

DEPLORABLE CONDITION

Telegraph Wire is Down Indefinitely

Dawson is Now Entirely Cut Off From News of the Outside World.

"The line is down south of Stewart and all messages are accepted subject to delay. Do not know when it will be o. k."

The above notice is posted in the Dawson postoffice today and there may be no cause for changing or removing it for days to come. The linemen are with the operators in their strike and there is no one to repair the line.

The sympathy of the people and heaviest patrons of the line is with the men and against the pusillanimous department that would attempt to force its faithful servants to work at less than Jap wages, but the inconvenience occasioned by the present conditions as the direct result of this pusillanimous way of doing business is almost incalculable.

Today Dawson is making arrangements to fittingly celebrate the coronation of the king who is known to be in precarious health. Suppose,

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE HAIL STORM CONTAINED A PROPHECY.

TERRIFIC HAIL STORM

Followed by Pour Down of Rain

Heaviest Precipitation in the Same Time Ever Remembered in Dawson.

Shortly before one o'clock this afternoon a black cloud, very similar in appearance to those which have been chasing each other over this section of the country at irregular intervals, came up from the southwest and by the time it had Dawson fairly focused, hailstones almost as big as marbles began to fall and continued for ten minutes and until the ground was white.

Hail soon gave way to rain and for the next 15 or 20 minutes a greater downpour, aside from a cloudburst, is seldom witnessed in any country. In five minutes the ditches along the streets were running full and only the backbone of Aldermanic avenue could be seen, smooth and shining above the surface. It was a downpour such as would test the dirt roofs of cabins for thin places.

It is not thought the storm extended far up the creeks as it soon passed over from southwest to northeast.

Preston Dismissed

Martin Preston was tried this morning before Mr. Justice Dugas upon the charge of having passed brass filings for gold dust. The offense was alleged to have been committed at the Forks on June 30, upon which date it is said Preston bought some liquor and also exchanged for currency a quantity of stuff which was afterward found to be brass filings instead of dust. The accused had requested a jury trial and a jury had been summoned when it was discovered that the offense, charged was one in which the defendant was not entitled to a jury and they were discharged, the case being heard by his lordship alone. Preston conducted his own defense. At the conclusion of the case his lordship remarked that things certainly looked suspicious but there was scarcely enough evidence to warrant a conviction and Preston was discharged. There was a link missing in the transition of the dust from the time it left Preston's hands until it arrived in court. The crown was advised to prosecute one McGinty from whom Preston procured the dust.

Comes up Tomorrow.

The transient trader's case of the city versus Skagerind, Mayhood & Brown will again be up for hearing before Magistrate Wroughton tomorrow. It is expected that the entire day will be taken up in the examination of witnesses.

Reception Postponed

The public reception to the members of the Arctic Brotherhood which was to have been held tonight has been postponed pending the arrival of delayed delegates.

Only One Drunk

There was only one case for drunk and disorderly before Magistrate Wroughton this morning. A plea of guilty was entered and a fine of \$5 and costs was imposed.

TRAFFIC MANAGER J. F. LEE

Arrives in Dawson Today on First Visit of Present Season—Has Been East Where He Says Klondike Stock is More Healthy Than Ever Before.

Mr. J. Francis Lee, general traffic manager of the White Pass route, arrived today on the Whitehorse on his first trip inside this season and is busy renewing the many pleasant acquaintances made while here last summer. In speaking with a Nugget man shortly after he stepped off the boat he said he had been held outside unusually late this season, which accounted for his tardy arrival in Dawson.

"This is the first time I have been in Dawson in over a year and I am surprised at the way things are looking. I expected to find business stagnated from what I had heard after leaving Seattle about times here being so hard, but on the contrary everything looks prosperous to me. In the money centers of the far east the Klondike, and Alaska also, is thought a great deal more of, more favorable than ever before. Capitalists are beginning to look at this country as an excellent place for investment and it will be but a short time until all you will have to do is to show them something good and all the capital that is required can be procured without difficulty. Merchants are very desirous of securing the Klondike trade and regard this

country as one of their best markets. The feeling is becoming stronger every day that the country has a permanent future before it. Take the United States government, for instance, where a few years ago no feed was paid to Alaskan appeals for assistance today roads and telegraph lines are being built and the country is being opened up. I tell you the people of Canada and the States are beginning to realize the possibilities this far northland contains.

"The deal for nearly the whole of Chechaco hill which was made some time ago I am in a position to inform you has gone through. It will be a big help to the Klondike as the parties back of the scheme are men of immense wealth. You will see operations in the future conducted on a very large scale and dredgers will come into use more and more each year. I met Mr. Wm. Ogilvie at Vancouver. His dredge is all complete and he is now only awaiting some machinery from the east before proceeding north. He informed me there were 110 miles of workable ground that was valuable on the Stewart and he had great expectations as to the future.

"While in Seattle on July 25 I had quite a talk with Mr. Hawkins, who assured me everything for the creeks railway was in good shape and that all delays were at an end. It was then a question with him which one of the two propositions he would accept, and I learned by wire at Skagway that he had closed with one of them and that the rails and other equipment were being forwarded at once. That the road will be built this fall I regard as an absolute certainty."

In speaking of the business of his department in the White Pass this year Mr. Lee said it had been very satisfactory their tonnage for the present season exceeding that of last

Read and Learn.

If you want to keep up with the times it will be necessary to read the daily papers. This holds good the world over. If you are inclined to be economical read the advertisements. By so doing you can save many a dollar.

Cribbs, the druggist, is too modest to blow his own horn, but just the same he has everything you want in the drug line, toilet articles, etc., at virtually outside prices (freight added). Call and be convinced.

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

GOOD GOODS

IN FANCY AND STAPLE

GROCERIES

AT

DES BRISAY & COMPY

Successors to MILNE Telephone 79

FIRST AVENUE

New China

All Nicely Decorated and Gilded in Newest Shapes and Designs.

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

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

PALMER BROS.

HaveRemoved.. . to

McDonald Hotel Corner.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily.
Yearly, in advance \$30.00
Per month by carrier in city in advance 3.00
Single copies 25
Semi-Weekly.
Yearly, in advance \$24.00
Six months 12.00
Three months 6.00
Per month by carrier in city in advance 2.00
Single copies 25

NOTICE.

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

LETTERS

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

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



THE STREET RAILWAY QUESTION.

It would be advisable, if by any means it can be accomplished, for the city council to ascertain definitely what the plans of the creek railroad company are, before deciding upon the matter of granting a street railway franchise. Of one thing the council may rest in perfect assurance, viz., the citizens and taxpayers of Dawson do not desire that the city shall be sidetracked for the benefit of Klondike City, when the much heralded railroad is built. That question has been threshed out repeatedly and there is an unanimous feeling among the people that the railroad should be brought directly into this city. If that object can be accomplished it is the desire of the community that steps in that direction be taken without unnecessary delay. It will by no means be satisfactory to the people of Dawson to know that the railroad company intends establishing its headquarters at Klondike City and leaving Dawson to make connections therewith as best it may.

If, however, such is the company's determination there is nothing to be gained by delaying the granting of a franchise to others who may be prepared to expend large sums in the construction of a street railway. Such an enterprise projected at this time would contribute materially toward throwing life and activity into local business, a consummation which is most devoutly and earnestly to be desired.

WELCOME, A. B.'S.

The grand camp of the Arctic Brotherhood convenes in Dawson today, a fact which the Nugget recognizes with much pleasure. To the visiting delegates we extend the heartiest of welcomes with the hope added that their stay in our city though short will be a most pleasant one.

The well known hospitality of the local members of the order furnishes the assurance that the guests of the local camp will be well cared for, but the public also has a deep interest in the affairs of the order and the visiting delegates may rest assured that their presence in the city is a source of general pleasure and satisfaction.

The Arctic Brotherhood has attained great strength in the north, by reason of the objects which it seeks to accomplish. It has brought hundreds of men within reach of social environments whose lives otherwise would be extremely lonesome and in many ways has contributed toward making the sojourn of its members in the north both pleasurable and profitable. The Nugget bespeaks long life and success to the A. B.'s.

If the same care is exercised in the choice of delegates to the coming

convention by the remaining primary meetings as was shown at Grand Forks, the assembly of August 23 will be able to make a strong appeal for the support of the territorial electorate. The most important thing to be guarded against is the possibility of having a convention pledged in advance to some wire puller who cannot command the respect or confidence of the community. Such a misfortune would be fatal to the purposes of the convention.

Seattle has waxed fat and wealthy from Klondike gold while Dawson has been permitted to suffer the consequences of restrictive legislative enactments. It seems remarkable but it is nevertheless a fact that the Yukon council has played directly into the hands of the enterprising Sound metropolis.

It is altogether probable that deputy minister Smart will bring with him the long-delayed writ of election. The treatment the Yukon has received in this connection is on a par with the manner in which the minister of public works has dealt with the telegraph operators.

Dawson is suffering from an overdose of blue legislation. Had the Yukon council kept its hands off of local matters and permitted the city authorities to deal therewith the situation would be entirely different.

The city council is making an effort to secure authority for the appointment of a municipal judge. Whence this sudden spirit of independence?

Statement Corrected

In a recent issue of the Nugget in reporting a protest that is being heard in the gold commissioner's court over a quarter interest in 59 below on Hunker formerly owned by Thos. Dolan, the statement was made that Dolan's power of attorney was held by Leroy Tozier, who had effected the sale. It has since been learned that such is not the case. The power of attorney in question was held by Edward Dolan, the comedian, a brother of the vendor, and it was he who made the sale instead of Mr. Tozier.

Cholera Panic in Cairo.

Cairo, July 26.—A panic prevails in the city on account of the cholera outbreak. The visitation is one of the most severe experienced for some time. The British garrison has been removed, with the exception of a small detail, to the open desert, where the troops are now encamped. Up to last night there were twenty new cases, making 124 cases to date and twenty-four deaths.

There are also many suppressed cases reported. Many of the natives are attacked in the street and die in a few minutes. The drinking fountains have been closed.

The scare has caused serious depression, both in the cotton and the financial markets.

Unimportant Demonstrations

Manila, July 27.—The anti-friar demonstration, which the municipal government had been informed was to be held here today, proved to be unimportant. The police forbade the holding of a procession and the reserves were assembled for the purpose of maintaining order. The leaders of the movement conducted a meeting at the Zorilla theater, but no disorder occurred. At the conclusion of the meeting which was not largely attended, owing to the storm which prevailed, the crowd dispersed quietly.

William Filer, a steel worker, shot and killed his wife and Harry Bennett, a machinist, at Steelton, Pa. It is alleged Filer was jealous of Bennett's attentions to his wife. The murderer escaped.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

Great Reductions In Prices!

SAILOR HATS

From 50 Cents Up.

DRESS GOODS

At Half Price.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT-ST. Phone 101-B

Hunker Claim Sold

Yesterday at noon Sheriff Ellbeck sold at public auction in satisfaction of a mortgage foreclosed by O. H. Clark, administrator of the estate of the late Thos. McMullen, 35A below on Hunker owned by Victor Schreyer and George Remillard. The mortgage with costs amounted to about \$3500. The claim is a fraction 395 feet in length and has always been considered a rich piece of ground though those familiar with the claim state it has been pretty well gophered out. The terms of the sale were 20 per cent. cash and the balance on or before August 12. There were quite a number of people present at the sale but the bidding was confined principally to two persons, Walter Wensky and T. J. Hartley. The first bid was \$2000, which was quickly raised to \$2050. Under the persuasive eloquence of the affable sheriff the bidding soon became lively the jumps sometimes being \$50 and then again \$100 at a time. The property was finally knocked down to Mr. Hartley for \$3800, who it was said was acting on behalf of one of the large companies. Enough having been secured to more than satisfy the mortgage the machinery on the claim was not offered for sale.

Perilous Voyage of Thetis

Nome, July 15.—The United States revenue cutter Thetis, Capt. Michael Healy, reached Nome today after her thirty-day cruise among the ice floes of Bering Straits and the Arctic Ocean in search of the imperiled steamers Portland and Jeanie. The Thetis undertook this hazardous voyage, leaving Nome June 15, following the heavy ice line along the western coast until June 25, when Cape Prince of Wales was reached.

At this point the straits presented a solidly blocked appearance, with an immense ice-field piled higher than the decks of the Thetis and extending unbroken to the Siberian shore, save one channel of perhaps five miles in width, where a strong current was carrying the ice-floes to the unknown north.

Into this possibly disastrous, ice-crushing torrent the Thetis sailed, and, crushed and jammed tight within the grip of the awful ice-pack, started on her now compulsory voyage to the relief of the imprisoned steamers.

This polar current carried them north by northeast without finding anything but a vast, unbroken expanse of grinding ice until Point Hope was sighted. At this time sufficient open water was found to change the course of the vessel to the westward and by a zig-zag course made with the hopes of being able to find the Arctic prisoners, the cutter reached Cape Serge, Siberia, on June 30. Receiving no information at this point, the brave officers and crew again put to sea and recrossed the straits to Point Hope. Leaving the Alaskan coast after following the ice line for two days to sea, they sighted and spoke a whaler and gladly received the news of the safety of the ships and their return to Nome.

In the North Eleven Years.

Nome, July 15.—Mr. W. T. Lopp, wife and six small children were passengers on the Ohio from Nome, to which vessel they were transferred from the United States revenue cutter Thetis, coming from her thirty days' cruise in search of the missing steamers Portland and Jeanie. Mr. Lopp and his family came aboard the Thetis at Cape Prince of Wales where he had been located for eleven years in the missionary work among the Eskimos.

This interesting group of children creates much interest as they appear in their northern costumes, dressed as they are in fur parkas and fancy Eskimo mukluks, their ages ranging from 12 years to a 10-months-old baby with its parka of snow-white fox skin.

Mr. Lopp desires to remain in the States in order that he may educate his children, the advantage of which he is deprived of in his far-away northern home.

Mr. Lopp enjoys the distinction of being the proprietor and editor of "the only yearly newspaper in the world," besides being published at the most northerly point. He is a graduate of Hanover College, Indiana, and a member of Delta Tau Delta Greek fraternity.

As only two of his children were ever in the States, the parents will leave them in Washington during the summer rather than subject them to the heat of Indiana and the east, where it is their intention to visit until fall, after which Mr. Lopp and his wife will return to Washington, their future home.

Magistrates of New York

New York, July 28.—Mayor Low today appointed Jos. Deuel, LeRoy B. Crane and Matthew B. Breen city magistrates for ten years at a salary of \$7,000 beginning January 1, 1903. Magistrates Deuel and Crane succeeded themselves, while Magistrate Breen succeeds Henry A. Braun.

FEED! FEED! FEED!

NOW IN STOCK

Hay, Oats, Cracked Corn, Whole Corn, Bran, Shorts, Chop Feed, Rolled Barley, Oil Cake Meal.

Our prices on feed will interest you, especially if you are a large purchaser.

..N. A. T. & T. COMPANY..

A Kingly King

London, July 26.—Will King Edward be crowned on August 9? is the supreme question in London.

At present the king is not able to stand, though he is getting along finely, and but for his desire to be crowned at an early date, his ultimate recovery would be certain. He enjoys life on the royal yacht and keeps up a lively interest in public affairs, which he today talked over with the premier, Mr. Balfour, and other members of the cabinet. But he has a serious ailment as yet unhealed. He cannot stand, so how can he mount the throne in Westminster Abbey wearing the heavy coronation robes and receive on his head so long recumbent, on a bed of illness the weight of the royal crown.

Up to about five weeks ago King Edward was regarded as a thorough man of the world, an able, practical, courteous gentleman with nothing of the hero in his make-up. Indeed it seemed absurd to connect him with anything more heroic than a speech from the throne or the dedication of a monument, yet in this long pathetic struggle with a terrible illness, this brave man, resolute to wear his mother's crown, even if death should come the next moment, looms up as one of the heroic figures of English history as a worthy descendant of William the Conqueror and the Bruces. It is earnestly hoped that the struggle will not end in a tragedy.

Chinese Are Restless

San Francisco, July 26.—A highbinder reign of terror is the newest phase of Chinatown life. This lawless element holds the gambling and even the respectable element of the Chinese quarter in its grip and whenever it squeezes the victims must pay tribute or there is murder done.

A deputation of "gun men" from the See Yip federation of Tongts last Wednesday visited the private club-rooms of the "Big Eight," who control all the gambling and lottery interests in the quarter and demanded a lump sum of \$2,000. They announced that if this amount was not forthcoming within a stipulated time some of the boss gamblers would "lie down in the street," which is a polite Chinese way of saying they would be murdered. Now the boss gamblers are hovering between a revolver and the bank, for although they do not relish the idea of being shot down by the See Yip gunmen they likewise do not wish to be blackmailed for a large slice of their season's profits.

While they were considering the matter last Wednesday night, however, the Chinatown squad of police was held in the vicinity two hours after the regular quitting time in the anticipation of some highbinder outbreak.

This is not all. Another gang of highbinders visited one of the prominent Chinese merchants on Dupont street yesterday and demanded \$200. This was refused and they went away muttering threats of vengeance. This action has aroused the merchants of the district and they are wondering what to expect next.

The present highbinder restiveness is attributed partially to the dull season of the year now, when most of the Chinese money spenders are out of town, but more particularly to the action of the boss gamblers. These eight Chinese formed a protective association some months ago to combat the ravages of highbinder blackmailing, but they were soon beaten at their own game and forced to pay tribute regularly to the Tongts. These eight are Chan Chung, Boek Oye, Wong Took, Wong You, Jim Wong, Quar Bun, Quan Hing and a brother of San Jose Charlie.

It was only a few days ago that the highbinders by tobbing a number of gambling clubs compelled these eight to submit to the monthly extortion.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Treatment of Leprosy.

Washington, July 26.—Experiments in the treatment of leprosy are being conducted at the Medical Missionary Society's Hospital, at Canton, China, by Dr. Adolph Rezag, a noted specialist of Vienna, Austria. United States Consul McWade, at Canton, has forwarded a preliminary report to the secretary of state which was furnished him by Dr. Swan of the hospital staff. The report says: "After carefully considering the matter and obtaining the approval of our board of hospital managers to lend Dr. Rezag what aid we could, we have admitted three marked cases of leprosy into an isolated room and have given the doctor what aid we could in providing suitable conditions for the treatment of these cases. Every precaution has been taken against infections from these cases, which in twenty-four hours' time have begun to show signs of improvement. From Dr. Rezag's intelligent methods of treatment and the enthusiasm he shows in the management of these cases, I am led to believe that gratifying results will be obtained. I may add that one or two physicians will be associated with myself in the observations made in connection with these cases, also that there are no secret or proprietary remedies used nor any methods of treatment followed that would be

in the least detrimental to the welfare of the patient.

"Pictures have been taken of the three cases now under treatment and it is said that a full report will be made of these and other cases that are likely to come under treatment to a general medical congress which meets a few months hence in Vienna. Later on I shall be pleased to report to you more fully what has actually been accomplished. The self-denying efforts of Dr. Rezag, freely made on behalf of a class of people subject to living death, are, I think, worthy of admiration and support and we shall be pleased to further his efforts in any way that we can."

See Bittner's Parish Priest; Auditorium—Thursday.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

There May be Others

But I have a full line of groceries which I am offering at prices that will meet all competitors.

T. W. Grennan
GROCER
King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

Regular Service on Stewart River

STR. PROSPECTOR

WILL SAIL

Monday, August 11th, 8:00 p. m.

For Duncan's Landing

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

... ESTABLISHED 1898 ...

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

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

The White Pass & Yukon Route

(THE BRITISH YUKON NAVIGATION CO.)

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

Str. Whitehorse Will Sail for Whitehorse **Thurs'd'y, Aug. 7**
4:00 P. M.

Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway.
J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson.
J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Week Day Service	CARIBOU..... 9:30 a. m.
GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Dome..... 9 a. m.	7 BELOW L. DOMINION..... 9:30 a. m.
GRAND FORKS..... 9 a. m. 1 and 5 p. m.	Sunday Service
HUNKER..... 9:30 a. m.	GRAND FORKS..... 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

STR. CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE

MONDAY, AUGUST 11th, AT 8:00 P. M.

FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY

FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

The Troubles of Lovers

It may be, probably is, true, as the poets say, that all the world loves a lover. And why not? The lover has it coming. In bestowing a little sympathetic affection the great world is making no particularly marked concessions, for the lover, as a matter of fact, deserves to be loved. He needs a little universal love to soften the hard places and round the rough corners of his lot.

Being in love is a common condition. Being happily in love is quite a different matter. Considered from the point of view of the idealist there is nothing more sublime than the establishment of a mental clearing house whose mission is to receive and reciprocate affection. Theorists tell us that it is good to love and good to be loved, and this doctrine is popular because a majority of people love at one time or another during their lives. Yet how many of them go through the fire without experiencing heart aches and the pang of regret?

Trouble seems to be the lot of a great many lovers. Surely no one would be so daring as to declare that all persons, whose hearts are not their own, are constantly beset by vexatious incidents, yet one needs only to look about to learn that love and bliss are not necessarily analogous. Some of the troubles of lovers—many of them, in fact—are only slight, but they knit the brow and produce—worry, nevertheless, and that is why the world should, as a matter of common justice, love a lover.

An incident occurring recently in Charlotte, Tenn., goes to prove the assertion that love is not all roses. Robert Sutherland and Miss Lorena Foster wanted to get married, and, as is sometimes the case, the girl's parents objected. Naturally, this made no difference, for the modern couple is not disposed to waste time in securing the parental blessing. Sutherland and Miss Foster eloped in the middle of the night, and, as might be expected, they were in a great hurry when they left the Foster homestead. In her excitement the bride forgot her shoes—a foolish thing for her to do, but she did it—and when she and Sutherland presented themselves at the squire's office they decided it would be bad luck for the girl to be married in her stocking feet.

Here John Sutherland, a brother of the groom to be, stepped in and offered to return to the Foster home and recover the shoes. It was then 5 o'clock in the morning, but the young man summoned courage to his aid and set out for the Fosters'. When he arrived there Monroe Foster, father of the bride, was wending his way out into the garden to kill a rabbit that had been destroying his cabbages. The venerable Mr. Foster carried a large double barreled shotgun slung across his shoulder, and as he walked along he was softly whistling. "I see looking for dat bully, an' he must be foun'." John Sutherland the hero, heard him. He also saw the big gun with its cavernous barrels. He was then within a few yards of the house, bent upon securing Miss Foster's shoes. It occurred to him that he might be mistaken for the bully, and without stopping to reason it out he faced about and established a new world's record for a 200 yards dash, with a leap over a six-foot tight board fence at the end of the course. But the wedding took place, even without the shoes, which goes to show that lovers absolutely don't care what happens to them.

Talk about the world loving a lover! Think of this case reported from Scottsville, Ky. Thomas Jones the other evening was married to his wife. It was their second attempt, and Mrs. Jones, although but 20 years of age, has even a better record than that. She has been twice legally married to two different men, which also goes to show that you never can tell.

But this isn't in the same category with what happened to George Sangloss of Larksville, Pa., and it apparently was love that got him into trouble, although in the light of tradition it is rather difficult to comprehend his case. In reality he played tag with tradition, for he eloped with his mother-in-law. The mother-in-law's name was Mrs. Helen Hestus, and the funny part of it is that when George and his wife began housekeeping five years ago Mrs. Hestus made herself so disagreeable that the young people were forced to divide their time between their own home and the homes of neighbors. This condition of affairs continued until a year ago, when Sangloss began to tolerate the old woman and finally cast longing glances at her across the dinner table.

At this juncture Mrs. Sangloss made a big mistake. She supposed that George and her mother were

just becoming acclimated, and didn't even venture a guess at the real state of affairs until she woke up one morning and found this note:

"Dearest Wife: I am gone. Your ma is my wife; she is all wright. When she dies, see if me and you can fix things up again. Please don't get marrit, because when your ma dies come back to you, mabe husband."

But on the question of trouble Wilson of Wichita, Kan., is in line for a ribbon. Unlike most lovers, however, his grievances are subject to redress if he can only convince the courts that Uncle Sam cheated him out of a wife, who, he estimates, would have been worth \$10,000 to him—rather a startling figure when the records of the divorce courts are taken into account. Wilson's sweetheart was Miss Ada N. Smith of Oklahoma City, O. T. They were to have been married, but he claims that the ceremony was prevented by the negligence of the Kansas City mail service.

He was to have met his sweetheart at Cherokee, Kan., and they were to have been married at the home of a relative there. He secured the marriage license in Winfield, that is, he paid the clerk there to issue it and send it on to Cherokee to him. In the meantime he went to Cherokee to meet his bride to be.

The date of the wedding arrived, but the license did not. He wired the clerk of the probate court at Winfield, who said that the license had been forwarded all O. K. He then went to the postoffice at Cherokee and asked for his mail. There was none given him. The girl was in a rage at him, and threatened to desert him at once. He begged her to wait another day. She did, and still another, but the necessary paper did not arrive.

They could have got one at Cherokee, but she was furious at his alleged negligence, and said that if the one from Winfield did not arrive she would never marry him. After waiting four days it did not come, and she went home. Two days later the necessary envelope was handed to him, having been delayed in transmission.

Arthur Curphy and Jessie Stewart of South Chicago also had their own troubles in getting married, and it looked for a time as though they were in for a siege of it, but stage-like everything turned out happily in the end. It all began when Arthur and Jessie eloped to Crown Point, Ind., and were married. Then they went back to South Chicago, and there probably would have been no trouble at all if Arthur hadn't made up his mind that he ought to possess a fortune. He went out to look for the fortune and the young bride followed him across the threshold to look for a warrant. Arthur was arrested and escorted into a police court, the bride's heart failed her and she joined with her husband in pleading for mercy. In order to make the story good the court was kind hearted and sent the youthful couple away hand in hand with their faces wreathed in smiles.

Iron and Steel
Washington, July 27.—The phenomenal development of the iron and steel industry of the United States led the British Iron Trade Association to appoint a commission last year to inquire into the industrial conditions and competition of the United States. The report of that commission, which has been recently presented, is briefly reviewed by the London Commercial Intelligence, a copy of which has just reached the treasury bureau of statistics. It says:

"It is, indeed, a marvelous, and to the British manufacturer and trader, in some respects a most discouraging story. The British Iron Trade commission gives details of the mineral resources of the United States as affecting that fundamental industry—the manufacture of iron and steel; shows the extraordinary richness of the principal fields of coal, iron ore, and kindred metals, and demonstrates by concrete examples how the natural inventiveness of the American has enabled him to apply to the operations of production and distribution a wealth of original ideas and methods that are as yet little known in Europe. It is also made manifest how on land, on lake, on river and on canal the American people have applied their minds to the solution of the conditions and problems of cheap transportation, until they have at last attained a level of rates and charges such as we have hardly had any experience of on this side of the Atlantic.

"It is not, however, to be supposed that the triumphs of the American people in these matters have been achieved without effort. Much testimony is borne to the fact that

in the conditions of organization and administration, in their dealings with labor, in the confidence and enterprise with which they have embarked on industrial operations of great magnitude, in the efforts made to adapt themselves to new conditions, in the eagerness, at home and abroad, and in the care and attention given to the successful cultivation of foreign markets, the American people have labored strenuously for many years, until labor, ingenuity and enterprise have become their most distinguishing characteristics. When one has appreciated all that the Americans have done for themselves, it is neither natural nor reasonable to grudge them the success which has attended their labors."

For Use of the Navy.

Washington, July 27.—The navy department having decided to equip the fighting system of the American navy with a system of wireless telegraphy, within a few days a board, consisting probably of five members, will be appointed to investigate the whole subject, to decide the system to be installed and to work out plans for the education and training of men to operate aboard the ships. Lieut. Hudgins, who was sent abroad several months ago to examine the various systems in use in Europe, and to bring back with him apparatus for working them, is expected to return shortly and will give the board the benefit of his experiments.

The department has already taken time by the forelock and a number of enlisted men with a knowledge of electricity have been selected for future detail in connection with the operation of this system of communication.

Insurgent Records

Washington, July 27.—The insurgent bureau of the war department has cabled to Manila for all the captured insurgent records. These with the records already in possession of the bureau, are to be compiled by Capt. J. R. M. Taylor, of the Fourteenth infantry, who translated many of the documents captured from the Filipinos. The compilation will make a record of the insurrection against the United States. As the work progresses it may be extended to include the main features of the Filipino insurrection against the Spaniards in 1896.

Job printing at Nugget office.

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

J. D. McGregor Greeting His Friends

Was First License Inspector of the Territory—Says Is Out of Politics.

J. D. McGregor, the first license inspector Dawson ever had and one of the most popular of the officials of the old days, arrived on the Yukoner last night direct from his old home in Brandon. When seen this morning he was in the office of his brother, Colin McGregor, and he resembled the same old sixpence so familiarly known in the palmy times of '98.

"No, sir," said he in response to a query put by a Nugget man concerning the probable date of the Dominion election, "I have been out of politics for two years, been down on the ranch, and I don't know a thing about what is going on at Ottawa. I have not seen Mr. Sifton since last winter and, in fact, don't know exactly where he is at present. Have come inside this summer strictly on private business and shall remain but a short time.

"When at Whitehorse on my way down I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Ross and had a few moments conversation with him but was not allowed to mention business in any manner whatever. In the past few days he has picked up wonderfully fast and all the physicians unite in saying that his complete recovery is only a question of a few months absolute rest and he will be himself again. He has almost entirely recovered his speech, though he still

New Collars, New Ties, New Belts,
JUST OPENED AT
SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

Job printing at Nugget office.

speaks with some effort. Two weeks from today, the 19th, is the day set for his departure for Victoria and I shall leave here in time to accompany him down on the trip.

"Dawson looks good to me, particularly after hearing on the outside that the town was almost deserted and that people were leaving on every boat as fast as they can get away. Things seem lively to me and as soon as business has settled down to a more stable basis Dawson will be as good a town as there is in Canada, for years and years to come."

Greatest of all—Bittner's Company
—Parish Priest—Auditorium—Thursday.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

\$50 Reward.

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

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

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The Unmasking of Darro

When Buxton, the English correspondent, called that evening on Miss Blanche Kershaw, for the fifth time in four days, he found Darro sitting with her.

The two men were introduced, and almost the first thing Buxton said was, "I suppose you spell your name like the Derreus at home—the dauntless Derreus, they're called in my county—D-e-r-r-e-u."

It was dark, and the three were gathered on the porch of the Kershaw residence, where no artificial light served to reveal the breadth of the smile with which Miss Kershaw greeted this remark. Darro was a rather undersized man, with eyeglasses, extensive college antecedents and decided literary tastes, so far as his conversation might indicate.

"I certainly do not," he said in his habitual weary drawl. "Life is too short. I spell my name just as it is pronounced—D-a-r-r-o—and I am far from dauntless."

"By jove, how odd!" said Buxton. "I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreuly Manor. I was born in that neighborhood myself; name's pronounced exactly like yours. And there's an old rhyme dating from goodness knows when:
"Brand nor halbert, lance nor arrow,
Checketh charge of dauntless Derre-
reu."
"Then I'm quite sure I can't be of kin," Darro persisted. "I'm afraid of everything, from Mausers to mice."
The hostess laughed.

"At least you ought to be ashamed to make such a confession to a Britisher, Mr. Darro. Think of our national reputation."
"I do. I think it brutal. Physical courage, if it ever was a desirable quality, lost all its recommendations centuries ago."
"By jove!" Buxton exclaimed. "You must pardon me if I seem a little unprepared for all this. You know I was a correspondent with your army at Santiago."
"That was where you met our forceful friend Wickley," said Darro. "To whom I owe the delightful privilege of Miss Kershaw's acquaintance."
"You have every reason to be grateful to Wickley; but, for all that, I consider him an American of an objectionable type."
All of this Miss Kershaw seemed to be enjoying in a quiet way. Then they talked of other things till Darro left them.

"That's a most interesting double enigma," said Buxton. "An American and a Darro, you know."
"I hope you'll stay with us until you find a solution of him. Mr. Darro's ambition to be thought timid is notorious here."
"Isn't it a very singular ambition?"
"Very. That may be the solution of the enigma."
A pause, and then Buxton mustered up courage to ask, "Miss Kershaw, you couldn't—ah—feel interested in a man like that?"
"I don't know. Brave men are so common with us, and, you know, I rather like exotics."
Buxton hardly enjoyed the suspicion that this girl found him interesting as a rarity and that she valued the timid Darro proportionately higher as he was the rarer. Then, again, he felt chilled at the thought that she could possibly entertain a degenerate taste for cowards.

Buxton's sojourn in the place was uncertain. A wire from his chief in London might any day send him on to San Francisco or back to New York, so he made up his mind to ask Wickley about it that very night.

This was easy enough, for they occupied rooms in the same hotel, but hard on Wickley, who had just fallen asleep when the Englishman's knock caused him to dream that the place was on fire. The interview was unsatisfactory to both parties, Buxton only obtaining the assurance that Darro was a crank, with a forcible recommendation to go for further information either to the man himself or to the father of all lies, while Wickley fell asleep again with the vague idea that the correspondent was preparing an article on "The American Coward."

So it came about that Darro, on his way to his uncle's law office, was hailed by Wickley.

"Say, Darro, you want to let up on that timid poppycock of yours. All very well to give home folks that old song, but don't try it on an English newspaper correspondent."
"I suppose you mean Buxton. Has he already told you of our conversation last night?"
"Told me! He may have told it to all the English newspapers by this time. He woke me up at midnight to ask me if it were true."
For a moment Darro looked pale enough for his favorite part.

"Did he tell you where we met?"

"I suppose it was at Blanche Kershaw's. He seems smitten in that quarter, and I know he was going there last night."
Darro managed to recover his meek pose. "You know, Wickley, I don't think much of physical courage."
"All right, then. I only hope Buxton will mention your name in his story. We don't want the whole city to get that sort of reputation."
Darro was disturbed. His uncle noticed it when he entered the office and demanded the cause.

"There's an Englishman here—"
Before he could finish the door of the outer office opened, and Buxton, fresh and cheerful, entered. Darro was with him in a moment, showing a most abnormal eagerness for the meeting.

"Oh, here you are!" said Buxton. "You'll pardon my coming here during business hours, won't you? I've got to start for California this evening—wire from London just reached me—but before I go I want you to tell me (we English newspaper men like to be accurate and full) where you were during the Spanish war."
"I was in the law school of a western university when the war began," said Darro.

"Michigan, eh? Thanks. Enlisted in the Michigan volunteers under the name of Dobbs. Remember the day you sneaked out from under cover and brought in that wounded boy when the sharpshooters were swarming in the mango trees?"
Judge Mason was by this time an attentive listener to the conversation. The office boy also listened and gaped.

"My name is Darro, Mr. Buxton," said the pattern of peacefulness, struggling with himself.

"But it used to be Dobbs in 1898, just for a few weeks. It will make an awfully pretty story for my paper. Odd I didn't begin to think of the resemblance until—"
"You're not going to put my name in the paper?"
"Story won't be any good without it. 'Brand nor halbert—'"
Before the Englishman could repeat any more of the ancient rhyme Darro had him by the throat. It might have ended in strangulation had not the others interferred.

"Oh, the whole thing is clear now beyond the shadow of a doubt," said Buxton when he was saying goodby to Blanche Kershaw that afternoon. "First I began to think of the likeness last night lying awake. When I saw him this morning, it was palpable. Then when he flew at my throat—doesn't weigh as much as I by thirty pounds—why, that settled it."
"For you, I dare say," said Blanche. "For me there was nothing to settle."
"You never believed all that talk of his?"
"Of course not. Still, all of us, ought to be very grateful for unmasking him."
"And what do I get?" the Englishman asked.

"My sincere thanks. Sorry I have nothing better to offer."
"The exposed impostor gets the higher reward? Is that justice?"
"I don't know. Bon voyage!"

Dick Raymond's Plan.

That was a cold day for Dick Raymond when he was refused a pass on the road over which he had traveled free the greater part of his life, and for some time he could not, would not, believe that the negative was absolute and irrevocable. He argued with himself that there must be some mistake. But when he had appealed from the superintendent to the president of the road and found his appeal in vain, when he had been informed by all the officials in turn that no further privileges in the way of free transportation would be given him, he was a sorely disappointed man.

He acquired the pass habit in a severely chronic form. It had become acute. To be compelled to pay for a benefit to which he felt entitled seemed to him a great injustice. The many privileges he had enjoyed in the past did not console him now. Dick was a compositus mentis, his friends apologetically said that he was not "all there."

It might be well to explain why Dick Raymond considered himself eligible to the privileges of free transportation. It began twenty years ago, when Chicago was more of a village than at present, and railroad passes encouraged travelers to advertise facilities of travel. Dick was a newsgatherer on a country newspaper which had weight in its community. He had a vivid imagination and a facile pen, and pleased the officials of a most important railroad, one of the oldest in the west. He was a young man who had plenty of that commodity known as "cheek" or "brass" in those days,

now classed as "nerve." The suavity of his manner and his interesting method as a writer of topics of value in railroad circles saved him from becoming a bore, but he sometimes exceeded his privileges, as when he asked the general superintendent of the railroad for a pass for himself and brother. That official sat back in his desk chair and looked at Dick, who never changed countenance at the sarcastic question:

"I know what you have done for the road, Mr. Raymond, but may I ask what your brother is doing?"

Dick had the saving grace at that moment of absolute silence. The superintendent saw that the young man was conscious of the fact that he had gone too far, but, like all railroad men of that day, who had known hard lines themselves, he was good-natured and kind-hearted, and he made out the pass when at a social gathering of railroad magnates, where stories came in at the wine and walnut course, he told the story as an illustration of colossal cheek, and another official of the same road asked:

"Did he tell you about that brother?"

"Not a word."
"He was a cripple from his birth and Dick has brought him up by hand, the mother dying when the boy was an infant. Dick is very kind to the youngster, and I am told remains single for his sake. He is something of a hero as well as a hustler."
As the years went on Dick found it hard to round that circuit of labor which he described metaphorically as making both ends meet. And he had only one poor talent which he made the most of; on all other lines he was dull and hopeless. Long after the time had passed when he was of use to the railroad he received his passes and then the system changed, new men owned the line, and trains no longer stopped on the crossings to pick up individuals on the signal of a waving hat or handkerchief. Dick was no longer the only scribe in the local ink puddle. There were others who had greater influence. The officials laughed at him when he demanded a pass that he might bring his scraps of news to the city newspapers and collect his small dues without paying toll. They quoted scripture to him, "Though they roar they shall not pass," and he was compelled to use his small stock of money on hand to buy a ticket. Yes, he actually stood at the ticket window, and was snapped at by the ticket agent for standing there asking questions and delaying traffic.

He read the precious bit of paper as he walked out of the depot—he was not returning home until the next day—and as he did so a thought struck him with unusual force. He would get even with the railroad. Honestly, too. He went and hunted up an accident insurance company and had his life insured, paying the first premium and taking out his policy. If injured he was to have a certain sum every week until well, and if he died more money than he had ever dreamed of having, and the beneficiary was his crippled brother.

Dick had grown old and gray, but he kept his good heart and his foolish smile, wore cheap clothes and gave his crippled ward every comfort, but no one knew except one other and himself what a "demition" struggle life had been. And it looked darker than ever as he started home penniless. Started, but did not go there. It is always the unexpected that happens, yet this was the very thing which Dick was planning for, but not in such a hurry. A rear end collision with a milk train sent him to the best hospital in the city, and his insurance paid all his expenses, including the crippled brother. And the railroad did the rest, the corporation lawyer waiting on the sufferer with a proposition of settlement on the most generous terms. Whereas, if Dick had been riding on a pass the company would have been exonerated from blame or obligation.

His friends visited him at the hospital, finding him in splints and bandages, his head bound up, one eye badly damaged, but a smile six inches across his visage.

"Did you ever hear of such luck?" he asked cheerfully. "It seems too good to be true. All my expenses paid, and damages till I can't rest. Why, if I'd got the pass, I wanted I'd have been ruined, but I can tell you I felt mighty bad over it—when I didn't get it. And I wouldn't have had a cent of damages. And now Jimmy and I can live like fighting cocks for the rest of our days. And I tell you I did get even with the road, and there isn't any jury can say I was a contributory cause either. Negligence. Not on my part. It's just the biggest piece of luck I ever had in my life."—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

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

Mrs. Ludwig received a shipment of elegant clothing from the

SEATTLE BLACK CAPS

Work Havoc on an Unlicensed Joint

Proprietors Will Bring Suit to Recover Damages—Stock Was Destroyed.

Seattle, July 28.—A mob of sixty or more armed men, many of them disguised with paint and burnt cork, raided an alleged blind pig in the Occidental bath house at West Seattle late Saturday night. When the mob had ceased operations the place was a total wreck. Broken furniture and glass was strewn about the place and not a drop of liquor was left.

The resort was operated by J. H. Brown and M. M. Dee, who are said to have been partners of "Soapy" Smith when the latter was in Skagway. West Seattle, it is said, had refused to grant the place a license, and the men were arrested for operating without one. They were released on giving bonds of \$100 apiece not to repeat the offense.

About 11 o'clock Saturday night City Marshal Lemonds, of West Seattle, went to the Occidental bath house and arrested Dee on a warrant charging him with conducting a blind pig. On returning again to the place with a similar warrant for J. H. Brown, the other member of the firm, he found it occupied by a mob of about sixty determined men. Many members of the mob were armed with axes. On remonstrating with them Lemonds was told that they intended to destroy nothing but the stock and fixtures of the place, and that interference on his part would be useless.

He then hunted up Brown, who, he says, tried to escape by locking himself in a room. Lemonds followed him there and placed him under arrest. Had he not removed the man immediately from the place it is believed that he would have been roughly handled, as the mob was in an unpleasant humor.

The raiders immediately began their work. Dozens of glasses were smashed. The necks were broken from all the liquor bottles and the contents poured out. All the furniture, including a large sized mirror, was destroyed, and by the time the mob had completed its efforts the place was a complete wreck. The work could hardly have been more thoroughly carried out.

As part of the property is outside the city limits, the proprietors are said to have applied to the county for a license as well as to West Seattle. This, Marshal Lemonds explained, they did not obtain, as the county could not license a saloon within a mile of the city limits.

In speaking of the affair Marshal Lemonds said:

"It is evident from Saturday night's demonstration that the people of West Seattle are determined to do away with the unlicensed sale of liquor. I do not know who was in the mob, as I did not have a chance to recognize any of them, but I believe it was composed chiefly of representative citizens. Until I returned from arresting Dee I did not know that there was any such movement on foot. I suppose that in some way they discovered the arrest of Dee and determined to do away with the place altogether. I recognized that interference on my part would have been useless and believe that the mob kept its word and destroyed nothing but the stock and fixtures of the saloon. Had I not secured Brown when I did I believe there would have been trouble, as the mob was in an ugly humor."

J. H. Brown, of the firm of Brown & Dee, owners of the raided place, declares that the raid was entirely unjustified. He said last night:

"Although we had a stock of liquors on hand at our place and were ready to sell them as soon as we obtained a license, we never sold a drop. We cannot see how anyone would believe that either Mr. Dee or myself would be so foolish as to sell liquor without a license and run the risk of losing all the fixtures and stock we had on hand for the summer trade. It would not have been good business."

"At the time we located at West Seattle we had a surveyor mark out the line of the city limits, which cut off a small corner of our place. In this small territory, which was in the city limits, we conducted our bath house and took care that even the soft drinks were sold there, so as to avoid trouble with the city.

"I believe that the main cause of

Judge Fry Dead.

Nome, July 12.—Judge D. L. Fry, a well known Seattle lawyer, formerly United States commissioner at Bluff City, died in Nome on the 8th inst. He was a passenger on the Nome City and during the trip drank heavily, refusing to partake of food. He was brought ashore in an unconscious condition and taken to the federal jail. Medical aid was summoned, but he never regained consciousness. Judge Fry leaves a wife and two daughters, who reside in Seattle. He was 60 years old and first came to Nome in 1900. The remains will be buried here.

(Judge Fry came to the northland in 1899, and during the winter of 1899-1900 he conducted the Globe, at Atlin, B.C., for Mr. J. T. Bethune, now of this city, and in the spring of the latter year he made the voyage from Caribou Crossing to Nome in a small sailing vessel.)

Life of Goethe

London, July 27.—An announcement of interest to the literary world is that Lord George Goschen, the former chancellor of the exchequer, who heretofore has been chiefly known as an authority on finance, is now working on a life of Goethe, of whose works he is a great admirer. He is said to have gathered together a mass of new material as the result of years of research.

O'Grady—What's all the noise of hear in th' pa-er?
Bridget—That's th' ping-pong racket.—Detroit Free Press.

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