

## NEW BRITISH ARMY RULES

### Are Modeled After Those of United States—Increased Wage Scale Will Secure a Better Class of Physique and Be Cheaper in the End.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 8.—The proposed new army regulations for Britain, providing for increased pay and other reforms, are said to be modeled closely on the United States system and regulations. It is hoped an increase of the wage scale to

secure better physical recruits and a lower desertion list. The adoption of the new regulations averts the necessity of conscription and while an additional annual charge of two million pounds is involved, the saving really contemplated as to improved physique of recruits will mean less wastage by sickness and hospital charges.

## DRINKING SALOONS

### New York Close Tonight

### Must Remain so Until Monday Morning—Sweeping Order of Police Commissioner

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, March 8.—Continued operation of the excise question in New York city has evoked an order from Police Commissioner Partridge that every drinking place in New York not having a hotel license must be closed at midnight tonight and remain so until Monday morning. It will be the

dryest Sunday New York has ever known. Every Raines law hotel in city with fewer than ten rooms must close also.

### Strike Imminent

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Scranto, March 7.—The danger of a strike among the anthracite coal miners of Pennsylvania has been aggravated since it has been learned that the presidents of the coal roads positively decline to participate in a joint meeting with the mine workers.

### Is Not Sovereign

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Berlin, March 7.—The government of the duchy of Brunswick has sent to the diet a memorandum definitely declaring that the Duke of Cumberland is not the sovereign of the country, and that no one can be its sovereign unless he is a federal prince.

### Manufacturer Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 7.—James Dick, the largest English importer of gutta percha, and manufacturer of submarine cables, died today in Glasgow.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

**Northern Re-Opened!**  
Cafe  
Quick lunch, 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75c.  
Dinner, a la carte, 9 to 5 p. m.  
WE NEVER CLOSE

**THE DAWSON CLUB**  
E. W. PAYNE, Prop.  
Membership fee \$6.00 per month, which entitles member to a \$6.00 commutation ticket for billiards, pool or bowling.  
1st. Avenue, Over Monte Carlo.

**Eagle Cafe**



PUSHING THE MAIL.

## BOER MAGAZINE IS FOUND

### In a Cave in Cape Colony Which Contained Immense Stock of War Paraphernalia Including American Rifles—Find Made by Canadians.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 8.—Kitchener reports the discovery of a Boer magazine in a cave north eastward of Rietz in the Orange River Colony, containing three hundred ten thousand rounds American rifles, hundreds of

shells and fuses, three hundred pounds of powder, Maxim gun, heliographs, field telegraphs and large quantities of stores. Thirty-five Boers were captured in the same neighborhood. The magazine was discovered by Canadian scouts under Col. Ross.

### To Race in Paris

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, March 7.—Harry D. Elkes, the middle distance racing cyclist, has accepted an offer to race in Paris and will leave on the Kronprinz Wilhelm tomorrow. He will endeavor to duplicate his work of two years ago, when he raced successfully in Paris. He will return to America early in June.

### In Memory of Grant

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, March 8.—Prince Henry this afternoon sent Lieut.-Commander Von Egidy to place a wreath on the tomb of General Grant. The prince will dine tonight with the German society.

### Are Selling Seats

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 8.—Seats are already being sold from which to view the coronation procession. Seventy-

three pounds is the highest price yet paid for a seat.

### No More News

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, March 8.—The Cunard people have heard no further news of the disabled Etruria. No anxiety is felt.

### Message of Thanks

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Boston, March 8.—Harvard University has sent an appropriate message of thanks to Emperor William for his valuable gift.

### Will Succeed Poncefote

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 8.—Hon. Alfred Lyttleton will probably succeed Paurcefote as British ambassador at Washington.

### Costly Fire

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Paris, March 8.—A great fire occurred at the government arsenal at

Lorient, a fortified seaport of France. Documents, plans and reports of great value were destroyed.

### Well! Well!

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Victoria, March 8.—The police commissioners have decided to permit wide-open gambling.

### Admits Sale

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Victoria, March 8.—Premier Dunsmuir admits the sale of the Comox & Cape Scott charter and of the E. & N. road to McKenzie and Mann.

### The Prince Rests

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, March 8.—Prince Henry is resting today at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

### Foretold Her Own Death.

Kenosha, Wis., Feb. 30.—Miss Anna Ziesemer died suddenly under peculiar circumstances in this city. She was apparently in perfect health when she started to work. She laughed and chatted with her companions. During the walk she turned to a Miss Mary Link and said: "I am going to die in the afternoon." The girl reached the factory and started toward the work room, when she fell in a faint. She was taken to her home in a carriage and died shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

### The Front End.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband: "Friend, thou art at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after the man came to the good minister boiling over with rage, having found his wife to be a regular vixen, and said: "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles!" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end," replied the Quaker.

## LIKE WATER ON A DUCK

### Falls Dr. Parkers Words on King Edward

### He Announces Intentions of Himself and Queen to Attend Sunday Concerts.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, March 8.—Despite the fierce arraignment of Dr. Parker at London City Temple, King Edward is disposed to show his independence re Sunday concerts and has intimated the intention of himself and the queen to attend a series of social musical affairs to be held Sunday nights at Queen's Hall, at which Ysaye, Sarasate, Busoni and Nordica will take part.

### Unsolicited Honor.

Colonel Macgregor never knew how narrowly he escaped being sent to Ottawa as a delegate to contend against the Treadgold matter until today, and even yet he would have been in blissful ignorance but for the visit of a Forks resident to Dawson. This gentleman informs the colonel that at a meeting held at the Forks to select a delegate to represent the creeks at Ottawa to protest against the Treadgold grant, that his, the colonel's, name was actually mentioned three separate and distinct times. And yet the colonel never heard of the unsolicited honor thrust upon him until today.

### Gen. Bragg's Birthday.

Fond Du Lac, Wis., Feb. 21.—Gen. E. S. Bragg, the sole remaining commander of the old Iron Brigade, has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday. Telegrams of congratulation were received from Col. W. H. S. Burgoyne in behalf of the survivors of the army of Northern Virginia, who met the Iron Brigade at Gettysburg, from the Wisconsin delegation in congress, from all old comrades in Washington and many others. The Fond Du Lac Bar Association marched in a body to the general's residence to tender their felicitations.

## STRIKING SEALERS

### Demand More Money at St. John

### They Parade the Street and Visit Sir Cavendish Boyle at Gov. House.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
St. John's, Nfld., March 8.—Crews of the Newfoundland sealing fleet to the number of 5000 men are striking for higher prices for their catch. The present price is \$3, and \$4 is asked. The strikers paraded the street and proceeded to Government House to lay their grievance before Sir Cavendish Boyle.

### Battled With Burglars.

Gallipolis, O., Feb. 20.—Two notorious burglars and crackmen are dead, Deputy Sheriff W. S. Mannerling is severely wounded and Marshal Peter Fintzenwald of Athens is probably fatally wounded as the result of an attempt to rob Mrs. Mary Priest, an aged and wealthy widow of this city. The plans of the robbers became known to the Athens officers, who came here and with the local authorities prepared to frustrate them. The officers laid in wait at the house and upon the appearance of the robbers a battle ensued in which both were killed and the officers named wounded.

ONE 36  
A NEW CIGARI  
KING HENRY  
W GOODS!  
McDONALD  
BROS.  
WHEEL BARROWS  
FITTINGS, ETC.  
EVERY

**The Ladue Assay Office**  
Is prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quarts Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free mill ledge. Call and talk it over with  
**The Ladue Co. Eagle Cafe**

Whitehouse and Golden Gate Coffee At **EVERY'S**, 5th Ave. cor. Dugas St.

**REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE**  
JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr.  
Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT  
FIRST AVENUE, Next J. P. McLennan's

**The Sunset Range** For home comfort.  
The famous double oven **Hotel Range**  
Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use.  
**25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT**  
On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER. PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

Subscription Rates table with columns for Yearly, Six months, Three months, and Single copies, with sub-headers for Advance and Carried in City.

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

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"On the Rappahannock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE MATTER OF SANITATION.

The city council is displaying a commendable interest in the matter of looking after local sanitary conditions. With the opening of spring garbage piles which have been accumulating throughout the winter will become extremely offensive and highly dangerous to public health unless given prompt attention.

The records of the past two years indicate that Dawson is an unusually healthy city. The mortality rate has been exceedingly small and contagious or infectious diseases have not appeared to an alarming extent. While it is probably true that this happy condition is attributable in a measure to the fact that the greater portion of our population consists of men and women in the prime of life, it should also be noticed that the climatic conditions are favorable to the preservation of health.

All that is required to maintain the conditions which have prevailed in the past is the observance by the public of the ordinary laws of sanitation. The council has approached the question in a way which warrants the opinion that it will be dealt with in an intelligent and satisfactory manner.

A petition will be presented before the Yukon council asking for the construction of a wagon road connecting the Bonanza road with the quartz claims at the head of Victoria Gulch. Any action taken by the council which will tend toward the hastening the development of quartz resources of the territory will be given endorsement by the community generally. There is absolutely nothing that will so quickly and effectively stimulate business and establish confidence for the future as the knowledge that quartz is being mined and milled at a profit.

Socialism as the panacea for all the ills to which human governments are heir will never prove the success so fondly hoped for by its advocates. Any scheme of social organization which contemplates an equal distribution of labor and wealth must be preceded by a complete regeneration of human nature. If all wealth could be divided today equally among all the people of the world, it would require only a generation or two until the old conditions returned again. Those persons who possess the qualities which

make for material success would sooner or later crowd their more unfortunate brethren to the rear. One man is endowed with irrepressible energy and capacity for organization and accumulation—another is slothful and inclined to reckless extravagance. To give two such men an equal start in the world and expect the second to keep pace with the first is an apparent absurdity. When human nature has undergone the alterations prerequisite to the universal acceptance of socialism, it may be taken for granted that the millennial period has arrived.

It is remarkable to what an extent public sentiment in the United States has changed during the past few years in respect to the career of ex-President Grover Cleveland. When Cleveland retired from office he was probably hated with more sincere cordiality than any other man who ever occupied the White House. While the party which had elected him to office was crying with a voice practically unanimous for silver, Cleveland was selling bonds in Wall street for the purpose of keeping the gold reserve intact. For pursuing that policy he was denounced as a traitor. Now that the gold standard has been firmly established, and under it every industry in the United States is flourishing as never before, Grover is being regarded in an entirely different light. Magazine articles are now being published in which he is lauded to the skies as the man who saved the country from going on a silver basis—a calamity which, had it occurred, would have thrown Uncle Sam back a half century. A century hence, Grover, once universally reviled, will be Grover immortalized.

King Edward has been subjected to a violent attack from certain English divines, for engaging in beer brewing. If his majesty will establish a brewery in Dawson, he would be tendered the thanks of a grateful people.

Situation in Ireland. London, Feb. 18.—A dispatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Dublin declares that the firmly rooted belief in influential circles is that nothing short of a revolution is meant by the United Irish League, and that the advocates of constitutional methods are slowly but surely giving way to the strong physical force section. According to the correspondent Lord Salisbury's speech of Wednesday last before the Union Constitutional Club leads people to hope that the government has at last learned the lesson that Home Rule cannot be killed with kindness, and that it has become aware of the terrible havoc worked by the league throughout Ireland.

The correspondent adds: "Irishmen who have just returned from the United States aver that no support will be given to the disloyal cause unless the discussions and scenes in parliament give place to something more active in Ireland itself. The American end of the campaign is being run by men who are all of the same stamp as Finerty, who recommends dynamite and rifles. "Young Ireland is being taught to believe in the coming storm and to openly speak thereof with enthusiasm. The policy of kindness has convinced the peasantry that the reign of the British is almost at an end, and in truth, the British statue book is already suspended, and the court of the league is supreme."

Importing Sugar. New York, Feb. 18.—The Board of Trade returns for January, says a London dispatch to the Tribune, confirm recent rumors that large stocks of sugar have been imported in anticipation of the forthcoming budget. Imports of sugar for the month amounted to 5,340,434 cwts., or about double the quantity imported in January, 1901.

Advertisement for Boys' Clothing by J. P. McLennan, 233 Front Street. Includes text: "We have a full stock for any age from 8 to 16. SHIRTS, COLLARS, SHOES, CAPS, STOCKINGS, ETC. J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET"

BOUNDARY DISPUTES

Upper Bonanza Survey Set Aside

Involves the Right Limit Hillside Adjoining 28 and 29 Above.

Gold Commissioner Senkler rendered the following decision yesterday affecting the boundaries between 28 and 29 above on Bonanza and the hillside adjoining the two claims on the right limit. There were three suits heard together, the same points being involved in each. Michael Cuddey, M. A. Hamill and P. B. Wear were the plaintiffs in the actions, the defendants in one being G. W. Oker, Leon Fallon and B. S. Downing, in another were Elizabeth F. Oker and B. S. Downing, and in the third were Mrs. F. Morrison and F. R. Dunlop.

"After hearing the evidence in these cases, and after making a personal examination of the ground, I have come to the conclusion that the first plan of survey filed by Mr. Fawcett, defines as nearly as can be ascertained the boundary of creek claims 28 and 29 on the right limit. Mr. Fawcett made this survey of the ground in November, 1901. He swore the survey was correct. In February last he made a second survey of the same claims, differing from the first, and he again swore to the correctness of the second survey.

"The difficulty of ascertaining the base of the hill in certain cases is well known, and one might argue the possibility of a surveyor bona fide changing his opinion. I think, if at all, it would only be under most exceptional circumstances that a surveyor would be justified in changing his opinion, and certainly from Fawcett's evidence he had absolutely no reason for doing so in this case, and should not have made the second survey.

"Assuming the points marked 'Z' and 'Y' on Mr. White-Fraser's plan are at the base of the hill, I do not think he would be entitled to survey the hill claims to these points from the hill location posts, when it is admitted they are above the base of the hill. If the hill location posts are at the base of the hill, then I think the front boundary line of the hill claim would be along the boundary of the creek claim, and would take the same corners and angles as the creek claim boundary. When the location posts are above the base of the hill, the front boundary should be run keeping a uniform distance from the base of the hill. I think Mr. White-Fraser's plan should be set aside, as it encroaches on the creek claims in question. Mr. Fawcett's first survey of the right limit of creek claims No. 28 and No. 29 above discovery on Bonanza is hereby confirmed."

At St. Mary's Tomorrow. Low mass at 9 a. m. High mass at 10:30 a. m. The choir will render Leonard's 3rd mass in B flat. The solos, duos and quartets of this mass will be sung by Mrs. James, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Parker, Mr. Clayton and Mrs. Reily. Vespers at 7:30 p. m.; Gregorian chant. After vespers Father Damer's famous lecture on the "Private Interpretation of the Bible" will be read by Rev. Father Lebert. During benediction the following special music will be rendered: 1. Hymn, "There is no Heart Like Thine." Trio and solo—Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Parker, Rev. Father Lebert. 2. "O Salutaris," by Lambillotte. Duo—Mrs. Parker and Rev. Father Lebert. 3. "Sub Anum," by Bordese. Duo—Mrs. Mullen and Mrs. Parker. 4. "Tantum ergo."

Affairs in Japan. Yokohama, Jan. 21.—Japan is nothing with some satisfaction the sudden rise in London in the value of her new loan bonds, which a day or two ago were quoted at £78, 1s., 4d., a rise of £3, 15s. Her war loan has jumped up £1, 1s., 2d. The rise is attributed in a measure to the world tour of the Marquis Ito. United States citizens here are much interested in a rumor from New York of the possible establishment in Yokohama of an American bank. It is conceded here that the Americans suffer severely from the want of such an institution. All exchange effected by American citizens is calculated to inure to the advantage of European bankers, and considering the amortization of the American share of the Chinese indemn-

nity, and expenses of fleets and transports in these waters, together with the transactions of ordinary business, it is thought that an American bank under American laws, could not fail to be a sound enterprise.

Sun Yat Sen, the well known Chinese reformer and revolutionist, who is now in Yokohama, recently surprised his followers by intimating that he would henceforth abandon violent methods of reform in China, would disband his secret society of which he is the head and distribute its members over America and Europe so that they might become educated and inaugurate a campaign of education. Sun, whose kidnapping at the Chinese embassy in London created a sensation a few years ago, intends to return to China when the Chinese court reopens, and is now paving the way for his return.

The representative of the Emperor of Japan at the forthcoming coronation of King Edward will be Prince Komatsa, who has twice been to Europe, and is especially well known to the British royal family. He will be accompanied by a suite of high officials of the Imperial household department and prominent military and naval officers.

Petition Forwarded. A petition to His Excellency the Governor-General, numerously signed by the citizens of Dawson and miners on various creeks throughout the Klondike district, was forwarded to Ottawa with the outgoing mail this morning by Col. Macgregor. Appended to the petition was a copy of the report of the sub-committee appointed by the general committee of the mass meeting to investigate the matter of the Treadgold concession. The report of the committee is a most carefully prepared document in which the objectionable features of this monopoly are clearly pointed out.

Public Notice. Is hereby given that sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Timber Berth," will be received at this office until the 31st March next, at 4 o'clock p. m. For timber berths of five square miles each along: 1. The Klondike river from the mouth of Rock creek up the main stream of Klondike river as far as a point about 75 miles from the mouth of Flat creek. 2. Flat creek for a distance of 10 miles from the mouth. 3. The first north fork of the Klondike river for a distance of 30 miles from its mouth.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned. F. X. GOSSELIN, Crown Timber and Land Agent. Dated Dawson, Y. T., Feb. 22nd, 1902.

Sale of Water Front. Seattle, Feb. 22.—The La Conner Trading & Transportation Company has purchased the entire water front of Coupeville, the principal port of Whidby Island. The deal was closed yesterday morning. Capt. George J. Willey, manager of the purchasing company, left yesterday afternoon for Coupeville to take formal possession of the property. By the terms of the purchase two miles of the harbor front—extending to deep water and embracing valuable land passes to the La Conner con-

HICKS & THOMPSON. PROPRIETORS. FLANNERY HOTEL. First Class Accommodations. Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals. BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH. Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE. HUNKER AND DOMINION. Freighting to All Creeks.

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.

cern. All of the wharfrage facilities of the town are included. The sale was made by the state of Washington and Wanamaker & Mutty, of Port Townsend. Wanamaker & Mutty owned all of the improvements on the Coupeville water front, and the state the lands.

The terms of the sale, while private are said to run well into the thousands. For a long time the La Conner company has been operating a majority of the vessels running to Coupeville. Its acquirement of all of the dock facilities, however, does not prevent other vessels from calling at Coupeville.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. ESTABLISHED 1878. ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street. Fire Proof Safes Sold on Easy Terms.

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM ALL THIS WEEK ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK BITTNER STOCK COMPANY.

NEW SAVOY Week Commencing Monday, March 10th. A Country School. Together with a large O.L.D. introducing all the old time Favorites. Dawson's only first-class vaudeville show.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin" - "Farallon" - "Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points. General Offices... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

Burlington Route. No matter what point you may be destined, your ticket will read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Selkirk. By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can have at your ends over 200 speaking men. Yukon Telephone System. GENERAL OFFICE THIRD, SEATTLE.

BAY CITY MARKET. Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game. CHAS. BOSSUYT King St., Opp. N. C. Co. Signs and Wall Paper. ANDERSON BROS. SECOND AVE.

GRIMALKIN'S. Now for a nap! G... her head... the thought... from her plate she... with sumptuous dinn... slowly climbed... seek the old ance... found it; and... meditation gave... which soon for sle... way... was a brilliant su... sunbeams thro... strayed... if themselves in... not a breath... sweet contentment.

Advertisement for Grimalkin's cat food, featuring an illustration of a cat and text: "Grimalkin's... Now for a nap! G... her head... the thought... from her plate she... with sumptuous dinn... slowly climbed... seek the old ance... found it; and... meditation gave... which soon for sle... way... was a brilliant su... sunbeams thro... strayed... if themselves in... not a breath... sweet contentment."

Advertisement for Yukon Telephone System, featuring an illustration of a man talking on a telephone and text: "By Using Long Distance Telephone... By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town... You can have at your ends over 200 speaking men. Yukon Telephone System. GENERAL OFFICE THIRD, SEATTLE."

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1902.



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Grimalkin's Feast.

"For a nap!" Grimalkin said—  
The thought passed through  
her head  
From her plate she turned aside,  
The sumptuous dinner satisfied,  
She slowly climbed the kitchen stair  
To seek the old ancestral chair.  
She bowed it; and, at ease reclined,  
Satisfaction gave her mind,  
As soon for sleep prepared the  
way.

It was a brilliant summer day;  
The sunbeams through the window  
Scattered  
And themselves in search of shade;  
The curtains stirred  
A breath the contentment pussy purred,

Grimalkin started to her feet.  
Perplexed, entranced, she looked  
around  
For spectacles, could they be found;  
She could not trust her ears, her eyes  
In this glad instand of surprise;  
Then to the open casement went,  
To give her wonder wider vent.

The mystery at a glance she saw,  
And raised in ecstasy her paw  
As if to hush all other sound;  
Then swift leapt forth with noise-  
less bound  
A cage was fastened to the wall  
Beneath the branching creepers tall,  
And there, embowered in leafy shade,  
A little bird sweet music made.

Ah! little in our sunniest hours  
Wit we how near the danger lowers;  
Ah! little care we then to know  
That close at hand may be our foe!  
From bough to bough Grimalkin  
sprang  
While still the gladsome echoes rang;  
Then clutched the cage, and open tore  
With crafty claws the half-hinged  
door.  
One moment, and the song was hush-  
ed,  
The little singer cruelly crushed;  
Another, and a step was heard  
Fast running as to save the bird;  
Grimalkin dropped her prey and fed—

Too late, too late, the bird was  
dead!  
Whatever may your love engage,  
Be careful where you hang your cage.

The dragon-flies were too proud,  
and the butterflies too frivolous,  
the ants were said to be wise, so he laid  
his grief before a solemn black ant,  
as long as your thumb-nail, as black  
as ink, and as busy as a bee.  
"The way to be happy," she said,  
as she tidied her house and brushed  
the dust from her front legs, "is to  
to make others happy, to be sure, to  
be sure!" And she bustled about so  
fast that the sad little questioner had  
to bustle too, and off he went repeat-  
ing the words of the ant.

The way to be happy is to make  
others so!" And he said the words  
so often, they became like a refrain  
to whatever he said, and did, and  
heard.  
The nightingale sang him to sleep  
with it; the bees buzzed it in the  
cup of the red tiger-lily; the words  
shone in the trail of light which the  
fire-flies left; they were painted on  
the wings of the butterfly. "Whom  
can I make happy?" he always an-  
swered (sotto voce, as an Italian liz-  
ard would say; under his breath, as  
an English lizard would call it).

"It's an odd end to begin at, to  
begin with others and end with one-  
self. I always like myself better than  
any one else, because no one can know  
me, or pity me, or be kind to me, as  
I can know, or pity, or be kind to  
myself." But the sad little lizard  
did more than think about the ant's  
advice, he acted upon it; and the op-  
portunity came as soon as his eyes  
were opened to see it.

One day, when the sun was very  
hot, a poet crept up to a ledge of  
rock above the stream, and under the  
shade of the chest-nut trees; and his  
fancies took wing and bore him up to  
the grand cliff of the gorge, and  
across the blue lake to the snow-cap-  
ped mountains opposite. But his body  
sat still on the rock, his hands and  
feet restlessly toying with the loose  
stones; he threw some into the mur-  
muring water, he dislodged others,  
and this made him a very unpleasant  
visitor to all the creeping crawling  
things about in the valley and stream  
beneath him.

They did not know he was a poet,  
or they would have made allowances  
for the pre-occupation of his mind.  
Well, it so happened that a lizard,  
light of heart and light of body,  
came gliding along in sunny good  
temper. He did not heed the restless  
poet, till a heavy stone suddenly fell  
on him with a terrible noise. He  
thought at first that he was smashed  
to a jelly, but when he found he was  
not dead he gave tongue, and his  
moans were heard by the sad little  
lizard, who was crawling slowly and  
laboriously home. He saw at once  
that it was the enemy whom he had  
once lorged to pay out as the best  
means of obtaining happiness; but  
he had since learnt another and a far  
better way from the wise black ant.

To make one happy who had ill-  
treated you was surely the highest  
kind of happiness, then, he thought  
as he slowly and painfully set to  
work to dislodge the huge stone  
which had wedged in the strong  
hearty lizard. The poor captive was  
surprised to see who had come to his  
rescue, but he was so thankful for

The dream had vanished, but the  
strain  
Rose thrilling to the skies again;  
Was ever minstrelsy so sweet?



Well, you see, there was everything  
to make the lizard happy, but he  
was unhappy; and the reason lay,  
not in things around him, but in him-  
self; and go where he would, and  
do what he would, he could not get  
away from himself. So unless some  
great change came to him, he must  
be always unhappy.

But you will want to hear what he  
was like that he should be so miser-  
able. The hero of a tale is always  
described sooner or later, and though  
the lizard was not a hero, you will  
like to have a description of him.  
Well, then, he had a tail like a rat,  
a head like a frog, a body marked and  
speckled like a toad, a gliding move-  
ment like a snake, two eyes like  
beads, a temper like a crab's, a na-  
ture like a slug's.



Now you can see him externally  
and internally, better than any pho-  
tograph could show you. But I want  
you to pity him, for all misshapen  
things need the pity, not the ridicule,  
of the well-shapen.

We none of us made ourselves, or  
you may be sure the deformed little  
lizard would have had as straight a  
spine as any other. He did envy the  
lizards who could dart and glide  
about at will, without ever thinking  
of their bodies. He never did so  
without pain.

He tried every kind of amusement.  
He went to hear the music of the  
waters, and to see the dances given  
by the fire-flies; but he took his mind  
and body with him, and came home  
as sad and dissatisfied as he went.

I am sorry to say his companions

A Tail With a Moral.

In the south of Europe, in the  
north of Italy, on the west of Lake  
Maggiore, on the east of Monte  
Mottesone, once upon a time there lived  
a little lizard. It was a sad little  
lizard; it was a deformed little liz-  
ard, but that did not make it sad,  
it was deformed in mind, and that  
was the cause of its sadness.

Poor little creature! It had lost  
its mother early in life, and had a  
distorted spine. So life looked dis-  
torted to it, though it lived in the  
rocky bed of a mountain torrent,  
nearly dry in summer, with the deep  
blue Italian sky above it, and the  
green slopes of the wooded Mottesone  
on each side of it reaching down to  
the tranquil Lake Maggiore.

The cool water of the tiny stream  
babbled all-day long, as it tumbled  
over grey boulders, and well-washed  
stones to the lake; and in it, and  
above it all creeping, crawling things  
could bathe and bask according to  
their own sweet will. Then there  
were delicious nooks in the loose  
stones of the walls which enclosed  
fields of corn or grass, growing tall  
now—as June had come—around cher-  
ry and mulberry trees, against which  
and across which the vines twined—  
such walls as only lizards and ants  
could thoroughly appreciate.

Well, you see, there was everything  
to make the lizard happy, but he  
was unhappy; and the reason lay,  
not in things around him, but in him-  
self; and go where he would, and  
do what he would, he could not get  
away from himself. So unless some  
great change came to him, he must  
be always unhappy.

But you will want to hear what he  
was like that he should be so miser-  
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like to have a description of him.  
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a head like a frog, a body marked and  
speckled like a toad, a gliding move-  
ment like a snake, two eyes like  
beads, a temper like a crab's, a na-  
ture like a slug's.

Now you can see him externally  
and internally, better than any pho-  
tograph could show you. But I want  
you to pity him, for all misshapen  
things need the pity, not the ridicule,  
of the well-shapen.

We none of us made ourselves, or  
you may be sure the deformed little  
lizard would have had as straight a  
spine as any other. He did envy the  
lizards who could dart and glide  
about at will, without ever thinking  
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He tried every kind of amusement.  
He went to hear the music of the  
waters, and to see the dances given  
by the fire-flies; but he took his mind  
and body with him, and came home  
as sad and dissatisfied as he went.

I am sorry to say his companions

any friend, that he trusted the little  
deformed lizard would not recognize  
it was his enemy whom he was let-  
ting out, for then he would be off,  
and leave him to his fate. At last,  
with a tremendous effort, and by their  
combined exertions, he was free; but  
he had left his tail behind him. It  
was, however, such a relief to be  
free, that he did not at first realize  
the full extent of his loss.

"You dear little creature!" he said  
throwing his front claws round him.  
"Thank you a thousand times! I  
have treated you so badly. Did you  
know you were helping me?"  
"Yes."  
"Did you mean to help me, then?"  
"Yes," said the sad little lizard,  
who was by far too much exhausted  
with his labors to speak much.  
"I will never leave you again,"  
said the grateful lizard.

"But you have left your tail behind  
you," suggested the other.  
"Never mind," said the lizard, who  
made little of troubles. "No doubt I  
can get on without it; it was often  
in my way, and I shall be lighter  
now, and it may grow again; but

you and I will never be separated any  
more; and I will help you, and take  
care of you, because you are not half  
so strong as I am."  
Echo repeats what is whispered in  
the gorge, that the two lived very  
happily ever after, and always went  
one, claw in claw, except in the  
months of July and August, when "le  
grand chaleur" prevailed, and it was  
found cooler to walk side by side.

If you go to the gorge of Monte  
Mottesone and look under the five-  
thousandth stone on the right-hand  
side of the stream, counting upwards,  
you will find the tail of the lizard  
and the moral at the end of it; but  
if an avalanche should have fallen  
and carried away the stone, you  
won't find either the tail or the mor-  
al.  
J.J.H.

If your clothes need pressing, clean-  
ing or repairing see R. I. Goldberg,  
The Tailor, at Hirschberg's.

THEY ARE GOOD.  
You will say so after trying them.  
Beef Croquettes. Can be procured no-  
where in Dawson but at the Family  
Grocery, F. S. Dunham, proprietor,  
corner 2nd Avenue and Albert street.

The Northwest Line  
Chicago And All Eastern Points.  
All through trains from the North Pacific Coast con-  
nect with this line in the Union Depot  
at St. Paul.  
Travelers from the North are invited to communicate  
with  
F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

\$3.00 Will Do It!  
Keep posted on local and foreign events.  
You can do this by subscribing for the  
DAILY NUGGET  
The Nugget has the best telegraph service  
and the most complete local news gathering  
system of any Dawson paper, and will be de-  
livered to any address in the city for  
\$3.00 Per Month!

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

We Can't Find a Way of Introducing this Word in Our Business. Our Customers Are  
All Satisfied With the Treatment They Receive.

"ASSORTMENT, QUALITY AND PRICE!"  
THESE ARE THE THREE BUSINESS "GRACES"

WE ARE AFTER THE FELLOW THAT IS GOING TO SUMMER-WORK HIS CLAIM.  
The Right Assortment! Right Quality!

PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT!  
SEE US BEFORE ORDERING!  
N. A. T. & T. CO.

MARKET...  
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N. C. Co.  
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N BROS...  
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# YUKON MAIL SERVICE IN THE EARLY DAYS

When Pioneers Were Fortunate In Receiving Letters Once a Year—Many Failures of Contractors to Deliver—Terrible Experiences of Indian Jimmy Jackson in '95-'96—"Casey" Moran Brings First Mail to Dawson—Hardships of T. C. Healy and Others Who Attempted to Deliver Mail to Eagle and Circle City—Effective Service, all Things Considered, by Police In '98—C. D. Co. on Upper and Ben Downing on Lower Yukon—Past and Present.

She was a pretty girl with cheeks of the rosiest hue made so by the continual kissing of the keel, nipping air, her eyes danced and sparkled, about her hair that escaped from beneath a becoming sealskin cap there was a silver tinge of frost, and as she stood in front of one of the general delivery wickets at the postoffice she tapped her foot impatiently at being kept waiting by the clerk for even a fraction of a minute. Presently he arrived and from the part he took in the colloquy which ensued it was easy to see he had played the same character in the same scene probably a hundred times the same day.

"When did the last mail arrive?" she asked.

"Wednesday evening."

"When will the next one be in?"

"Not before tomorrow."

And she turned away to a companion with a sublime look of resignation, murmuring about the awfulness of being compelled to live in a community that afforded but two mails a week. One who has been a resident of Alaska and the Yukon for the past eight years and who knows what it is to wait six months for a letter from the outside and then be only too happy to pay a dollar for it, overheard the conversation and witnessed the byplay incidental thereto, and never before was the contrast in the mail service of years ago and that of the present day brought so forcibly to his mind. There is not one, but many now resident in the Klondike who will remember the eagerness with which the arrival of mail was looked forward to in the spring of years gone by when the first bunch of cheechacos generally accompanied by a few returning sourdoughs arrived, following but a day or two behind the ice. In those days, before the world ever knew of the existence of such a stream as the Klondike, and, indeed, there were few of the Yukon miners any wiser, for the Klondike was on the wrong side of the river to carry any gold and it was never given a thought. Sixty-mile, Fortymile and Birch creek were all on the other side and with the exception of a few bar diggings on the Stewart they were the only streams known to contain placer deposits. In those days the postoffice was in one of the company stores and the agent at the post was likewise the postmaster. Incoming voyagers with mail left their letters at the store and sometimes they were received, but more often they were not, being finally worn out by the repeated handling of those who longed for the letters that never came. In those days the first question asked a newcomer as he pulled his boat up on the beach at Fortymile was, "Did you bring any mail?" and the next one was "Have you any late papers?" and "Who is president now?" Juneau was the last postoffice passed at which mail could be received and it was the custom then to have letters directed there and leave an order with some friend to forward any that might arrive by any person who might be coming inside. Mail directed to Fortymile or Circle City that arrived at Juneau in the fall was held until some responsible person volunteered to take it inside. If none appeared it was sent around by St. Michael the following summer and would generally arrive at its destination within a year after it was posted.

In '93 through the influence of the old A. C. Co. the United States was induced to let a star route contract for the delivery of mail between Juneau and Fortymile which upon the strike being made on Birch creek and the establishment of Circle City was extended the following year to that point. True to the traditions of the past the contract was let to a professional star router who knew of Alaska only as a place in the far north, it was taken at a figure for a single trip one way and was never fulfilled. In '94 and '95 similar conditions existed. Early in '96 a contract was made with Hugh Day and Jack Carr to make four round trips between Juneau and Circle City and it was the only contract of that nature made in an early day that was

faithfully carried out. Both were old timers in Alaska, insured to all manner of hardships, could travel days on a piece of dried salmon and it was said of the former that he could make a poleing boat climb a tree. They received \$1200 for each round trip, but made no money at that. During the summer of '96 a Chicago company of which W. A. Beddoe was the manager secured a contract from the United States government. Mr. Beddoe accompanied the first mail inside in person, passing the spot where Dawson now stands in August, '96. His agents at Juneau dispatched another later in the season and that was the last until the following summer.

There was other mail received and dispatched, however, but it was entirely by private parties and at the currently accepted rate of one dollar per letter. It was imperative that the company posts send out requisitions over the ice for goods needed the following season and this was a mission that for several years was entrusted to Joe Cooper. He would leave Fortymile shortly after the first of the year and in addition to the

his party as told by him on his return to Juneau the following April were so frightful as to be well-nigh incredible. After untold hardships they succeeded in reaching the Indian camps on Taku arm. Here Jackson determined to wait a day or two and rest and have some new moccasins made. The white men had been a drawback to the Indians, not being able to travel as fast as they, and in order to be as little hindrance as possible they consented to go on and not lose any time. They were shown the direction to take and told to turn to the left when a certain outlet of the lake was reached. The next day Jackson and his companions started out and upon arriving at the place where the white men should have turned off it was seen they had not followed the directions given them. The Indians continued on and that was the last they ever saw of Hodges the late T. C. Healy with his friend learned the white men had discovered their footprints to the Indian camp, where they bought and traded for all the provisions they could get and in

that did not contribute generously to him, who had bravely brought their mail in in spite of vicissitudes frightful to contemplate. Jackson returned to Juneau in April, his face showing the effects of the awful experiences he had undergone, there being scarcely a spot anywhere on it that had not been deeply frozen. That is one of the stories of early mail days when men considered themselves fortunate to get letters once a year.

Another experience was once had by the late T. C. Healy with his friend Fred Gasch, formerly of Seattle. They left Juneau with a bag of mail in February, '96. While crossing the Chilkoot pass a storm so severe was encountered they were obliged to turn back to Dyea, caching the mail in a ledge of rocks where they thought it could easily be found. Several days later when the storm had abated they again were on the summit, but so greatly had the drifting snow changed the appearance of the surroundings that they were unable to find the cached bag, and though several days were spent in the search it had to be given up as lost. In the summer the

carriers of the new strike on the Klondike and as Joe Ladue and Theo. Anderson would be found here five letters were taken out for the former and two for the latter. The bag was again sealed up with the determination not to open it again until Fortymile was reached. The next day, October 9, 1896, "Casey" tied up his little craft near the slough behind the mouth of the Klondike river, found Ladue and Anderson and in giving them their letters made the first delivery of mail in Dawson. They found others here at the time, among them a Mrs. Ferguson, the first white woman to arrive at the new camp. She begged piteously to be given her mail, with tears streaming down her face declaring she had not heard from her home in over a year, and it was in vain that the mail carriers pointed out the lateness of the season (the ice was already running thick) and the necessity of their reaching Circle City before the river closed. Woman's tears proved irresistible and gain was the bag opened.

At Fortymile the following day 140

from Circle over the ice and Carr arrived he left 176 between "Casey's" charge, who volunteered to deliver them up the creeks. When the river opened that year "Casey" and his memorable boat ride from Dawson to Circle in company with his own thoughts and a load of mail being marooned by some friends he thought it a good joke, but he was destined to play still another part in the postal department. Shortly after his arrival in Circle he was named postal clerk, was placed in charge of the Dawson mail that had been accumulated in Circle and accompanied with it on the first up-river trip to the scene of the new strike. Arriving here the A. C. Co. placed a corner in their store where the dry goods department stands and there was opened Dawson's first postoffice with "Casey" an American, as postmaster. He remained in that position until receiving his remuneration from Captain Hansen of the A. C. Co., being relieved by Captain Dyer, the N.W.M.P., who became the recognized postmaster and was assisted by Constable Carter.

During the remainder of the summer of '97 and the following winter the only mail received in Dawson was that which found its way to private parties. Richard of the United States contract from Juneau to Circle, but under it the agents of the Yukon fared no better than under previous contracts. The summer of '98 saw but a change, the Dominion government being too busy making new laws regarding the prospective wealth of their newly-found Eldorado. Arriving from Skagway, Ben Sheep Camp often brought quantities of letters which had accumulated at those points for the gnats who had passed, on the river. The front of many shops and tents along First avenue were adorned with the legend "mail here." If you were expecting mail and inquired for them of the police in charge it was a chance whether you received any. And if you were fortunate as to find some you were expected to pay one dollar each for their delivery. Such remuneration, however, did not last long. The police swooped down upon the self appointed postmasters and confiscated their stock of letters, so that such action "condemned with Majesty's mail service." Late in the summer of '98 a postoffice was opened in the log building which stood next door to the Green. The clerks consisting of members of the police force. On the day that fall that mail arrived a large number of people would be found standing on street two and three blocks away waiting for their turn to get their mail. Ladies were privileged to enter the side door without standing in line and many of them for a number of long, tedious wait.

In October, '98, Mr. J. J. Moran, the present postmaster, arrived to look charge of postal affairs. Coming proved a God-send to the people of Dawson, and after such a long time had order restored to the much chaos. New quarters were secured in the old Administration building and for the first time the city postoffice worthy of the name. Moran moved to the new postoffice on December 1, 1900.

During the winter of '98 the mail had charge of the mail and the praise cannot be given to their valiant efforts. Through bitter cold and blinding snow they pushed on with their bags of letters so eagerly awaited, unrewarded and conscious only of their own duty. With the opening of navigation in '99 the government mail contract to the Development Company and the first time in the history of the mail matter was received and patched with some degree of regularity. The winter of '98 days employed in the service only during following winter the experiment using horses was tried, but were made in order to save money.



DANGERS OF ICE TRAVEL.

company mail would take letters for any others at the usual rate. It was necessary to carry a camp outfit, 30 days' grub and sufficient dog feed to last the entire trip, as there were no posts or road houses between Fortymile and Dyea except at Sixty-mile and Pelly river and they were always so short on provisions they were never known to have anything for sale. At the Tagish houses one might find some salmon, but the chances were against it. Early in the winter of '95 Jimmy Jackson, an Indian living in Juneau, was commissioned by the A. C. Co. to bring in the company mail and any other letters that might be on hand at the time of his departure he on hand in the Juneau postoffice. He left Juneau in December accompanied by his half-breed nephew Albert, a Chilkat Indian named Bob and two white men by name of Hodges and McNelis, the former being a printer who for some time had worked on one of the Juneau papers. The winter of '95 was the most bitter and fearful ever known on the southeastern coast of Alaska and Jackson, fearing the storms of Chilkoot pass, determined to cross the coast range by way of the Taku, and thus fall in with some Indians he knew to be camped on the Taku arm of Tagish lake. The experiences of Jackson and

spite of the Indians' warnings again started out to follow Jackson's trail. They were never seen again until the Aukin strike in '98 when some prospectors found the grinning skeleton of ore, the bones gnawed bare by the wolves, identification being made by a watch picked up near by. Of the other not a trace was ever had. The troubles of Jackson and his fellow Indians had only begun. They had to break trail constantly, and the storms and cold were almost unbearable. Slow progress was made; their dogs began to give out and the men themselves were reduced to short rations. Had it not been for the Indians meeting Bob Inley at the foot of Lake Lebarge on his way outside it is doubtful if they would ever have reached Fortymile. At that time their dogs were all dead, the last one to give up having been eaten, and they only had a part of one ham and less than two pounds of flour left, and were pulling their sled themselves. Inley divided his grub with them and they eventually reached Fortymile, where Jackson was made quite a hero of. After he had delivered the mail and told his story one of the miners who had received his first news from home in over a year passed a tin cup around among the crowd assembled and there was not a poke

missing bag was found by Henry Hyde, who brought it in to Fortymile, and in that bag were the identical Y.O.O.P. pins now being worn by the members of the order, they having been made by Valentine, the Juneau jeweler.

The distinction of being the first to deliver mail to the now thriving city of Dawson belongs to no less a personage than "Casey" Moran, now on the staff of the Morning Sun. "Casey" and Billy Ash left Juneau about September 10, '96. At Linderman they picked up the Beddoe mail, were fortunate in securing a boat which had just landed some outward bound Yukoners and got away from Bennett September 20. The bag of mail contained 1400 letters and by the time they reached Stewart it was a sorry-looking sight. Their boat leaked so that there was constantly about four inches of water in the bottom, it rained until they were soaked through and through, so when Stewart was reached it being a bright day they decided to open the bag and dry the contents in the sun. "Casey" also played the postmaster, delivering three letters at Stewart for people who happened to be there. The bag was again opened at Sixty-mile and three letters were left for Arthur Harper, then there. He told the mail

letters were left with George Baker, then agent for the A. C. Co. at that point, who received for them in the name of Jack McQuester. "Casey" and Ash had also insisted upon and obtained receipts from every other person to whom they had delivered mail en route. Circle City was reached October 16, the river at the time being nearly bankful of slush ice. In making his report to the postal authorities at Portland, Oregon, of the arrival of the mail, Jack McQuester recounted with considerable pride the care "Casey" and Ash had given it, of them having taken it out of the bag at Stewart in order to dry the letters, and the delivery of a number en route. The reply came in due time and in it the officious, hair-brained inspector expressed the regret that the distance of Circle City from his office alone prevented the vigorous prosecution of the carriers for having dared open the mail bag while in transit.

The next mail to arrive down the river was brought over the ice by Hugh Day, but unlike his predecessors he did not stop at Dawson, but proceeded direct to Circle City. Another mail arrived in April in care of Jack Carr. "Casey" in the meantime, attracted by the news of the new strike, had returned to Dawson

(Continued on page 7.)

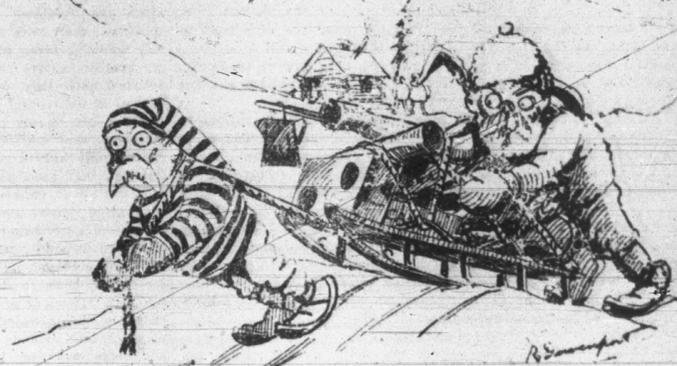
Mrs. G. best man wife says he never slightest. Mrs. S. must be great nice. "Why do you call me a woman?" "Really who can't say why no as eleva. The N. out first-oid th

# THE TRIBULATIONS OF TWO STAMPEDERS

CONTINUED.



1. AY TANK VE GO ON A STAMPEED



2. HET BA HAAL!



3. FULL DA OODER WAY!!!!



4. CLAAR DA TRACK!



5. COME A YUMPIN', OLE.



6. YUMPIN' YIMINY!!!



7. AY TANK VE BEATER GOO HAME.

"They say," she said, "that a girl doesn't know her own mind."  
 "So I've heard," he admitted.  
 "I wonder why," she persisted.  
 "Well," he replied, "I've noticed that the average girl seems to know a young man's mind all right enough and it is just possible that one mind is the limit of human knowledge and that she gives her attention to the one that is of the most importance."  
 —Chicago Post.

"I thought you wanted some sensational news," said the reporter in a bewildered way as the city editor showed him his copy in a high state of blue pencil.  
 "I do," said the city editor wearily, "but it isn't necessary to murder the English language in order to make a sensation" — Washington Times.

Mrs. Gooding—Mr. Crankard is the best man in the world, if what his wife says is true. She declares that he never tried to deceive her in the slightest.

Mrs. Smartset—Dear me! What a man he must be to live with! He must be either a terrible liar or a great ninny.—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you English people insist on calling an elevator a 'lift' and a pie a 'tart'?" inquired the young woman.

"Really," answered the young man who came over to get married, "I can't say. I was about to ask you why so many people here call a lift an 'elevator' and a tart a 'pie.'"

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

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 the service entirely  
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 in order to save time  
 continued on page 7.)

# Life on Pitcairn Island

Pitcairn is a veritable Garden of Eden, but this fact is not realized because the beauty of that wonderful island is so seldom seen by any eyes but those of its natives. Pitcairn is 25 degrees south of the line and practically out of the world, and doubtless always will be. I am the only resident there of foreign birth. To me it is God's country. Fate tossed me, a starving, ship-wrecked castaway, upon its shores, nearly a quarter of a century ago. I found it a haven of peace. My life there, and the romantic reasons that led me to choose so small a spot in the vast ocean for my home, 4,000 miles distant from America, my native land, I now relate in detail for the first time at request of "The Sunday Examiner."

Born in Boston more than three-score years ago, of old-time New England stock, I was fortunate in being well reared and well educated. I was twenty-one when the Civil War broke out and enlisted in the navy. Two years were spent in Farragut's fleet on the Mississippi. At the close of the war I came to San Francisco to try my luck in the new West. Nothing else offering itself, and having a fondness for the sea, I went whaling for several seasons.

Now, on one of my trips in a sperm whaler I visited Pitcairn island unexpectedly, our ship touching there for food supplies, and the crew went ashore.

The charm of the place came over me then, although I had no more idea of settling there than I had of settling in Africa or the moon. We found the natives a most hospitable, kindly, well-educated and industrious people, with scarcely any trace of Tahitian blood, and of English speech living under self-made laws and confining their religion to one creed, that of the Episcopal church.

As everybody knows, Pitcairn was settled in 1790 by the mutineers of the Bounty, an English ship. One mutineer, John Adams, being reprieved by the Queen, chose the island for his home, married a young Polynesian woman, reared a family, inculcated the people with English ideas, taught them the Christian religion—in a word, made a model colony of the islanders.

Among the children in this tropical retreat I noticed particularly a strikingly pretty little girl, daughter of Samuel Russell Warren of Providence, R. I. Her father and I became acquainted in the hearty informal fashion that is characteristic of Pitcairn folks, and the child sat on my knee while we talked. She had beautiful hair of a light brown color, large, bright gray eyes and a skin of exquisite fairness. Mr. Russell had married a native and settled on Norfolk island, later removing to Pitcairn. His wife was a daughter of an old mutineer's son. The little one's name was Mary. I thought then, and I think now, that Mary is the sweetest name ever given to a woman.

When my ship sailed away I felt sorry to leave. Mary waved me a smiling goodby. I never forgot her face. I never will, although our youngest daughter—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Several years passed. Tiring of my occupation, I concluded to go back to Boston, and started for there by way of England in the ship Arcadia, which was to go to Australia first. "Man proposes, but God disposes." I was destined never to reach Boston. The Arcadia's chronometer being out, she was wrecked on Ducie reef, about 500 miles from Pitcairn. Ducie is a barren, uninhabited island, rising but a dozen feet or so above water. A terrific storm made it impossible for us to land, so we remained two days in open boats, battling with the breakers. Even if we had landed we would not have been better off.

We knew that Pitcairn was the nearest inhabited island and resolved upon desperate efforts to make it. There were twenty-six of us in three boats. It began to blow so hard that we had to put all hands into two boats and let one drift.

If you were never at the mercy of the sea on a 500-mile trip in an open boat, followed for days by dozens of hungry sharks, watching out of their wicked eyes and figuring what sort of a dinner you will make, you cannot appreciate our predicament. We had fresh water, hard bread and canned meats from the lost ship, which we hoped would last us to Pitcairn. Four days later we got into a heavy ground swell and I told the mate we were near land. Fifteen minutes afterward the thick fog about us lifted and revealed the appalling fact that we were going straight into the jaws of death, for there was Elizabeth island, 700 feet of sheer cliff, with waves breaking over its masthead high.

Altering our course we tried to get to windward and managed by a hair's breadth to keep from dashing against

the rocks. Getting under the lee of the island at dark we anchored and stood guard till daylight then landed and looked in vain for vegetation. All that we found of anything on the island was a couple of paroquets and a few cocoanut trees. We lay there three days, not daring to encounter the gale, then steered for Pitcairn in a heavy swell and strong wind.

Luck was with us. The next morning we were sighted from Pitcairn, and never were poor wretches more grateful, for we thought every minute that the heavy swell (there is a dangerous undertow at Pitcairn and the breakers are always rough) would capsize our boats; but the people came off to meet us, shouting, "Boat ahoy!" They gave us some oranges and other fruits to sharpen our teeth on, then put men into each boat to escort us through the surf.

We had been nine days in the boats, and although badly used up, had not lost a man. As we made shore and went up to the settlement I thought I had dropped into an earthly heaven. I can say right here that I have never changed my opinion. I could smell the fruits before I saw them—bananas, oranges, pineapples. Everything was peace, plenty and perfect tropical beauty of landscape, with pure, invigorating air. The crew was distributed by three among the inhabitants.

"At that time, in 1880, there were about 130 people on the island, the second generation of the Bounty's mutineers. No more cheerful place could be imagined. The vegetation was luxuriant, there was abundance of cold, pure spring water. It was the same delightful spot that I had seen years before, but where was the pretty child who had sat on my knee?"

A beautiful maiden with rosy cheeks was pointed out to me as Mary. She had fulfilled every promise of her childhood. From the moment I saw her my interest in Pitcairn increased, and the "old, old story" was repeated in the very last corner of the earth where a man might expect to find a wife.

"Where," I argued to myself, "should I go to find greater happiness than right here? Besides, if ever the hand of fate controlled man's actions, surely it was meant that my peculiar and unlooked-for return to the island would be permanent. My associations would always be of the best. No temptations could befall a man here. There were no serpents in this Eden. Among its righteous, kindly, simple-hearted, thrifty people I decided to cast my lot."

A passing ship coming along a fortnight later, took some of my shipmates away. Pitcairn was an ideal place, they thought, to take refuge in, but not to anchor in. I had seen enough of the world by that time to satisfy me, and my shipwreck experience had effectually cured me of fondness for the sea. Besides, there was my Mary. Gradually the others departed. Nothing could have exceeded the hospitality and generosity of the people toward my mates and myself. They gave up their beds for us to sleep in. Out of their scanty supply of clothing we were made comfortable; but it has always been their disposition to lend aid and ask nothing whatsoever in return.

Mary's mother was the daughter of an old mutineer's son named Thursday October Christian, so called because that was the nearest the day of the month could be determined at the time he was born. It must be remembered that we are not supplied with calendars every year down in Pitcairn, as San Franciscans are on every hand. Mr. Christian was living when I left. He was ninety years old and as spry as a boy. There is no such thing as disease or sickness here. People die only of old age. The sole exceptions to this rule that occurred in the nineteen years I lived there were when fever broke out among some ship-wrecked sailors of the Bowden, and we caught the epidemic, which carried off twelve of our little band. That has been our only affliction. My family all recovered.

But here again I am getting ahead of my story. I have not told you how Mary became my wife.

When folks get married on Pitcairn they don't go away on wedding tours because there is nothing to tour in but fishing boats. They don't spend a fortune in trousseaux and wedding gifts, because there is no buying nor selling of any sort on the island, no money exchanged excepting what little goes to purchase necessities from a ship, and no shopping, because there are no stores. Yet, without an exception, those whom God joins together on that island no man puts asunder. Like the folks in the fairy tales, they live happily ever after.

My bride was fifteen years old. We were married according to the ceremony of the Church of England. You ladies who figure for weeks before

hand what your wedding dress will be and how it will be trimmed will smile, perhaps, when I tell you how Pitcairn brides settle the same question. There is just one wedding dress on the island, a plain "Mother Hubbard" of the material called dotted swiss muslin. At each wedding this dress is worn, spotlessly white and freshly starched. If the bride is slender the draw-string about her waist is drawn to fit her; if she is stout build it is adjusted accordingly. My wife wore this gown, and my daughter, who was engaged to the minister's son when I came away, was to wear it. As for the ring, there is one plain silver band on the island which is laid away until the next one. As for the wedding gifts, each woman looks over her simple little possessions and parts with some trinket or article of use. One gives a comb, another a bit of ribbon, and so on.

Everybody on the island celebrates, after the ceremony in the church, that we built with our own hands and whose interior woods—beautifully grained native woods—we have polished until they shine. The best dresses of the women are calico, and the men on church or other special occasions wear starched white shirts. Each family kills a goat, and let me tell you that goat meat down there is better than chicken up here, the flesh white, tender and delicious.

There is a wedding cake, too, made of grated cocoanut, grated sweet potato and cocoanut milk, baked in a stove oven hewn in the rocks. The health of bride and groom is drank in sparkling spring water. Water in the only beverage used on the island, tea and coffee being regarded as poison. I am the only one who drinks either.

When a couple marry they are given a tract of land upon which they settle. Thereafter it is inherited from generation to generation. My bride and I went at once to work to clear our ground for planting. Pitcairn women are as strong as the men and work beside them in the fields. They enjoy perfect health and are splendidly developed though not in the least masculine. Mary could do as much work as three of the average men in this country, and I have repeatedly seen my eldest daughter go up a hill with a 200-lb. sack of potatoes over her shoulder, and think nothing of it.

So we toiled happily together, and tilled our soil, and built our house of island lumber, I felling and sawing the trees and she assisting me in

putting the boards together. Nails and tools there are obtained from time to time from passing traders, and carefully saved for use. My brothers-in-law helped me with the planting.

Presently my fields were yielding food, I could look with pride upon my own orange, breadfruit and cocoanut trees, my fowl and my goat. Afterward corn was introduced; it grows six feet high. Tropical flowers bloom the year-round, for it is perpetual summer there, warm rains falling in April, May and June. Magnificent ferns flourished. Little children blessed our union, and were educated at school in English, the only language spoken there. There were eight in all—first Florence, then Isabella, Eugene, Freeman, Esther, Philip, Hyacinth and Eldon; four boys and four girls.

The contour of the island is picturesque and irregular. On Outlook Ridge the highest point is reached, about a thousand feet. The settlement, called Adamstown, is situated on a plateau some 400 feet above sea level, with its cultivated fields and gardens. Each family has a sugar cane patch. When ready to cut cane we wheel it down to the millhouse, a whistle is blown for signal and all the men gather to help grind, carry juice and boil it. We all help one another in every way possible.

There are no horses or cows on the island. We do our own hauling and are as hardy as men can be.

Nobody is lazy. Nobody draws a salary. Everything is free as the air. All that we have learned is taught to our children.

Some years ago a missionary brig came to the island and the inhabitants were converted to the Seventh-day Advent religion. On the Sabbath no work whatever is performed. Not even a banana is picked from a tree. All food is prepared the previous day. Not a fire is lit. Should a ship come in on Sunday we go out with what fruit is already gathered. We attend church and hold meetings during the week and have little entertainments that we enjoy fully as much as people up here do their grand opera. There is a public library, where every scrap of newspaper is carefully filed, with such books as we have. We work well, eat well, sleep well.

Our public medicine chest is scarcely ever opened, excepting to see if its supplies have spoiled and need replenishing. Our government is a

parliament consisting of seven members, a magistrate, judges and councilmen. There is no quarreling, no smoking, but now and then a man swears and is fined four shillings, which he must work out on the public road.

Time is told by a sun dial and nautical instruments and comparison with passing ships. We observe two holidays—Christmas and Queen's birthday—but I am an American yet and send off my own little fireworks every Fourth of July for Uncle Sam. We have a Christmas tree, and each day is remembered with something. Birthdays are celebrated by as good a supper as we can get together—meat, fish, sweet potatoes, cake without flour and fruit.

There were 179 persons besides myself when I left, and 31 families. It has been my task to do the sail-making of the island. The men work in straw hats and "hickory and dungaree"—blue drilling trousers and cotton shirts. Our law books are read to us in assembly once a month, so that ignorance of law may not be an excuse. If women violated laws they would be punished, but our women are models. They are scrupulous housekeepers. They make baskets from palm leaves and pain shells to sell and trade with. There is one organ on the island, played by ear, for the people are naturally very musical. In fine weather we go fishing.

In an unlucky hour three years ago I decided to come back to civilization, in order to get a small sum of prize money due me from the government. I went in a brig to Tahiti and thence to San Francisco in a brig, through the kindness of Consul Doty. I was delayed here sixteen months, working meanwhile, until the first payment came. Leaving power of attorney for the rest to be forwarded to my wife, I bought some necessities, also clothing, a few trinkets and toys and dolls for the children, which, though inexpensive, would seem so marvelous to them. Once a year an English ship stops at Pitcairn via Australia. Working my passage, I sailed in the Silberhorn. Within sight of my home the ship was forced to abandon landing on account of the wind and dangerous sea, and I was carried, heart-broken, away to England. Eleven months later the Silberhorn reached this port.

Once more I will begin the long voyage to Pitcairn. I shall be the happiest man alive when I rejoin my family and friends. There, in the arms of my sailor friend Captain

Charles Foley, I will "drop both anchors, pay out all chain, and sail like a government lightship to the station."—Philip Cook Coffin.

"You wouldn't think that I should have a daughter who is old enough to be married, would you?" she asked, simpering girlishly.

"Well," he said, "that would depend on whether I heard you talking without seeing you or saw you without hearing you speak."

She is still wondering whether or not he meant it as a compliment or otherwise.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

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ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp. LEW CRADEN.

## LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN Acting Manager.



OLD SETTLERS HOLD MEETING

Pioneers of Puget Sound Convene

At Port Townsend and Regale Each Other With Reminiscences.

Port Townsend, Wash., Feb. 21.—One of the largest audiences ever assembled in Port Townsend gathered in Masonic temple tonight as participants in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the landing here of the first white families to settle north of the town of Steilacoom. Representative pioneers were here from different parts of the Sound, the president and secretary of the State Pioneer Association being included. The program, while quite a long one, was thoroughly enjoyed on account of the numerous contributions to the early history of the territory, made by the different speakers. Judge Kuhn welcomed the audience on behalf of the old settlers, the native sons and native daughters of Washington, and reverted to the different conditions in Port Townsend and on Puget sound at the present time, as compared with the conditions of fifty years ago when the schooner Mary Taylor brought the first white families to this section and landed them in a wilderness and among savages. Frank W. Hastings, one of the survivors of the Mary Talbot's first trip here, was selected as chairman of the evening, and "The Old Settlers," the popular topical song of early days, was sung with great effect by a handful of the first settlers here, led by B. S. Pettygrove. Maj. Quincy A. Brooks, who was stationed here as a customs officer when the schooner Mary Talbot landed, February 21, 1852, made an effective talk about the work of some of the early pioneers with whom he came in contact, both personally and officially. He mentioned especially the names of Isaac I. Stevens, for whom he acted as private secretary when Stevens was governor, and Edward J. Allen, who constructed the first trail across the Cascades north of the Columbia river. He thought these men should be honored for all time for their important work in carrying a way for the present civilization of this state. Maj. Brooks spoke also of the work of the Monticello convention, of which he was a member. Mr. L. T. Shelton, one of the survivors of the first arrivals on the Mary Talbot, gave a graphic account of early days and experiences in including settlement here. Allen Weir gave an interesting talk on early days in Clallam and Jefferson counties, and told of many notable things that had been accomplished in early days, in the face of great obstacles. Mr. Weir quoted Daniel Webster's famous prophecy about the worthlessness of the Pacific coast country, and told of that statesman's advice to congress to get rid of it, drawing a comparison between that and the self-sacrificing work of such men as Isaac I. Stevens and Whitman in behalf of the preserving of this part of the United States. A letter was read from L. D. W. Shelton, giving something of a detailed account of the first trip of the schooner Mary Talbot from Portland to Puget sound. An original poem was also read, written by Frank W. Harned, on the subject, "To the Port Townsend Pioneers." D. B. Ward and Edgar Bryan, president and secretary, respectively, of the State Pioneers' Association, each made a few remarks on the history of pioneer settlements in these parts. Dr. N. D. Hill, a pioneer of 1852, told some interesting stories relating to experiences with the Indians of early days, and of the treachery of the "noble red man." He also gave a graphic description of the murder of Col. Eby, whose head was cut off by the Indians, the act causing a reign of terror among the white settlers here and on Whidby Island. James Delgado followed with an account of the methods of transportation on Puget sound in early days, and also gave a graphic and interesting account of the manner in which the courts were conducted in the 50s. "You got the same justice in those days in an 'old barn,'" he said, "as you do nowadays at your fine court-houses and cushioned seats." The exercises closed by the audience singing "America" while standing. A banquet followed, and the old settlers

were seated around the festal board till an early hour in the morning.

To Reform Filipinos.

Washington, Feb. 20.—One American woman can contribute more to the reformation of the Filipinos than any company of American men, soldier or civilian, according to a personal letter received by Major-General H. C. Corbin, adjutant-general of the army, from Brigadier-General J. F. Bell, commanding the department of Northern Luzon. General Bella says that he is a strong believer in permitting the wives of American officers on duty in the Philippines to join their husbands, declaring that the women exert a most potent influence in our political purposes with regard to the islands. General Bell says that in his old volunteer regiment, the Thirty-sixth infantry, there were 12 young women, wives of officers. He encouraged them to go with their husbands to the towns the latter were commanding and the people soon became so devoted to them that when the time came to depart for the United States the natives, irrespective of age or sex, wept like children. General Bell says that the American women exert their influence through the Filipino women, the latter having more influence on public opinion than the men of the islands.

LOCAL NOTES.

Miss Annie Jones of Chechaco Hill has been visiting the last week with Mrs. Jack McDonald of Third avenue north.

Attorney J. B. Pattullo is on the river and is expected to arrive in two or three days. He has traveled abroad extensively since leaving Dawson last summer.

Mrs. James Daugherty is expected to arrive in a few days, having been called to the bedside of her husband, "Nigger Jim," who has been very ill but who is now improving.

The present continued cold spell has caused a cessation in skating. A special quality of weather, not too cold nor too warm, is required for this sport.

From now on for a month, and possibly six weeks, the trail between Whitehorse and Dawson will be thronged with people, nearly all of whom will be coming this way.

IMPORTANT QUESTION

Bar Association Discussing It Today

An Effort to Be Made to Secure the Appointment of a Third Judge.

A meeting of the Bar Association is being held in the court-house this afternoon having for its object the discussion of the best ways and means of securing the appointment of a third territorial judge for the Yukon territory. What makes the appointment particularly desirable is the fact that were the bench of the territory to consist of three judges an appellate court could be established here which would do away with the necessity of carrying appeals to British Columbia as is now the case. Many of the barristers think, and Mr. Justice Dugas is of like opinion, that the territory should have four judges, three located here and one at Whitehorse. Under such an arrangement any three could sit on an appeal from any judgment rendered by the fourth, thus obviating the necessity of a judge sitting as a member of the appellate court and passing an opinion upon his own decision. Whitehorse is entitled to a judge by reason of the great cost of bringing litigants to this place, especially so in the winter time. The meeting today will probably result in a memorial being drawn up and wired to the minister of justice asking that the prayer of the petitioners be given an earnest consideration. The British Columbia bar it is expected will, naturally, object to the proposed change but their objections can have no plausible foundation and must arise wholly from selfish motives, as by the discontinuance of taking appeals there from the Yukon a great deal of highly remunerative business will be lost.

Two Stages Coming.

Robertson's and Aichison's stages were reported at Ogilvie at noon today on the way to Dawson from Whitehorse.

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CREAM IS MONARCH

Of All It Surveys in Dawson

Price May Advance as High as Twenty Dollars Per Case.

Cream, cream, cream. Cream is king in Dawson today, and before the opening of navigation bids fair to become an absolute monarch. Cream has been on the rise for the past two months and now is hard to get at \$15 per case. To the purchaser at retail three cans are now given for a dollar where earlier in the season the same sum would purchase five cans of evaporated lacteal.

Various reasons are given for the jump in price among which may be cited the fact that the demand has been greater this winter than ever before. In the early fall cream, was cheap and everybody used it. Palates which previously had been content to put up with common, ordinary, condensed milk acquired an appetite for cream and that appetite must be satisfied. Consequently there has been an unexpected advance in the price.

Dealers say that the market is controlled by about three firms, whose combined stock will scarcely supply the market until the opening of navigation.

"Cream may advance as high as \$20" said one dealer today, "and then again it may not. It has already gone to a price which many people cannot afford to pay and hence they have taken to using milk. If further advances are made, the demand will continue to decrease and by reason of that fact the supply will not be exhausted until the opening of navigation. If consumption continues as heavy as it has been during the past three months the market would be cleaned out long before the arrival of the first boat."

Obituary

New York, Feb. 21.—Richard Maurice Bucke, superintendent of the London, Ontario, asylum, well-known as an insanity expert and as the life-long friend and literary executor of Walt Whitman, the poet, is dead, says a special from London, Ontario. Death was caused by concussion of the brain, brought on by a fall on the ice.

New York, Feb. 21.—Henry Pierce, LL. D., is dead at Ocala, Fla., says a dispatch from Rochester. He was well-known as a scientist and served for thirteen years as president of Rutgers female college, to which position he was elected at the age of 29 years. In 1887 he founded the industrial town of West Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Pierce was a descendant of Dr. Harvey, who is credited with discovering the circulation of the blood in the human system.

Vienna, Feb. 21.—The death is announced of Emil Holub, the African explorer.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 21.—Bishop A. Latane, of the Reformed Episcopal church, died tonight of pneumonia.

Stops the Litigation.

New York, Feb. 21.—Another attempt to throw the estate of A. T. Stewart into litigation has been stopped by Justice Scott, of the supreme court. It was in the form of an action brought against the estate,

which virtually was an action in ejectment, affecting all of the property left by Mr. Stewart.

Counsel for John Stewart, the plaintiff, made a motion for the appointment of a commission to take the testimony of a great many persons, at present living in Ireland, as to the alleged relationship of the plaintiff to the dead millionaire merchant. The court said that ordinarily such a motion would be granted, but that in the present case he was satisfied that the case appeared to be a speculative action, and had not been shown to differ from similar actions which had been dismissed.

"There should come a time," said the court, "when merely vexatious and harassing litigation will not be ordered by the court. It would seem, therefore, as to the estate of A. T. Stewart, that the time has come."

For Chicken Creek.

A gentleman whose name was not learned arrived last night from Chicken creek for the purpose of purchasing machinery with which to operate mining property on that creek, to which there has been considerable rush lately. The gentleman will start on the return trip Monday, sledding his machinery over the ice.

Will Not Affiliate.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 21.—The Populists of Kansas, in session here today decided late tonight that there would be no affiliation between the Populists and Democratic forces in Kansas this year. A strong faction, led by ex-Congressman Ridgely, favored absolute surrender to the Democrats, but there were enough of the old time Populists to defeat this plan.

The meeting was a lively fight throughout. Majority and minority reports were filed by the committee on resolutions on the subject of fusion. These were referred back to the committee and a night session ordered.

At the night session exactly the same reports were submitted, one favoring and one opposing affiliation with the Democrats. The fight was stubborn, and finally resulted in accepting the majority report. No plans for the future conduct of the party were made, other than that the party would run its own affairs without the assistance of Democrats.

Forge Divorce Papers.

La Porte, Ind., Feb. 21.—An investigation instituted here by a United States special agent tonight disclosed the fact that a decree of court, supposed to have been granted in 1879, divorcing W. J. Ashley, of Colorado, from Mary Ashley, of California, was a forgery. Ashley, a veteran, disappeared and his wife later on obtained a pension on supposed proofs of her husband's death. Subsequently the pension department located Ashley, living with another woman, to whom he claimed to be married, producing a decree of divorce from the La Porte county circuit court as proof. The pension of the widow was stopped and she protested, claiming to have no knowledge of the divorce. The department then began an investigation, which resulted in today's disclosures.

Opinion Received.

Clerk of the Court Macdonald, has recently received an important decision by mail from Mr. Justice Craig, which, however, can not be made public at present. It is in the case of Hartley vs. Watson appealed to the court of appeals from the judgment rendered by Gold Commissioner Senker. The opinion of Mr. Justice Craig will not be known until after it has been passed upon by Mr. Justice Dugas and the gold commissioner, the other members of the appellate court, who will either concur or dissent. They have intimated they will not take the matter up until the return of Mr. Justice Craig, who is expected some time this month.

Job printing at Nugget office.

EDWARD, THE KING

Is En Route to Nice, France, Today.

He Will Spend Two Days in Paris With Loubet, President of the Republic.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, March 8.—King Edward is today en route to Nice. He will spend two days in Paris with President Loubet.

Shanks a Bad Man.

Elko, Nev., Feb. 21.—Wm. Shanks, who was indicted by a grand jury at Cadiz, O., some time ago on the charge of grand larceny, and broke jail, was captured fifty miles west of here, near Palisade, Thursday, by Constable McCoy, and lodged in the Elko jail. Last night Shanks, with another prisoner, attempted to escape from the jail, but their plans were frustrated by a trusty, who informed the jailer. Shanks admits he is the man wanted in Ohio. Sheriff Garvin, of Cadiz, is now on his way here to take Shanks back to Ohio.

An Elaborate Dinner.

The dinner which is to be given to Manager Mizner of the N. C. Co., at the Zero Club this evening promises to be one of the most elaborate ever enjoyed in the city. Covers will be laid for some 30 or 40 and nothing is being left undone that will in any manner contribute to the success of the evening. The gentlemen will take their seats promptly at 7:30.

Duke to Give Reasons.

Darmstadt, Hesse, Feb. 21.—A caucus of party leaders in the second chamber of the Hessian diet has requested the Grand Duke of Hesse to communicate to them his reason for obtaining a divorce from the grand

duchess. The prime minister, Rothe, in a conciliatory statement intimated that the communication referred to would be made to the diet behind closed doors. The Duke of the Grand Duke and the Duchess of Hesse was pronounced December 22 last by the court at Darmstadt.

Many Overdue Vessels.

San Francisco, Feb. 21.—The overdue vessels posted at the wharves Exchange is steadily growing. The Red Rock, eighty-five days out from Fraser river for London, is quoted at 15 per cent. The British ship, Los Angeles, for Portland, and due at 15 per cent, and the Earl of Glasgow, thirty-four days out from the same ports, is at the same figure. The French bark Les Abolons, thirty days out from Madagascar for Portland, is at 20 per cent, and the French bark Ernest Lemaire, thirty days out from Hobart, Tasmania, for Portland, is quoted at 20 per cent. The same figure obtains for the French bark Oliver de Claret, thirty days out from Cayenas for Portland, and there is a rate of 15 per cent quoted on the Yosemite, seventy days out from Tacoma for California.

Bitten by a Dog.

Little Audry, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan, was badly bitten by a dog about this afternoon. The child's leg was marked by the brute's teeth less than seven different places. Sutherland rendered surgical aid, the little one is expected to be right in a few days.

Baby's Early Talk.

"Our baby seems to have a taste for the piano." "Indeed?" "Yes; he gnawed half of off one leg."—Motherhood.

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