trains traveled so fast for so long a distance—980 miles at the rate of forty-nine miles an hour, including many stops and frequent delays.

If you will come along with me I will show you in the corner of the cab while we take a flying trip across part of the Illinois and Indiana on the locomotive of the fastest train.

An order from the superintendent of the road proved an open sesame to that much coveted seat in the locomotive cab, of the twenty-hour train out of Chicago.

"Want a ride in her, eh?" said the engineer, when the order was shown to him. "She's not so terrible easy, and you'll strike some cinders and smoke, but you'll think you're going—better tie down your hair."

The twinkle in his keen blue eye and the smile that twitched the corners of his mouth proclaimed him a good fellow, and made the passenger glad he had a chance to ride with him. Engineer Fish, grown gray in the service, was a mere pigmy compared to the giant machine he controlled—his head barely reached the top of the driving wheels as he stood on the ground beside them. The passenger did not know which to admire most, the mighty engine or the pigmy man that directed it as completely as a boy does his toy engine. The engineer-runner was finishing his round of inspection, his final grooming of the iron horse, when p'sst, p'sst the hissing signal sounded.

In a second the engineer was in his seat on the right hand of the engine cab, watch in one hand, throttle lever in the other; the fireman stood below on the floor, within easy reach of the great heap of coal in the tender behind. The trembling finger of the steam gauge pointed at 200 pounds pressure, and the great locomotive seemed to hold its breath waiting for the signal to start, like a runner for the pistol shot.

"All aboard!" It was the last warning call, and the conductor waved "go ahead" almost the same instant to the waiting engineer.

Out came the throttle just a little, and over went the reversing lever a few notches. Slowly the great wheels began to turn and the stack to cough out thick columns of smoke; slowly but ever gaining the engine and train moved along. Ho! for the thousand-mile race against time! "We're off!" shouted the passenger.

The rails, shining from the friction of the many trains that passed over them daily, stretched out from the mouth of the depot and criss-crossed in such a tangle that the passenger wondered how the great blundering locomotive would ever be able to find its way through the maze. But everything straightened out after a while, and only the four lines of glistening rails stretched out straight ahead as far as the eye could reach.

Engineer Fish sat with his hand on the air brake valve and peered ahead through the puffing smoke, the red bandanna handkerchief tied about his throat, snapping in the strong wind made by the swift onward motion of the engine.

Soon the buildings of the great city that hedged in the tracks on both sides were left behind, and the flat open prairie lay before them. Straight and unobstructed for miles ahead the rails led off across the country.

The engineer opened the throttle slowly, letting the steam in gradually, and the train gained in speed steadily. The fireman shoveled in more coal—the flames leaping out through the furnace door hungry for their meal each time. The noise increased, and the telegraph poles along the track seemed to dash at the flying locomotive as if they were going to smash it to pieces. Faster and faster the steam in the smoke-stack puffed, swift and swifter the great driving wheels turned till the spokes were blurred and the great steel connecting rod was but a gleaming gray streak. Far away in the distance a train appeared coming towards them, traveling fast, quickly it grew from a small smoking speck to a tiny locomotive; then it enlarged until its whirring wheels could be seen—rushing towards them like a cyclone. Suppose it should be on the same track, as it appeared to be? The passenger's heart rose to his mouth at the thought, and he wondered if collisions were always fatal. The engineer, however, was smoking his pipe calmly, and when

the train went by with a roar that was deafening he waved a greeting to the passing engineer as easily as if they had met on the street.

The screaming of the whistle at the road crossings, the constant clang of the swinging bell, the roar of the steam in the stack, the ring and pound of the wheels on the tracks—the combined noises of this rushing demon were all so terrible, so new, so swift that it almost took the passenger's breath away. High up in the window of the cab, at times on a level with the telegraph wires, then shooting along the bare sides of a cut or skimming along by the green grass of the level prairie, swifter than the flight of a bird, it was exhilarating and made one's blood tingle. Better than coasting, faster than a slide down hill on a bicycle, more rapid even than the swoop of an ice boat—it made the passenger feel like shouting for pure joy of motion.

"How's this for going, sonny?" the engineer yelled across the cab, making a megaphone of his hands. "Traveling a bit, eh? Did the last mile at a seventy-five-mile-an-hour gait."

But they went even faster, the engine traveling over the rails like a hounded thing, the white mile posts flashing by at forty-five-second intervals. Of a sudden the clouds that had been hanging back overhead opened, and a sharp shower dashed down, stinging the faces of the engineer and the passenger like hail; the lightning flashed, but the roar of the engine drowned the crash of the thunder. For perhaps five minutes they were pelted by the drops, then of a sudden, like passing through a curtain, they slipped out of the storm into the sunshine. Soon the first houses of a city appeared and flashed by in a twinkling, then factories stretched their long length by the tracks, and more houses lined the rails till the train was passing through the valley of a city street.

Gradually the throttle lever was pushed back and the air brake applied; the train began to slow up, and the houses, cars and advertising signs nearby could be seen more distinctly. The fireman opened the furnace door and put aside his shovel; the engineer put on more air, and the hot smell of heated metal could be noticed as the brake-shoes bore down on the wheel rims. Steadily and softly, as a mother stops a baby carriage the great engine and its trail of cars came to a standstill.

"Well, how did you like it, sonny?" said the engineer, as his grimy hand gripped the passenger's no less soiled one. "Go fast enough for you?"

He thought it was great, and said so, but after he bade his friend goodbye and went back into the Pullman, almost deaf from the noise and nervous from the strain of the swift traveling, he thought he had had enough; and was glad, too, that Engineer Fish and his hard-working firemen did not longer have to keep up the pace and bear the responsibility of the safety of the passengers.

A hundred miles in the locomotive of the fastest train in the world was enough.—Russell Doubleday.

### Punishment of a School

When the John Worthy School of Chicago was created there was no law on the statute books prohibiting flogging, and so the institution flogged. Soon society heard of it, raved, fomented and sprinkled protests in the newspapers, and afternoon teas, appalled but not speechless, were agog with indignation, and the great city council, stirred by the feminine fluster, put, as it were, a gag on society's mouth by enacting an ordinance making corporal punishment unlawful. Then the solitary cell, known otherwise as the solitary, or vernacularly as "the hole," came into existence—solitary confinement for one, two or three days, according to the offense. But it was found that offenses were committed for which solitary confinement of any length of time would be too severe, but which still ought to be checked by proper reprimand. To supply this want a new and peculiarly punitive device was contrived. In course of time it became known as "ploughing," a term suggestive of anything but prison life. The new punishment consisted of continuous walking about the four sides of a large rectangular half the walking being incessant under watch of a guard, and of duration sufficient in length to permit the sufferer to heat at least one meal gone to which he could not respond.—Thomas A. Steep, in Leslie's Monthly for August.

She—This paper tells of a peach that weighed nearly two pounds.

He—Nothing very remarkable about that. You must weigh about as much as sixty common peaches like that.

### What's in a Name

"What does your husband call you?" suddenly asked the hostess after the Embroidery Club had exhausted its fund of gossip and was devoting itself to dillies, pillow covers and lace collars on a vine-covered porch.

Each woman looked up a little startled. There was a good deal more in the question than appeared on the surface, it all at once dawned upon them.

"Why," began the dimpled matron, "I believe I don't know. Come to think of it, my husband rarely calls me anything."

"That's just what I thought," declared the hostess, sticking her needle into the golden heart of a daisy with a flourish of triumph. "Do you realize that most men don't call their wives anything in particular? Now, what do you call your husband?"

"John, of course," replied the dimpled matron, promptly.

"And I call mine, Dannie—Daniel seems too formal, some way," volunteered the bride.

"I use Bobbie," confessed the young woman in the linen waist. "Of course, he was baptized Nathaniel, but I don't like it!"

"Charles," replied the quiet little woman in the corner, when her turn came.

"All of which goes to prove," resumed the hostess with increasing elation, "the second of my theories—that a woman never lacks a name for her husband. Sometimes she has several. For instance, I've heard that some wives call their six-foot husbands by even so diminutive a title as 'Tippy.'"

Thereupon the black-haired young woman turned pink and cried: "Well, what if I do? Do you suppose it is in any woman's power to live forever up to the stern standard of 'Caleb'?"

"Don't get excited, dear," said the dimpled matron, turning "to the tempting frappe on the rustic table at her elbow. "Let's let Virginia explain her theory further."

"You see," began the hostess, "I've been studying this thing till it is almost a mania with me. I can't see a man and a woman together without being consumed with a desire to know what he calls her. I've kept count for a month and what do you suppose is the usual salutation a man gives his wife?"

"My dear," guessed the bride, quickly.

"Old woman," suggested the slender young matron, defiantly.

"Little girl," volunteered the woman in the linen waist.

"Not at all. Just plain 'Say.' Out of thirty-seven cases noted I've heard 'Say' nine times, 'My dear' three times, 'mother' (he walked with a cane and her hair was white) once and 'Mary' once. Leaving twenty-three cases where the poor woman got absolutely no name at all. On the other hand, in only five out of the cases studied did the wife fail to give her husband some familiar name."

"It works just as well," went on the hostess, "where the two are not married. Men go days without using a woman's name, while her conversation is about half made up with 'Mr. Jones,' 'Why, Thomas Smith,' or 'Benjamin.' To go further, 'I've been taking notes of the way men and women speak of each other to third persons. A man says 'my wife' in nine cases out of ten, while a woman says 'Tom' or 'Mr. Smith' almost invariably. Even in introductions a man generally presents his better half with a wave of his hand and a timid 'My wife.' A woman, on the contrary, rarely fails to pronounce 'Mr. Smith' with extreme formality. Moreover, a wife isn't half so afraid of using a pet name for her husband as he is of using his pet name for her. She may be 'Dot' or 'even 'Darling' when they are alone, but he'll shrivel up with mortification if the tender appellation slips from his lips while a third person is present."

"Men are awfully clumsy, too, in using pet names," interrupted the dimpled matron. "For instance—"

"You're mistaken there," cried the bride. "If you could hear Dannie say 'sweetheart'—"

But then the others laughed.

### How It Happened

There is no doubt about the cause of the accident to the battleship Illinois. The only wonder is that she didn't at once prove a complete loss. It appears that while steaming slowly into Christiania harbor her steering gear failed.

Then her rudder was jammed. And she headed for shore. And her port anchor chain parted. And there was nothing doing with the other anchor.

And her engines failed to back her. And she struck an obstruction. And perforated her hull. And there you are.—Ex.

### New Cases Filed

Two new actions have recently been begun in the gold commissioner's court. One is styled Frank J. McDougal vs. Thomas McRae. Each owns a half interest in a bench opposite the upper hall, left limit, of 1 below on Bonanza. The plaintiff alleges he has performed the representation work required by the regulations during the past two years at a cost of \$1400, no part of which had been paid by his co-owner. It is also alleged that McRae has allowed his free miner's certificate to expire and plaintiff asks that the interest so forfeited be vested in him.

O. J. Serebo et al have filed a protest against the application of John Anderson et al for 200 inches of water out of the pup that enters Bonanza at 17 below on the right limit. They allege they need the water for the proper working of their hillside claims located at that point.

Biggs—I don't see what benefit all this athletic business is to college students.

Diggs—It's the most important branch of their education. If they succeed in passing the insignificant mental examinations they are eligible for positions as motormen and policemen.

Smith—Women are rapidly assuming all the positions formerly occupied by men.

Jones—Yes, but there is one vocation in which they fail to score.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Soliciting life insurance. They invariably talk a man to death before getting him insured.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

### \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince. F. J. HEMEN. Klondike Nugget.

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# The Pipe Dreamer's Club

The chairman of the Pipe Dreamers was, in many respects, a human Bandalog. He was nearly always upon the point of launching some stupendous project that would revolutionize the world; like the Bandalog, he never got fully started upon one scheme before his attention was lured away to a rosier one. It may be remembered that at one time he was engrossed in the vast money-making possibilities of a scientific baby-naming concern. He estimated that he could clear \$900,000 a year with this enterprise. Yet from the evening in which he first expounded this great scheme to his admiring members, there has been no further reference to it. We next find him deep in a dazzling movement, to set all the states, territories and nations to music—a little idea that he confidently predicted would easily net him a million and a half of dollars. His most recent enterprise was the phonographic clock invention, a project immensely rich in financial possibilities.

At the last meeting of the club his associate Pipe Dreamers, expecting further details of the clock scheme, were not a little surprised to find that he had forsaken it for another one.

The evening session opened quietly. Pipes were duly filled by the janitor, according to the rites prescribed for this ceremony, and in a few minutes the room was hazy with the genial vapors that conduce so much to reflective dreaming.

The chairman's face was suffused with a cheery glow and his bearing bespoke a light-heartedness that was both new and refreshing.

"You seem to be in unusually good spirits this evening," remarked the secretary, at length. "Have you patented your phonographic clock invention?"

"Not yet," answered the chairman, cheerfully. "I have been directing my energies along a different line. I have been reflecting upon a new theory which I hope to perfect before long—a grand doctrine that will point out to its believers a short cut to happiness. I have called it the Doctrine of the 'Now.'"

There was a subdued murmur of interest and then a pause of expectancy. The associate Pipe Dreamers leaned forward in rapt attention.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he continued, "that if you are always happy during the Present, you will always be happy? When you are sad isn't it because of something that has happened in the Past or something that is likely to occur in the Future?"

"That's a fact," said the janitor. "It's always that way with me."

"Now, if you figure it out you will see how easy it is to be happy when you follow a simple method of reasoning. The Present is less than a second in duration. Isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Well, can't a man be happy for one second if he tries? Of course he can, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Now, if he can do it one second why can't he do it for two seconds, and so on? And if he can do it second by second, taking them as they come, he will always be happy during the Present. And, as I said before, if he is happy during the Present he will always be happy. Let the Future and the Past take care of themselves. Just devote yourself to making that fractional part of a second which constitutes what we call 'Now' as cheerful as possible, and you'll always be in good humor. If things look blue, defer your worrying until some specified time in the Future."

"And then sleep through it," suggested the secretary.

low those few unpleasant seconds to cloud the pleasanter ones that follow. Forget them. Don't nurse them long after they are gone. Devote yourself to the present, and if your mind is occupied on that, you will not have time to consider the disagreeable things that are past.

"Did you ever notice that some trivial happening in the morning will spoil the pleasures of the entire day, even though everything following it may be of the most agreeable sort?"

"That's a fact," said the secretary. "I had that sort of an experience this morning. I hailed a street car and the motorman never slacked up for me. I was sore all forenoon about it." He frowned fiercely as he thought of the insolence of the motorman, and the chairman noticed that he was beginning to boil with indignation.

"Now, you're reaching back into the past for something to mar the pleasure of the present moment. I can see that you are becoming angry and ill-tempered. What's the use? All the worrying you can do from now until doomsday cannot change the fact that that motorman passed you by, so why do you think about it? If you must think of something in the Past, pick out something pleasant. Think of the time you finished with mathematics. Could anything be pleasanter? There are lots of things in everybody's Past that are agreeable to dig up and reflect upon. Why not select those bright spots instead of the ugly ones?"

The chairman paused as he noticed a radiant glow of happiness sweep over the secretary's face.

"I was just thinking of the time I took my first girl to a party. It was tragic then, but it is mighty funny now that I look back upon it."

"There, gentlemen, is a proof of my theory. The secretary was mad a moment ago when he thought of that motorman, but now when he thinks of an amusing experience in the Past, he is in the utmost good humor. Do you see how easy it was for him to change?"

"Now, I believe that every man should do two things. He should write down on a slip of paper a list of some of the pleasant and amusing experiences he has had. And he should carry in his pocket a real funny picture. When he feels that he is relapsing into a period of despondency, let him take out his slip of paper and read the brief notes that will switch his thoughts into pleasanter channels. Say, for instance, he has on his slip a few suggestions like these—'When the circus came to town,' 'The pie that mother used to make,' 'My first long pants,' 'The last day of school,' 'My first sweetheart,' and so on. They are all pleasant. And a man cannot be unhappy when he thinks of them."

"For quick emergencies," such as missing a train or a street car, or stepping on a tack, or slipping on a banana peel, when he hasn't time to read his reminiscences, let him hastily pull out the funny picture and look at it. He will be surprised to find how effective it will be."

"I would also advocate that every city establish in conspicuous places large billboards covered with funny or cheerful pictures, so that whichever way a man looked he would see something to smile at."

And then the chairman settled back and lazily contemplated the curling wreaths of smoke that floated above him.

Later in the evening, when the secretary and the janitor were walking home together, the latter asked the former what he thought of the new doctrine.

"Well, it seems to be working out all right with the chairman. I've never seen him in such good spirits before. But I'd just like to see him try his funny picture on a good, hard case of toothache."—John T. McCutcheon.

## Wagley's Trouble.

The Wagleys were in trouble. Their landlord had just moved into the lower flat, and if there was one thing that Mrs. Wagley has said she will never do again it is to live in the same building with the building's owner. She went through a direful year once, and she has insisted that she will never go through such another. Therefore when the landlord and his family moved in early in July she announced to Wagley that the lease must be broken and they must move to another place. Wagley demurred on the ground that leases were not made to be broken, but Mrs. Wagley insisted that the breakage was necessary.

"The landlord has always been so nice about everything," she said. "Then why do you want to move?" asked Wagley.

wife, "that was the very thing we thought about that other one till we got next door to him, and then he was in and out almost every day, trying to spy out every scratch and mark. You know what we endured. I will not stand it another year. You can make up any story you like and tell it to him and I'll swear to it, but move we must. Anyway, that the janitor is getting worse all the time. He swore at Tommy this morning, and Tommy wasn't doing a thing but playing horse up and down the steps with his old broom. Last week he hardly more than wet the back porch and stairs. He didn't scrub them. We must move."

Wagley grunted and picked up his neglected paper with a sigh. Jenkins was a good fellow and would probably let them off, but Wagley could not figure out why in the world he wouldn't make as good a neighbor as he was a landlord. Yet Mrs. Wagley had spoken and they must go.

Two days later Wagley announced that through a stupendous and imperial lie he had won over Jenkins to the point where he had canceled the lease. "Now," said Wagley, let's get the time of torment over as soon as possible."

Mrs. Wagley had been busy meantime with the result that she was able to announce the existence of a brand-new flat building ten blocks away, whose agents she had seen already.

"It's an elegant thing," she said eagerly. "You won't mind \$2.50 a month more, will you, dear? When you think of what you are getting for that extra amount—"

Wagley listened wearily to the recital. "Go ahead and rent it," he said. "But you understand there is to be no more moving for three years."

Moving day came and went and Wagley suffered as his kind suffer in confusion and turmoil of the domestic variety. Yet by the end of the first week in their new quarters he was ready to grant that the change was distinctly a gain. The building was perfectly new, thoroughly modern, full of conveniences and rapidly filling up.

"A new family moved in late last night," said Mrs. Wagley at the breakfast table on the first Sunday morning in their new abode. "They have taken the flat just below us. I hope they will prove pleasant people."

She stopped abruptly, for just then Tommy gave a shout of joy, dropped his egg on the tablecloth, and rushed out to the back porch, where the janitor was bending over the garbage pail. His parents watched him grab that functionary round the leg and dance for glee, and then as the man turned round they looked at each other with paling cheeks. It was the janitor from whom they had fled not a week before.

Tommy a few moments later tumbled into the room. "It's Henry back again, right here to stay. Say, can I go down and see Bob Jenkins, right away?"

He took his parents' petrified silence for consent and hurried off.

**A Lawyer**  
Even the lawyers are becoming good advertisers. A man has to push himself to the front in any calling, or the rest would run over him. Here is the business card of a lawyer of Belle Plain, Ia. Like the famous artistian well they have there, he is a gusher:

**TOM H. MILNER,**  
Lawyer,  
Practices in every court on this earthly ball. Expert title perfecter, and buys and sells mortgages and makes loans. Am the redheaded, snooty faced, freckle punctured legal Napoleon of the Slope and always in the saddle. Active as the nocturnal feline. Leonine in battle, but gentle as a dove. "Fees are the sinews of war."

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## Dawson Markets.

Dawson merchants have sold more goods within the past week than during the two previous weeks, partly because—people are buying for the future now that prices are at the lowest notch and partly because miners are getting ready for winter work and buying in order to get their goods out before the roads break up. During the week both hay and oats dropped half a cent. Other prices remain the same:

**STAPLES.**  
Flour ..... \$ 2.50 \$ 3.00  
Sugar, per 100 ..... 7.00 9.00  
Beans, per 100 ..... 8.00 8.00  
Beans, Lima ..... 10.00 10.00  
Rolled Oats, per 100 ..... 8.00 9.00

**MEATS.**  
Beef, pound ..... 19½ 25¢@50  
Veal, pound ..... 50 75  
Pork, pound ..... 20 50  
Ham, pound ..... 25 30  
Bacon, fancy ..... 25 35  
Mutton, pound ..... 25 35¢@50

**BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.**  
Agen's butter, 60-lb. \$27.50 \$ 1.00can  
Elgin butter, 60-lb. .... 1.50can  
Coldbrook ..... 22.50 25.00  
S. & W., 48-lb. .... 30.00 1.50can  
Eggs, fresh ..... 12.50 .50

**MILK AND CREAM.**  
Eagle, case ..... \$ 9.50 \$10.00  
Highland, case ..... 8.50 12.00  
Carnation Cream ..... 8.50 10.00  
St. Charles ..... 8.00 9.00

**CANNED GOODS.**  
Roast beef, doz 3.00 3 for 1.00  
Mutton ..... 3.50@ 4.50 2 for 1.00  
Ox tongue ..... 12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25  
Sausage meat . 4.00 2 for 1.00  
Lunch tongue, case ..... 9.00@11.00 1 for .50  
Sliced bacon ..... 3.00 4 for 1.00  
Roast turkey ..... 7.00 1 for .75  
Corned beef ..... 3.00 3 for 1.00  
Sliced ham ..... 3.50 2 for 1.00  
Salmon, case ..... 11.50 3 for 1.00  
Clams, case ..... 11.50 3 for 1.00  
Tomatoes ..... 5.50 3 for 1.00  
Corn ..... 4.25 3 for 1.00  
String beans . 6.50 2 for 1.00  
Green peas ..... 6.50 2 for 1.00  
Cabbage ..... 7.50 2 for 1.50  
S. & W. fruits 14.00 2 for 1.00  
Simcoe fruits . 9.00 2 for 1.00  
Choice California Mission Fruits ..... 8.50@10.00  
Silver Seal ..... 11.50 2 for 1.25  
Succotash ..... 7.00 3 for 1.00  
Lubek's potatoes per tin. 8.00  
Beets ..... 9.00 2 for 1.00  
Asparagus ..... 14.00 1 for 1.00  
Asparagus tips 14.00 1 for 1.00  
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz . 12.00 1 for 1.00

**CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.**  
Poultry, pound ..... 40 45  
Broilers, pound ..... 50 60  
Greyling, fresh ..... 40 40  
Halibut ..... 30 35  
Whitefish ..... 25 35  
Pickeral ..... 40 50  
Salmon ..... 10 25

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
Potatoes ..... 9 10  
Onions ..... 10 12  
Cabbage ..... 35 35  
Turnips ..... 30 30  
Lemons, case ..... 7.00 8.00  
Oranges, case ..... 9.00 11.00  
Rolled oats ..... 9 9  
Oats ..... 5 5½  
Hay ..... 4½ 5  
Soap ..... 12.50  
Tobacco, Star ..... 1.00

Clerk (in bookstore) — Here's a book entitled "The Joys of Matrimony" that is having quite a large sale.

Wederly—Yes, I've read it.  
Clerk—What do you think of it.  
Wederly—Best joke book I ever read.

He—Miss Antiquate is making preparations to go abroad as a missionary.  
She—Yes, poor thing! She has given up all hopes of being kidnaped at home.

"Did papa give you a chilly reception?" asked the fair girl who had suggested the interview.  
"He did at first," replied the young man who was trying to break into the family circle, "but when I told him I had a plan that would save him money he melted like a ten-pound chunk of ice on a July morning."

"What would you have done had you been born a woman?" asked the sweet girl graduate.  
"Oh, made a fool play like Mother Eve did, I suppose," replied the man in the case. "She is the only female on record who had an experience of that kind, you know. All the rest are born babies."

"Nellie says she's only 21," said the floor walker. "I imagined she must be at least 28."  
"So she was," replied the jealous trait who presided over the ribbon counter, "but you know every thing in the store was marked down 25 per cent last week."

Briggs—Poverty has its advantages after all, it would seem. According to statistics poor people live longer than rich ones.  
Diggs—Naturally. The poorer a man is the less use a doctor has for him.

Hix—My wife is a wonderful woman.  
Dix—What's the matter?  
Hix—She has succeeded in getting such a strangle hold on her vanity that she can actually pass a mirror without glancing in it.

Green—Hardup seems to stand in pretty well with his landlady.  
Brown—Yes; to the extent of three months' board, I understand.

Youngun—There's no fool like an old fool, you know.  
Oldun—Of course not. A young fool is much more foolish.

Ragged Rogers—Once a feller called me a dirty hobo an' I sued him fer a hundred dollars fer defamin' me character.  
Tired Timothy—Did ye get the hundred?  
Ragged Rogers—Naw. De judge sed I was entitled to more, but he only gimme thirty.  
Tired Timothy—Thirty dollars?  
Ragged Rogers—Naw. Thirty days.

"Why don't you marry like a sensible man?" asked the inquisitive young female.  
"That's just what I've always wanted to do," replied the old bachelor, "and I'm still waiting for a sensible man to marry so I can see how he does it."

Laura—I understand the match between Helen and young Gotrox is off.  
Belle—What was the trouble, I wonder?  
Laura—She insisted on \$50 a week alimony in case they should be divorced, and he refused to allow her more than \$25.

Mrs. Homer—Poor Eve must have led a monotonous existence after the eviction.  
Homer—Why do you think so?  
Mrs. Homer—Because she had no neighbors to come around and borrow things.

Little Willie—Pa, who was it that said—"Dead men tell no tales?"  
Pa—Some automobile fiend, probably.  
Ida—How do you know he is only a clerk?  
Pearl—Because he wears such an expensive Panama.

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# Stroller's Column.

"Git abo'd big peoples,  
Git abo'd little chiluns,  
Git abo'd everybody,  
De Gospel train am come—ome—me

It was after the Stroller had heard the above sung sixty-three times that he called to Zion to saw it square off, otherwise there would be a dead nigger in the office of the greatest family journal south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The tone used in the rather peremptory address appeared to wound Zion's sensibilities for the first time in his life (that being the first time he had ever shown that he possessed sensibilities) and coming into the editorial room wearing a very sanctimonious look, he said in a meek and contrite voice:

"Yo' will please excuse me, sah, but mah soul am greatly edified dis mawnin'."

"Perhaps you slept last night in the house instead of in the woodshed," suggested the Stroller.

"Las' night," said Zion, "wuh one ob de happies' ob mah life. Yo' see hit wuh dis way: Thar wuh a 'spruce meeting' at Amazin' Grace church las' night an' I wuh invited to lead in pra'r an' done did it in a mannah that is today de talk ob de congregation. De spirit ob goodness wuh in me an' de wuds jist rolled out. It fected de breddern until Tuberculosis Johnson got up an' fessed to stealin' a rooster de night befo', an' he clar to goodness if he hadn't done et 'em he'd taken him back and sot 'em on de roos'. Lizan got right up in de meetin' an' said she wuh proud ter hab a husband' so powful in pra'r; dat I wuh de sturdy oak ter which she as a tendah vine wuh proud ter cling. Dat is why mah soul am greatly edified dis mawnin'."

The Stroller noticed that Zion had brought his lunch with him that morning and suspected that Lizan had arranged to get rid of him, so at half past twelve he told him to go home and see if Lizan had washed the office towel. He did not return for two hours and then he could not have looked more dejected if he had been sure he would be lynched that night. The Stroller said nothing and Zion went to work cutting thin spaces from sardine cans. He was very ill-tempered and every few minutes he would say to Old Somnam, the office alligator: "Quit lookin' at me, you—old fool. I'd like ter know what yo' know 'bout domestic troubles, nohow!"

About an hour before quitting time Zion came to the door of the Stroller's room and said:

"I done hab two favors ter ax, fus' dat you loan me dat gun yo' winged Cuhnul Buhbon wid las' week, an' secon' dat yo' promise arter I is cut down dat yo' see I is not buried wid de noose roun mah neck an' dat yo' will plant watermelon seeds on mah grave."

He broke down and pretended to cry and the Stroller to help the farce along, gave him a swig of moonshine and asked what his trouble was.

"Hit am 'dis way," said Zion. "When I went home arter eatin' mah col' lunch in de office I done foun' Lizan an' dat low down niggab, Tuberculosis Johnson in mah house at mah table eatin' dat same rooster he fessed, at de church las' night ter stealin' I done tol' him I wuh gwine right down an' have him 'rested fo' stealin' de rooster, an' he done larf at me an' ax me what good was de rooster ter Squire James arter I had done stole all de hens? But I'll fix him, an' befo' he is many yahds from dat church ternaigh he'll be a remains. Shake han's and if I've taken ter jail befo' bein' lynched, come an' see me."

Next morning as the Stroller mounted the steps leading to his office he heard Zion singing:

"Git abo'd big peoples,  
Git abo'd little chiluns,  
Git abo'd everybody,  
De Gospel train am come—ome—me

"When will the late Mr. Tuberculosis Johnson be buried?" asked the Stroller.

"I hadn't heerd ob anything happenin' ter Tube," replied Zion, "an'

if der wuh I'd sho' heerd it, kase me an' him is good fren's."

"But I thought you intended to kill him last night," said the Stroller.

"Bleve I did make some remarks 'bout dat but I changed mah mind. Yo' see hit wuh dis way: When I got home las' night Lizan done met me in de do' an' kiss me, den she lead me to de kitchen an', bless huh sweet heart, she had done save me half ob dat rooster."

Zion-whistled and sang all that day and towards evening the Stroller heard him say something to Old Somnam about "Mah hab't bleedin' fo' po' debbils wuh hab ter sleep in de woodshed."

The Stroller has retired from the arena of baseball never again to re-enter it. No more will he be seen to glide like a gazelle from base to base, never again will he be seen to gather in all the flies that to his portion of the field come, he has batted his last hot one into the dim horizon.

The man who plays baseball in the presence of his family commits a fatal error. He is expected to fall down and roll over to amuse not only his own, but all the children in his neighborhood. He is also told that he should cut wood two hours every morning and in addition to this there is a deep rooted conviction established as to his ability and peculiar fitness for beating carpet that will take years to remove.

Men make a great mistake by taking their families to baseball games instead of to prizefights, especially when the same men are to furnish the entertainment.

Since cast-iron balls instead of yarn have been introduced the Stroller has taken more interest in the game from the grandstand than on the field—a sort of long range baseball enthusiasm.

Besides, baseball is not just the thing for a staid and dignified man. He might fall on a snag.

Since his last appearance on the diamond the Stroller has been imperturbed to study law, medicine and do other things to entitle him to membership in their various ball clubs. The Rudy's have agreed to re-organize if he will join them, but to all these invitations he has turned a deaf ear. He has returned the belt he borrowed and his pants are on the market.

If a married man wishes his domestic happiness long drawn out like the right of way of a railroad he will refrain from baseball or else advertise that the game will be de-collette.

In speaking of American League baseball a few years ago, the editor of a Kansas paper who usually collected his subscriptions in pumpkins and wheat straw, said:

"When a country editor reads in one of the metropolitan papers that Kelly, Pap Anson or some other professional has signed for \$6,000 to play centerfield for the season of four months, he is apt to sit down on the hell-box and think while his Washington handpress takes a rest."

In retiring from the diamond the Stroller realizes that he is sacrificing much that goes towards giving a pale pink tint to life, but pale pink tints thus acquired come too high for the Stroller who takes this opportunity for announcing that he has batted his last hot one into the distant azure, that he has muffed his last fly.

To Office Seeker  
Your scheme to have the three elections, for parliament, Yukon council and city officers occur on the same day in order that you may run on all three tickets at the cost of one campaign is possible but not practical. It would be very nice for you as a candidate but just think of the plebiscite wearing three separate and distinct jags at the same time! Enthusiasm would become so mixed that the chances are you would fall by the wayside and fail on all three points. You had better play but one game at a time and even then be careful to cut the cards. There may be some funny work done. There are thoroughfares other than Third avenue whose voices may now be heard through the mud calling aloud to have \$14,000 expended on them.

The Stroller will inform you now that he can not and will not support you for any local office. You might do as much in parliament as anyone from the Yukon as his principal business will be imparting warmth to a chair. Did you ever travel through the swamps of the north and see cooters sitting on logs? You didn't? Well, go to Ottawa after the Yukon

member is seated and you will see a cooter on a log.

Do not think when the Stroller informs you that he can not support you for a local office that he is pledged, for he is not. However, he will not support any man for a city office who does not reside or own property on Third avenue for the reason that that thoroughfare has had about all it will stand unless it be sandpapered and varnished, and if we go to work and elect a board from Second avenue we will have that highway to improve.

Thus it can be seen that the Stroller has virtually pledged himself in his own mind to the present incumbents. His own street is in a terrible condition these times and if the council will shut it up altogether he will send south for some alligator spawn and make an aquarium of it.

Office Seeker, you will readily see that you are handicapped in your proposed three-legged race and the best thing you can do is to load your dice for one certain game and play it to the exclusion of all others. The cooter game will probably be easiest for you and if you win you will have an excuse for leaving the country without being capised.

Your order for a sack of flour on the grocery store where you have credit is herewith returned as the Stroller charges nothing for this advice. If you care to, you may come up and saw wood half a day. You will find the saw hanging in the shed over the cat box.

## ACCUSED OF THEFT

### D. Quinn Before Magistrate Wroughton

### Alleged to Have Stolen Carpenter McDonald's Outfit and Sold it for \$4.50.

Dennis Quinn was before Magistrate Wroughton this morning charged with having about July 1st stolen a lot of carpenter's tools from a shed in the rear of the Yukon Bakery on Second avenue, the tools being the property of Kenneth C. McDonald who resides in West Dawson. The tools consisted of a sackful of planes, squares, chisels, saws, files and, in fact, nearly everything that a carpenter uses in his trade.

The tools were found later in two second hand stores in South Dawson where the amounts paid for them aggregated \$4.50. All the tools were identified by McDonald as his own.

One of the second hand dealers positively identified Quinn as the man from whom he had purchased a portion of the goods and, while the second dealer was not positive as to the identity, the name given him in making a record of the purchase was James Quinn.

Constable Egan, who arrested Quinn, testified that the prisoner confessed to him that he had stolen the tools.

As Quinn wished to bring witnesses in his defense and as they were not in the court, the case was continued until this afternoon.

### Died at Whitehorse

At the Whitehorse general hospital on Tuesday, Aug. 5th, at 9 o'clock p. m., Mrs. Catherine Draine, a native of Rensselaer, Ind., U.S.A., aged 32 years.

Mrs. Draine for some time previous to her death had been a resident of Dawson but the 1st of March last was taken sick and in the early part of July reached Whitehorse on her way outside for medical treatment.

After getting here, however, she was unable to continue her journey and was taken to the hospital where she remained until her death. Her parents are dead, but she leaves two brothers and six sisters to mourn her loss. One sister, Mrs. Jas. Hume, and one brother are residents of Whitehorse, the other brother is in Dawson and five sisters live near the old home in Indiana.

The funeral took place from the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday, Aug. 7th, and was largely attended.—Star.

She—According to statistics there are two single men in the penitentiary to each married one.  
He—Yes; and two married men beat their wives where one single man does.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

Auditorium—Don Cesar de Bazaan.

# Furniture! Furniture!

We are opening up the finest line of Furniture and Carpets that ever came to Dawson. Call and see "Our New Style of Bureaus in Golden Oak and Spanish Mahogany."  
An elegant line of Fancy Rockers. The latest in Dining Chairs, Couches, Bed Room Suites and Upholstered Furniture.

Our Prices Are Right N. A. T. & T. COMPANY

# STR. "HANNAH"

WILL SAIL FOR ST. MICHAEL AND WAY POINTS

Saturday, Aug. 16, 11 a.m. Sharp

FOR INFORMATION AND RATES APPLY AT COMPANY'S OFFICE, FOOT OF KING STREET.

...Northern Commercial Co...

## CORNER ON JIM JAMS

### Attempted by a Man From Last Chance

### Admonitions Regarding Hootch Gauges and Lemon in it Go Unheeded.

The police court reporter is thoroughly discouraged. Year in and year out he has traced graphite over snow-white paper in his efforts to educate the people of the Yukon to the knowledge that an appetite gauged for roadhouse hootch needs re-setting before it is put against the Dawson article. Another thing that the police court reporter has most ardently advocated is the putting of a little lemon in it.

Not only has the re-setting of gauges been neglected, but statistics gleaned at much trouble and no little expense from fruit dealers do not show a material increase in the consumption of lemons.

On the contrary, people rush in from the creeks and go against the unwearied article with a degree of carelessness that is appalling.

Only three days ago William Tug came down from Last Chance and before he had been in town 24 hours he had a corner on jim-jams, and it was this morning before William was able to appear in court, his corner having been made two days ago.

Dawson is liberal but no town can afford to have its d t's cornered by outsiders on the eve of three campaigns.

With a warning to be more careful in future, Tug was given an option by Magistrate Wroughton on paying \$2 for fine and \$5 for costs or of laboring for seven days. He paid.

Hix—Old man Skinner is quite a shrewd trader, is he not?  
Dix—Well, you can call it shrewd if you want to, but he'd pick the pockets of a pool table if given half a chance.

Store building in good locality, rented, for exchange for outside property. Will trade for equity.—T. A. DAVIES, Yukon Dock.

### Whitehorse Copper Mines

The Heinze party on their visit to the Whitehorse copper properties last Saturday appeared to be much pleased with the ones they examined, among which were the Copper King, Puebla, Rabbits Foot, Anaconda and others in the immediate vicinity. Although they gave out no opinion, a significant part of their action was the taking of many samples of ore for assay on their return to the outside. On his return from Dawson Mr. Heinze will visit the Graftier and other mines to the southwest. The Graftier is having a great deal of work done on its two shifts of miners being now at work running a drift across the ledge for the purpose of ascertaining its width. A high grade quality of ore has been encountered for the entire distance traversed, in the neighborhood of 20 feet.

### Social Party

Master Calude Myrick gave a party to a few friends last evening. The evening was spent in dancing, games and music. Among the guests present were: Miss Lina Smart, Miss Deana Russo, Miss Russo, Miss Florence Schuster, Miss Lulu Prather, Master Jesse Russo, Master Alek Smart, Master Elmer Prather. A very enjoyable evening was spent after which refreshments were served.

### Good Paper and Good Town

The Whitehorse Star has suddenly enlarged from a three column to a six column paper and is now among the best appearing papers of the northland both as to news and mechanical display. As an evidence that the efforts of the Star proprietors are appreciated by the business interests of Whitehorse, it is well filled with home advertisements while its news columns are replete with accounts of happenings in the enterprising little town.

### Signs and Wall Paper

...ANDERSON BROS... SECOND AVE.

### EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER  
Agent for Harper & Ladue Townsite Co., Harper's Addition, Mendie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.  
Collections Promptly Attended to  
Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.  
Gold Dust Bought and Sold.  
N. C. Office Bldg. King St

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS  
PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices: Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

N. F. HAGEL, K. C.—Law office, Monte Carlo building, First avenue. Phones—Office, 129b; residence, 86c.—Dawson, Y. T.

SURVEYORS  
G. WHITE-FRASER.—M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 106b. Cor. Church and Third avenue.

—THE—  
White Pass & Yukon ROUTE

B. Y. N. CO.  
Regular Service Between

EAGLE CITY AND FORTY MILE

...The Fast...

Str. Zealandian

Leaves Dawson for Forty Mile Mondays, 2 p. m. Returning, leaves Forty Mile, Tuesdays 9 a. m. Leaves Dawson for Eagle, Thursdays 10 a. m. Returning, leaves Eagle, Fridays 10 p. m. Forty Mile, Saturdays 10 a. m.

J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr. J. H. Rogers, Gen'l Agt. J. W. Young, City Ticket Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.

... Exceptional Service the Rule ...

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

Wall Paper 15c. Per Roll DOUBLE ROLLS  
Cox's Wall Paper Store  
Second Ave.,  
Three Doors North Pioneer Drug Store

## WILL BREAK THE RECORD

### Hannah to Make Still Another Trip

#### Work Has Been Begun on the Oil Tanks for the N. C. Co. at Circle.

The Hannah which arrived last night at 8 o'clock will probably break the record this season in the matter of the navigation of the lower river by the big boats. The present is her third trip this summer and she intends to make one more before the close of navigation. The latter, however, will only be a half trip as she will winter on this end of the line. St. Michael was left on August 1, the run up being made in fourteen days to the flat. Considerable time was lost on the flats where quite a low stage of water was found. Crossing the Eightmile bar and also the Evans bar it was necessary to lighten all the fuel aboard in order not to form too close an acquaintance with the sand and gravel. The Hannah brought up the material for the oil tanks at Circle City and the men to erect the station. The ground had already been prepared and work was begun at once. The material for the Tanana station will follow on the next boat. The Hannah also brought to Circle for Charles Lamb, a steam engine, hoist, five cars and about a mile of T-rails for a narrow gauge railway track to be used in the mines in that vicinity. The Louise was passed at Andreafsky where she was undergoing her annual inspection. She was shortly to leave with four barges which the Leon was bringing up from St. Michael. In a short talk had with Captain Newcomb it was learned that Rampart is beginning to enjoy quite a boom. People are arriving every day and more are en route. Circle City is also somewhat livelier than usual. Work has not yet been begun on the Marconi stations the government proposes to establish at St. Michael and Nome. No attempt will be made to repair the cable which has been so long out of use. Captain Newcomb will spend the coming winter outside, his first trip out since '98. The Hannah brought six sacks of mail, 400 tons of freight and the following passengers: Axel Anderson, Mrs. Rose Blake, J. Dehn, Thomas Dempsey, A. E. Epler, J. R. Evans, Emil Fjorenanu, Thomas Gardner, J. H. Gidlund, Joe Gatt, Miss Cora Gustin, O. P. Hubbard, R. C. Hall, Eric Hard, Chas. Hicks, B. W. Johnson, M. Jackson, William Kahart, E. E. Lewis, J. D. Laronda, Miss L. Lempel, D. McGillivray, Charles Madison, John Moore, H. A. Moore, S. D. Melroy, G. P. Morris, F. E. Manchester, Mrs. C. J. Newcomb, Miss M. Newcomb, A. M. Nesbitt, J. Oldfield, A. Oleson, Andrew Oleson, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Parker, A. Ritchie, William Riege, S. Randall, Mrs. Restloff, J. Reynolds, Lynn Smith, W. Smouse, E. Thank, Miss M. D. Whitaker, Captain and Mrs. Wright.

Way business between Dawson and the mouth of the Stewart has increased sufficiently so that the Prospector considers herself justified in making a couple of special trips to that point. She will leave for Sixty-mile and the mouth of the Stewart on August 16 at 8 p.m. and on the 18th at 2 p.m. August 19 she will sail for Duncan creek and Stewart river points at 2 p.m.

The trim little steamer La France slid into port last night at 6 o'clock leaving again at midnight. Her passengers down were Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, Mr. Williams, A. Christopher and A. Matheson. Those leaving at midnight for the outside and upper river points were: Joseph Ladeet, John Volsi, R. Rudles, Ed. Keys, L. S. Mills, Mrs. M. Bernard, A. Dolphin, Mark Foss, William Wilson, R. H. Roper, L. M. Hodgson, J. B. Fletcher, G. J. Smith, H. Jones, George Herd, J. P. Hitchcock, H. Martes, M. Hill, J. Murphy, Cora Gustin, Mrs. D. Whitaker, Mrs. Dr. Restloff, Prof. Louis Herdt, Andrew McGill, Joseph Kapler, A. McGayock, B. Young, W. Hoaglund, D. C. Shand, D. F. Cook, T. Peterson, Charles Peterson, Frank Lawson, Charles Lawson, G. H. Lipssett, S. G. Lipssett, T. Beaton, Robt. Gunn, William Kubo, L. Doer, William Shafer, Fred Reynolds, Joseph D. Eady, James Montgomery and Bert Millard.

The Yukoner arrived yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock with a small list of passengers including Sergeant Barker, O. B. Lamont, John Ross,

E. Haanel and A. J. Beaudette. She leaves at 4 this afternoon.

The Thistle came in at 5 this morning making the run down in 29 hours. She will leave at 8 tomorrow evening. The following were her passengers: Miss Lucile Elliott, H. Planchant, Wm. Bullmer, George Laughlin, Mrs. Laughlin, Charles Laughlin, C. Lindmark, H. T. Bowles, E. Sweasey, D. C. Young, Charles Hiltz, A. Mestin, Albert Cabealavetta and V. Guimbar.

The Victorian pulled into port at 12:30 today with 118 tons of freight, 74 sacks of mail and the following on her passenger list: Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Tom Potter, Minnie Williams, E. Ellis, Jennie Matthews, Mrs. E. McAllister, H. R. Baldwin, L. A. Phillips, E. A. Briggs, Miss Lindsay, Master Lindsay, Mrs. Finnegan, J. W. Finnegan, W. Haynes, W. S. Lytle and G. A. Graham.

### BONANZA AND ELDORADO.

Mr. Edward Keys of Monte Cristo Gulch has left for the outside to attend school at Seattle, Wash.

Mr. G. N. Williams of 27 Eldorado is in town on business today.

Mr. J. H. Atwood of Adams Gulch has just returned from Stewart river where he has been looking over the ground with a view to buying. He thinks Stewart will be all right.

Mrs. Will H. Seebone of Oro Fino and Mrs. Van Allen visited with Mrs. Clark of Grand Forks Wednesday.

Mr. Walter Woodburn, mayor of Grand Forks, made a flying visit to Dawson yesterday.

Messrs. Randall & Van Allen, who sold their interests on Adams Hill, will leave with their families for Los Angeles, Cal., in a day or two.

Messrs. Gregory and Elrholm sold 10 and 11 hillside, left limit, Adams Gulch, to the big New York concern for \$20,000. The principle object of the purchase was to secure the water right in order to do the assessment work on the Madsen concession recently purchased by the New York Syndicate.

Several religious denominations of Grand Forks are building churches, a full description of which will appear in these columns on their completion.

The calico ball given at Grand Forks last Friday evening was a big success. The house was crowded and everybody had a good time. Fine music was furnished as usual and dancing was continued until early Saturday morning.

#### Excursion Tomorrow

The ladies of St. Paul's (Church of England) will give an enjoyable excursion tomorrow on the Whitehorse which has been chartered for the occasion. The wharf will be left at about 3:30 in the afternoon and it is the intention to remain away probably four hours taking in the manifold beauties of the classic Yukon between here and the mouth of Swede creek. The ladies' guild will serve lunch and light refreshments and there will be music and dancing. Freimuth's orchestra having been engaged. The price of the tickets has been placed at the very modest sum of \$2.

#### Is a Great Man

Seattle, August 4.—The present emperor of Germany is generally regarded as the most able sovereign in Europe, as has been demonstrated by both his foreign and his domestic policy," said Dr. Kurt Siemens, of Hamburg, yesterday. Dr. Siemens, who is a doctor of laws, with his friend, Maj. George Schaer, of the German army is now traveling around the world. His admiration for the ruler of his country is unbounded. He says Emperor William has purchased a commercial policy abroad which has brought German products to the front in all lines and has made Germany today the rival of any nation in Europe.

The German navy is used to protect the merchant marine, and the policy of the government is to aid directly the merchants in their efforts to sell German goods in every country on the globe with great success. Now Dr. Siemens says Emperor William is seldom cartooned, as the people have come to understand him. In Germany his trip to the Holy Land and the visit to America of Prince Henry are regarded as master strokes of diplomacy.

Maj. Schaer and the doctor are guests at the Butler hotel while in Seattle. This is the first visit of either to America. In crossing the continent both have become great admirers of Americans and American methods. Maj. Schaer is an officer of the Seventy-fifth regiment in Hanover. The two sail on the next Empress liner for Japan.

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

Every one a star at Auditorium.

#### Very Sad Case

Seattle, Aug. 3.—Archibald Gordon, the lineman who fell from a telephone pole on June 26, alighting on his head and shoulders, was adjudged insane in Judge Emory's court yesterday and will be taken to Steilacoom today.

His wife and 2-year-old child sat beside him during the doctor's examination but he had no word for his helpmate until he was being taken down to the county jail. Then he turned and bade her and the child good bye. His delusion ever since his accident has been that his wife was going around with other men, and he has shown a disposition to upbraid her not warranted by the real circumstances.

Gordon was working at the top of a pole belonging to the Sunset Telephone Company at Twentieth avenue and Madison street when his hand came in contact with a live wire. The shock caused him to lose his footing and he fell headlong thirty feet to the pavement below. He struck on his head and shoulders and was unconscious when the ambulance arrived. He was taken to Providence hospital, where an examination showed that his skull was fractured. He was not expected to live, but after a few days showed surprising signs of recovery and was removed to his home at 2724 Madison street. Here his physical condition continued to improve, but his mind gradually failed. Gordon shows no suicidal or murderous tendencies, and the doctors believe that a few months in the asylum may result in his cure.

#### Family Bathing Party.

Ballard, Aug. 8.—Yesterday as C. E. Dill, Ballard's water and light superintendent, was making an investigation of the reservoir on the side hill, near Woodland Park, he came upon a family bathing party, who were enjoying a bath in the spring from which Ballard gets part of its water supply. The family, whose name is Covey, beat a hasty retreat, leaving their clothes behind. Mr. Dill followed them to their home, where they confessed to having made a practice of bathing in the reservoir day times and turning the cow into the enclosure nights) thinking, they said, that the city did not now use the spring. A warrant has been issued for their arrest.

Ballard is supplied with water from three sources—the artesian wells, the Cedar river and from this spring on the side hill near Woodland Park. It is an open reservoir protected only by a barbed wire fence.

#### By a Lone Robber.

Salt Lake, Utah, Aug. 7.—A special to the Herald from Ogden, Utah, says:

The Senate gambling hall on Lower Twenty-fifth street was held up tonight by a lone highwayman, who secured \$200. There were only half a dozen men in the place, most of them sitting at a faro table, when the robber entered the room, whipped out a revolver and ordered the occupants to throw up their hands. Covering the players with his revolver, he scooped up a lot of coin on the table, backed out the rear door and escaped.

#### Leaves for Home

New York, Aug. 7.—The Viscount De Clichamp, who is the French member of the party headed by Harry DeWindt, which set out from Paris on December 14, 1901, for an overland trip around the world, sailed for home today on the steamship La Bretagne. The viscount's arrival in Paris will complete his trip and he will be the second member of the party to arrive home.

The DeWindt party started out with four members. The two who are still traveling are DeWindt himself and an Englishman named Harding.

#### One Thing Seattle Missed

Seattle lately experienced a great disappointment. Harry Tracy's remains passed through that city en route from Spokane, near which place he was killed, to Salem, Oregon, where they were buried, without the casket being opened for Seattleites to feast their eyes on the features of the dead outlaw.

This is about the only thing Seattle has missed since the beginning of the Klondike boom five years ago. But it is possible that Seattle will have a plaster cast of Tracy's face made and annexed to its totem pole.

#### No Decision Announced

London, Aug. 7.—The question of organizing an Australian-Canadian shipping combine for a service between Canada, England, Australia and South Africa to compete with the American combine organized by J. P. Morgan, was again the subject of a prolonged conference today between the Australian premiers and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Canadian ministers. No definite conclusion, it appears, has been reached concerning the project.

# WE'RE GOING TO MOVE!

On or about August 20th we will move to our new store on First Avenue, 3 Doors North of Queen St.

FIRST AVENUE  
Opposite White Pass Dock

## HERSHBERG

The Reliable Clothier,  
1st Ave.

## RAILROADS AND PUBLIC

### J. W. Gates Has Something to Say

#### Favors Consolidation of Lines as Means of Reducing Charges to Patrons.

Being requested for his views upon railroad interests, Mr. John W. Gates, a man of much experience in them, replied:

"The railroad interests of this country are to go through a continual process of consolidation. Small lines will be absorbed by larger ones. The tendency of freight rates in the United States will within the next ten years be lower, and yet the profits of the railroads will, in my judgment, be even greater with the lower rates, owing to the improvements in rolling stock and motive power, road bed, the cutting out of curves and cutting down of grades and increasing train loads. A railroad president told me last Friday that within four months he will be hauling 3,000 tons net of coal per trainload, where formerly—not more than five or six years ago—600 tons was considered a fair trainload on this same road and this road at that time was in good physical condition. Only a few years ago every man of any prominence in the United States who was riding on a railroad pass felt as though he was entitled to it. This is being done away with more and more each year and justly so. The standard of railroad men is being elevated. Closer comparisons are being made; the cost of maintenance of road, rolling stock and maintenance of equipment are reduced. Greater care is being exercised in the purchasing and engineering departments. Many men who twenty-five years ago were presidents or general managers of railroads would not today be considered sufficiently efficient to operate a logging road. The system of accounts has become a science and has been brought down to the finest possible point. Directors are not so reliant upon the operating men of their road for the reason that they can make comparisons. The amount of money paid out by railroad companies in rebates since the passage of the interstate commerce law in 1886 would, in my judgment, almost pay the national debt. What has made the railroads poor has been the carrying of people for nothing and cutting nominal tariffs actually in two in many instances. The railroad situation in the United States today is better than ever in its history.

While rates are low, they are adhered to. There is not one dollar

paid out now in rebates where two years ago there was perhaps a thousand or ten thousand. This accounts very largely for the increased net earnings and the supposed decrease in the cost of operation. People here in New York have but a remote idea of the magnificent condition of most of the railroads of the west, unless they have traversed them within the past three or four years. The railroads have been earning so much money that their greatest trouble has been to hide a large portion of their net earnings, and this they have done by charging them to operating expense. Ten years ago nearly every prominent railroad in the United States was slow in paying its current bills, letting them run two or three months past due and in many cases three to six months. Today there is scarcely a prominent railroad in the United States that has not millions of dollars in its treasury, which it is continually using to

better the condition of its roadbed, to put in new steel bridges in place of wooden structures, to cut out curves and cut down grades, to erect new docks and generally to enhance the value of its property without materially increasing the rate of dividend."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

## For Sale

Complete freighting outfit consisting of heavy teams, harness, wagons, trucks, chains etc. Will be sold en bloc or in lots to suit purchasers. Can be seen at stables South Dawson. THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

## How Is Your Nerve?

We sell KOLA to build you up. Fine for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Take one drink of Kola and you will find it O. K. For sale by all dealers.

## I. Rosenthal & Co.

....Wholesale Liquors....

In Their New Quarters  
McDONALD HOTEL BLDG.  
SECOND AVENUE

A. M. Co. AMES A. M. Co.

## ..MERCANTILE CO.

"No trouble for this store to show goods." The right kind at . . .

### Prices That Are Dead Right

...A COUPLE OF POINTERS...

Best Refined and Norway Iron

9c Round

Half Inch Steam Hose, every foot guaranteed.

50c Foot

## FOR WHITEHORSE!

# STEAMER THISTLE

Saturday, Aug. 16, 8 p. m.

For Rates, Tickets, Etc., Apply

## Merchants' Transportation Company

R. W. Calderhead, Manager. L. & C. Dock.