

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

SEHLBREDE EXONERATED

Report at Skagway That Grand Jury Failed to Indict U. S. Commissioner Although Nothing Official Is Given Out—Sehlabrede Returns to Face His Accusers.

From Tuesday's Daily. Charges against him were trumped up by a Skagway attorney who has been reprimanded by the U. S. Commissioner very severely on several occasions.

HER SHAFT, BROKEN

Cottage City's Mishap a Slight One.

Oct. 22.—The steamer City which was reported days ago on Queen Charlotte...

Look for Him at Horkan's.

Horkan's Standard library is headquarters for everybody and everything.

ENGINEER THIBEDEAU

Reports Progress Made on Miller Creek Trail.

Word was received this morning from Engineer Thibedeau, in charge of the construction of the Miller creek trail...

BANK BOYS' NEW CLUB

The Old Banking Room Is Being Suitably Furnished.

The old Bank of Commerce building adjoining the gold commissioner's office is undergoing a transformation...

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VALDES RAILROAD

Exhaustive Examination as to Its Feasibility Has Been Completed.

NO GREAT OBSTACLES ENCOUNTERED

Highest Altitude Has Been Fixed at 1700 Feet

ALL TIMBER IS NECESSARY

Can Be Secured on the Line of the Road—Cost of Road Will Average About \$15,000 Per Mile.

Seattle, Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—Recent advices received here from Valdes state that an exhaustive examination into the route of the proposed railroad has been made...

Engineer Gillette who went over the route for the Burlington line, fixes the highest altitude to be reached at 1700 feet.

Engineers Gillette and Henry, and Lieut. Abercrombie are agreed that the cost of construction will not exceed \$15,000 per mile.

DOLPHIN AT SKAGWAY

Brings 50 Passengers and 30 Tons Freight.

Skagway, Oct. 22.—The Dolphin arrive at four o'clock this afternoon with 50 passengers and only 30 tons of freight.

CHIEF ISAAC'S TROUBLE

Indian Chief Requests the Nugget to Make "Big Talk" for Himself and His People—Understands the Value of Printer's Ink—Wants People to Patronize Indians.

The Nugget office was honored yesterday afternoon by a call from Chief Isaac, head of the Moosehide Indians, and his uncle Charley, who has recently come up from Fortymile for the purpose of staying over the winter with Isaac.

Isaac brought with him a very long hard luck tale, which he asked the Nugget to place in the shape of a "big talk" before the people of Dawson.

Isaac possesses some very clear ideas, and he has a vigorous and forcible manner of expressing them.

Taken down with as much accuracy and as literally as possible, Isaac's protest against the existing order of things reads as follows:

"Long time ago no Dawson. No Indian then and all fat and big. Hunt all time. Plenty moose, plenty cariboo, plenty ptarmigan, plenty beaver.

Indians have lots eat and no sick. White man come and Indian die. White man kill moose, kill cariboo, kill ptarmigan, kill beaver. Indian must starve. Indians no longer strong, no longer fat. Have no money, no grub.

"Want you make big talk to all people. Tell white man Moosehide Indians make mittens, moccasins, caps, arrows. White men buy—then Indians have money for sugar, and tea and flour. White man have fine clothes, keep warm, cold no hurt. Indian no money, no clothes."

And so on for half an hour or more Isaac continued to pour forth the woes of his race into the ears of the sympathetic scribe.

The first masquerade of the season was given in the Exchange last night under the direction of Eddie Cowley and Frank Gardner.

See Cummings in "Mysterious Mr. Bugle" at New Savoy.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

BALLARD ROBBERY

Five Armed Men Holdup a Saloon in That Busy Little Town.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS

Secured Besides Two Watches and Other Valuables.

A MAN WAS ALSO ROBBED

M. J. Davis Held Up at Point of a Gun and Knocked Down—The Robbers Still at Large.

Ballard, Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—This town was the scene of a combined hold-up and robbery last night.

Five armed men held up a liquor store and secured one hundred and fifty dollars besides two watches and other valuables.

Later the same men attacked M. J. Davis, knocking him down and robbing him of all the money on his person.

RUSSEL RELEASED.

London, Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—Earl Russel has been released from prison, where he has spent a term of three months upon a charge of bigamy.

BOUND OVER.

Everett, Wash., Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—Henry Ferguson has been bound over for trial to answer a charge of piracy on Puget Sound.

ST. PAUL ARRIVES.

Seattle, Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—Steamer St. Paul arrived from Nome, bringing gold dust to the value of \$1,500,000, and 900 passengers.

GOOD SHAPE FOR WINTER

Dawson Water Company Prepared for Business. Those connected with the Dawson Water Company still maintain that their plant is in this season in better shape for the winter than ever before.

The social dance given last Friday by the Grand Forks social club at their hall, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

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

Prize Bowling Contest. From Oct. 21st to Oct. 24th, Monte Carlo bowling alley. Team contest, two men to team. Highest average score for five consecutive games. Prize one box imported cigars.

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LANCASTER TELLS HIS TALE

His Mind Gave Way and He Found Himself After Several Months in a Nevada Lumber Camp—Felt As Though He Was Under Hypnotic Influence.

From Tuesday's Daily. Denver, Oct. 16, via Skagway, Oct. 22.—Joseph Lancaster, the Dawson merchant who disappeared mysteriously from Seattle a year ago, has recovered sufficiently to tell a partial story of his wanderings.

ELDORADO AND BONANZA

What Has Taken Place Within the Past Week.

Jack Raymond of the Summit hotel made a flying trip to town last Saturday.

Fred Wonderlin took a bad fall last Sunday on Adam's Hill, cutting his left hand very badly in several places.

Work has been indefinitely stopped on 34 and 35 above Bonanza. The owners have not yet decided whether they will work this winter or not.

Clark & Lowe gave another of their popular dances last Friday night, which was largely attended.

Mr. Gilroy, the cook on No. 35 above on Bonanza, is in town. He will go back to resume his duties if they operate the claim this winter.

Mr. Ben Eddington, who did the cooking on No. 34 above Bonanza this summer, is in town taking a well earned rest.

Mr. Joseph Webb, the genial and pleasant proprietor of the Miner's Friend restaurant at Grand Forks, is a noted composer of poetry.

A large number of prospectors stampered last Sunday and Monday for Montana Gulch, tributary of Indian river.

The Emma Knott did not pass Big Salmon until after 8 o'clock this morning. She has two scows in tow, is making slow time and is not expected to arrive in Dawson much before Thursday afternoon.

IRREPRESSIBLE LITTLE ORA

Passed Five Fingers Coming to Dawson Today. Word was received today that the steamer Ora had passed Five Fingers this morning at 7:20.

Ames Mercantile Co. YOU might as well try to change the course of the Yukon river as to stop the mighty tide of people coming here to trade.

Ammunition Shot Gun, Rifle, Pistol.

Wheels Rambler, Cleveland, Monarch.

SHINDLER, THE HARDWARE MAN

SCHOOL SUPPLIES Cox & Cloes, Telephone 179.

Fresh POTATOES, ONIONS, EGGS OR FRUIT

MILNE GROCER Phone 79 First Avenue

Decorate Your Homes We Have a Nice Selection of

Palms in Jardinieres, Flowers and Ferns, Cut Glass Vases and Bric-a-brac.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED



CHIEF ISAAC.

DISPUTES SETTLED

Much Claim Litigation Now Before Gold Commissioner Senkler

WHO PERSONALLY VISITS PROPERTY

On Hunker Where Boundary Was in Question

A MIDNIGHT STAKING TRIP

What Mrs. Turner Testifies She Made Decision Given in Her Favor.

on Saturday and Monday's Daily.

In the gold commissioner's court today a number of decisions were handed down, the question at issue in nearly all of them being either that of priority of location or conflict in boundary lines.

There is a dispute between the claim above mentioned and the first claim on a tributary entering Eighty pup on its left limit.

No such custom prevails to our knowledge, in the Roman Catholic or Episcopal churches, nor is anything of the kind known in the legal or medical professions.

On the tombstone of our own good father, erected by his church and society, are the words: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and much people were added to the Lord."

Two of our best friends who, at the ages of 86 and 87 occasionally find time to call on us, are today managing their large financial investments with a skill which many younger men would do well to imitate.

We have had the pleasure of addressing many Methodist Episcopal audiences in northern, southern and western states, and the only thing in Methodism that ever came to us unpleasantly is this custom of calling their old bishops, who have given their lives lives to God's service, "superannuated."

It was once a common custom, on the tombstones of deceased widows, to describe them as being the relicts of their deceased husbands.

Manila in 1858. Manila is well planted and inhabited with Spaniards to the number of 600 or 700 persons, which dwell in a town unwall, which hath three or four small blockhouses, part made of wood and part of stone, being indeed of no great strength.

The hearing of the case of Alexander McCarter against Elizabeth Turner over the lower half of 33 above on Ophir creek, brought out a peculiar fact. Witnesses for plaintiff swore they saw Mrs. Turner both in the morning and evening on the day upon which she is alleged to have staked the ground; and on the other hand defendant's witnesses declare she was miles away on the evening in question.

The plaintiff in this case endeavored to show that Mrs. Turner did not stake the ground in dispute on the 21st of April last. Mrs. Chambers states that she saw Mrs. Turner on the 21st of April, both in the morning and evening.

the next morning, and arrived home at about 4 o'clock. Mr. Robert S. Harris testifies that Mrs. Turner, with Mr. Dawkins, was at his cabin at about noon on the 21st, and that she came back to the cabin at about 1 o'clock on the next day.

"The most suspicious circumstance as to Mrs. Turner's staking is the fact that in her application she states that she staked at 10 o'clock in the morning. She states in her evidence that this was a mistake in the affidavit, and that she did not know this statement was contained therein at the time she swore to it.

The case of Lillie M. Compton against H. T. Wills and D. W. Davis over title to 13 below on Sulphur, which was heard yesterday, resulted in a decision in favor of the plaintiff. The commissioner's findings are:

"The evidence in this case shows there is no doubt there was not sufficient work done upon this claim after the 30th day of August, 1900, to represent it, and great carelessness was shown by those who made the affidavits of representation. The renewal grant issued to the defendants must be cancelled, and a grant will be issued to the plaintiff."

"Superannuated." We have just had a conversation with one of Boston's prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal church about the custom that prevailed in that church of putting their bishops, who arrive at somewhat advanced age, on what is called the "superannuated" list, thus giving them a name which indicates that their usefulness in the world has ended.

On the tombstone of our own good father, erected by his church and society, are the words: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, and much people were added to the Lord."

Two of our best friends who, at the ages of 86 and 87 occasionally find time to call on us, are today managing their large financial investments with a skill which many younger men would do well to imitate.

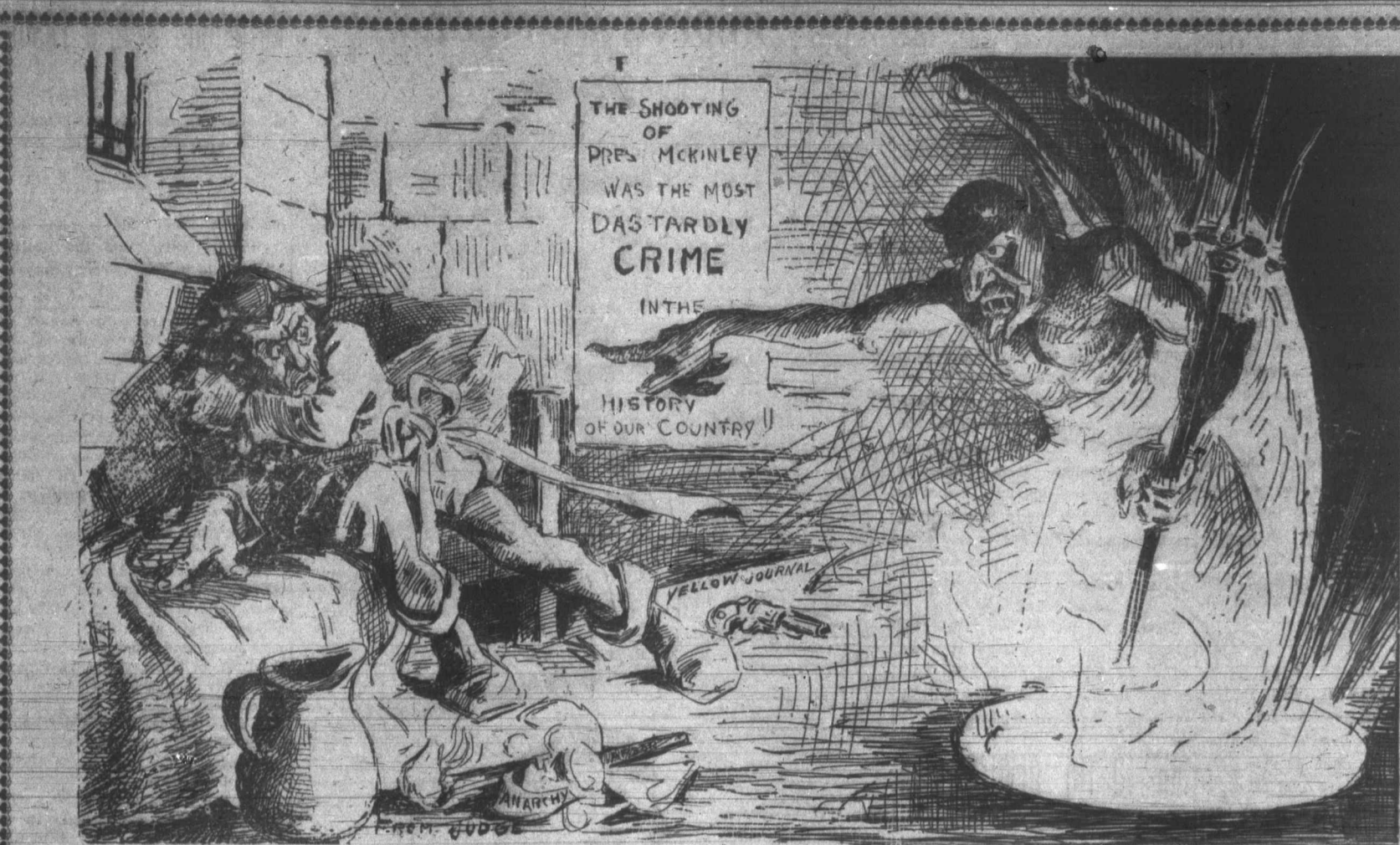
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It was once a common custom, on the tombstones of deceased widows, to describe them as being the relicts of their deceased husbands. We deeply sympathize with the good woman who declared that it should never be written on her tombstone that she was any man's relic.

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THE DEVIL (to anarchist):—"Don't you dare try to implicate me in this fiendish crime of yours—nobody but an anarchist could have conceived and executed such a terrible deed."—Reproduced from Judge.

LODGING HOUSES

Should Register Protest Against Street Sleepers.

Wrapped in the curtains of somber night A. R. Ferguson laid himself down on the sidewalk of First avenue last night and in four minutes, by a jeweler's wooden sign was in the land of dreams, the pure white snow falling silently on the prostrate form.

A Seal's Intelligence.

A few years ago some fishermen were following their vocation off a harbor on the Maine coast, when they observed a commotion on the surface, and soon made out a seal leaping from the water as if followed by some enemy.

Manila in 1858.

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Birthday Party.

A children's party was given yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. Turner Townsend at their home on Fifth street, the occasion being the seventh anniversary of their son Alfred.

NORTH-ENDERS RAISE HOWL

About the Present Disposition of City Garbage.

The residents in the north end are raising a wall over the disposition now being made of the city garbage which can be heard from one end of town to the other.

DARKNESS PREVAILS

While Light Plant is Being Permanently Improved.

Since one o'clock yesterday morning kerosene has furnished illumination, where there has been any, in Dawson, and it will likely continue in commission until tomorrow evening.

International Cricket.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5.—The second day's play in the international cricket match closed here today with the honors strongly in favor of the Philadelphia team.

Warning.

This is to notify the public that undivided one half No. 1, creek claim, Henry gulch, all No. 2, creek claim, Henry gulch; all No. 3, creek claim, Henry gulch, stand in my name alone as shown by records of the gold commissioner's office in Dawson.

PRESS RATES ARE REDUCED

Government Makes Substantial Cut in Telegraph Tolls.

Manager Brownlow of the Dominion telegraph received official notification today that a rate of \$1 per hundred words has been established for the transmission of press matter from Ashcroft to Dawson.

ON COAST OF SIBERIA

Concession Granted by Russia Will Be Worked.

M. Ivanoff and — Lipinsky, the former traveling as simply a mining engineer interested in a concession in Siberia granted by the Russian government, will leave in a day or two on the schooner General Siglin for the Siberian coast.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

Preparing for its Grand Annual Celebration and Ball.

Members of St. Andrew's society have received notice that a meeting of the society for the purpose of celebrating the day of their patron saint will be held at the McDonald hotel Thursday evening, October 31.

That Missouri is Not a Good Place to Winter.

Mr. E. J. McCormick, the popular proprietor of the Portland Cafe, has disposed of his property at the corner of Second avenue and Third street, and intends leaving for the steamer Nora Monday for the outside.

Has Lost Faith.

Lon Gould, the barber, has lost his faith in humanity. On a recent occasion Lon staked a fellow razor manipulator with sufficient money to proceed to Thistle creek and stake a claim.

EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE

To Secure Pardons for Three Nome Highwaymen.

From advices recently received from Nome it seems that a determined effort is being quietly made to have George Allen, Tommy Dolan and Hawkins released from the U. S. penitentiary at McNeil's island, where they were sent to serve out their terms upon being convicted at Nome of highway robbery.

THE OATH IS TAKEN

Legal Adviser Sworn in Yesterday by the Governor.

Yesterday afternoon Commissioner Ross administered the oath of office to Mr. H. W. Newlands, the newly appointed legal adviser, and this morning found him at his desk working away with a vigor natural only to those who are thoroughly familiar with such duties as devolve upon the occupant of that office.

MUST SHOW MCCORMICK

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NEW LAND LOCATED

Is Above Dion Gulch on Right Limit of Yukon Three Miles From Dawson

Discovery Made Last Summer

By Nelson Who Recorded But Kept Quiet

UNTIL RETURN TO DAWSON

From a Hhurried Trip to the Outside River and Hill Claims Have Since Been Recorded.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily.

Mining Recorder Hurdman in the gold commissioner's office has recently had applications for aid has issued grants to a number of river claims situated on the right limit of the Yukon a short distance above Dion gulch, some three miles from the city.

ANTIQUE SING.

Many of the familiar phrases of the day have been in use since remote antiquity.

A learned German philologist has recently traced a number of these so-called slang phrases through half a dozen languages to their beginnings.

"He's a Brick."—This phrase, meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a king of Sparta, four centuries B. C.

"To Kick the Bucket."—This phrase dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. A shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket placed on a table to raise himself to a convenient height.

"To Give the Cold Shoulder."—It was once the custom in France, when a guest had outstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast as a genteel hint for him to go.

"Catching a Tartar."—During the war between Russia and the Tartars a private soldier cried out: "Captain I have caught a Tartar!" The officer ordered him to bring the prisoner forward. "He won't let me!" shouted the soldier, and investigation showed that the Tartar was holding back his captor.

"Appie Pie Order."—A certain Hepzibah Merton, in Puritan times, was in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which to last her family through the week. She placed them in her pantry and labeled one or more for each day in the week. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in apple pie order.

"A Feather in One's Cap."—It was once a custom in their wars with the Turks for the Hungarians to wear a feather in their caps for each Turk they had killed.

"Blackguards!"—When the horse Guards parade in St. James Park, London, a crowd of bootblacks always crowd about to black their boots and do other menial work. These attendants at the guard mount have long gone by the name of "black guards."

Malcolm Scarth has severed his connection with the gold commissioner's office.

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The river claims have a frontage of 250 feet on the river and extend from extreme low water mark 1000 feet back up the hill. Last summer a discovery claim at that point was allowed a man named Nelson, he being given 1000 feet square. He did considerable work and succeeded in locating a paystreak from which he claims he was making wages.

No unnecessary talk was made about the find and beyond two or three friends of the discoverer who staked claims adjoining, but little was known of the strike. Nelson went outside during the summer, returning but a week ago. Since then he has taken an outfit up to his claim and is preparing to do some active development this winter.

The river bank at that point is not such as from which one would expect any great results, it being rather steep and there being little or no indication of it ever having been an old channel. Nelson has driven a tunnel in on the river and is confident he will take out some good pay this winter.

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12 (DAWSON'S PREMIER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily CONCERNING "EQUAL TERMS."

Our evening contemporary affects to make light of the fact that the holders of the Treadgold concession are preparing to take possession of the unrepresented and abandoned claims on Hunker, Bear, Bonanza and Eldorado creeks.

"He" (the concessionaire) says the News "has access to property which has been abandoned or may hereafter be abandoned, on Bonanza, Bear and Hunker creeks and their tributaries for the purpose of staking it, BUT UPON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE MINER."

Now, let us examine this matter for a moment and see what constitutes this equality of footing which the News claims exists between the individual miner and the concession holder.

The moment a claim lapses by reason of lack of representation it becomes open to staking. If the miner is first on the ground and first at the recording office he is at liberty to record the ground, but notice, first: He must provide himself with a miner's license at cost of \$10. Second, he must pay a fee of \$15 in exchange for the grant which he receives.

Third, he must, during the year, perform \$300 worth of work upon his claim in order to hold it, and fourth, at the end of the year he renews his grant upon the payment of another \$15.

If the concessionaire or his representative reaches the ground first he has complied with all the requirements asked of him. He pays no recording fee; has no representation work to perform, and is not bothered with the matter of renewing his grant.

The only point upon which the two are on an equal is in the race for the ground; after that everything is in favor of the concessionaire.

The Nugget has shown that the concessionaire is preparing in the gold commissioner's office a list of all unrepresented ground and ground likely to lapse for that reason—which is the most important piece of information that has yet been published in connection with the concession matter.

It has been the general impression all along—an impression received from the concessionaire himself—that no advantage would be taken by him of the rights he possesses in reference to the unrepresented ground upon the creeks named.

While the miners of the district have been laboring under this impression, representatives of the concessionaire have been preparing by systematic examination of the records to take full advantage of the privileges which he enjoys.

The Nugget has given the public exclusive information concerning the matter, and has also pointed out the only remedy by which the miner can protect himself.

We have shown that all the advantage is to the concessionaire and that the miner is by no means upon an equal footing with him. It is not particularly surprising that the News knows nothing of the status of affairs, nor is it a cause for wonder that it attempts to discuss a matter of which it has no better knowledge.

Our contemporary would not be in its normal condition if it were not constantly falling from one ridiculous situation into another.

REDUCED TELEGRAPH TOLLS.

The most important news that has come to Dawson for some time is the announcement, officially confirmed today that a press rate of one dollar for each one hundred words has been established by the government for press matter transmitted from Ashcroft, the termination of the government wire, to Dawson. An unofficial report to the same effect came to the Nugget several days ago and today a telegram was received by manager Brownlow confirming the report.

This reduction will come as a boon to all readers of the Nugget who in the future, provided the line continues in working order, will be given all the telegraph matter that a live correspondent in Vancouver can secure.

This step is significant of the deep interest which the government takes in the development of the Yukon territory. When the line to Skagway was first established a rate of \$8.50

per hundred words was made. This was subsequently reduced to \$4.50. When the through line was completed to Vancouver a rate of \$4.50 per hundred words to Ashcroft and 50 cents from that point to Vancouver was announced. The present sweeping cut enables the Nugget to place a carte blanche order with its Vancouver correspondent and as long as the wire continues in working order, we shall maintain a telegraphic service unrivalled by any paper on the Pacific coast. The government will be no loser in respect to revenues by this reduction for it simply means that the newspapers will increase the amount of telegraphic matter handled to the very maximum.

The Nugget has always been the heaviest patron of the line and will continue so to be in the future. If the government succeeds in keeping the line in operation, readers of this paper may expect to receive the best telegraph service that money and enterprise can secure.

SHOULD BE CLOSELY INVESTIGATED.

The steamer Hating is hard and fast on the rocks a short distance from Vancouver, and although the passengers and cargo have been saved, it appears that the contrary might very easily have been the case. Following so closely the wreck of the Islander, this latest disaster must strengthen in the public mind the conviction that the Skagway-Vancouver steamship service is not what it should be. In the early days of the Klondike stampede, every conceivable kind of craft was pressed into service for the Skagway voyage. No thought of the risks involved was taken, and more as the result of good fortune than from any other cause, the number of accidents was comparatively few. Nondescript tubs which never should have been allowed to pass out of a harbor piled to and from Skagway, lining the pockets of their owners or charterers with gold, and miraculously remaining on top of the water.

Out of this situation grew the feeling that the passage is perfectly safe for any class of boats or for any kind of seamen. More recent events have proven the contrary to be the case. The splendid steamer Islander has been totally wrecked—a large number of precious lives and several hundred thousands of dollars of treasure were lost.

Now, within a few weeks, comes the news that the Hating is on a rock and the fact that her passengers also were not lost seems due in a large measure to good fortune.

From all the circumstances it appears that there must be something wrong in the system of steamship service which prevails on the coast. There must be a lack of discipline on the boats or a lack of capability among the men by whom they are officered.

The situation calls for investigation—and for an investigation that will reach the root of the matter. Investigations which are dominated by the steamship companies themselves accomplish nothing, and only confirm the belief in the public mind that many things are purposely kept hidden.

There needs to be a rattling of old bones and a weeding out of incompetents and drunkards, and the sooner this takes place the better for the safety of the lives and property of people who are compelled to travel up and down the coast.

THE DIFFERENCE.

An article on the development of theatrical entertainments in Dawson which appeared in a recent issue of the Nugget illustrates the progress the town has made in the way of furnishing the public with clean, respectable amusement.

The class of entertainment offered in Dawson theatres in 1897-98 would scarcely admit of detailed description in a newspaper. It was based upon an appeal to the lowest instincts, and naturally could not survive after the restraints of life began to appear.

From that time until the present there has been a gradual change until now the local theatres are presenting attractions which in every respect are worthy of public patronage.

said that the management of the line are doing everything within their power to maintain it in operation. It is most remarkable that the stupendous undertaking of connecting Dawson with Vancouver by means of the telegraph wire had been accomplished at all. That breaks in the line are continually occurring is by no means a matter of surprise. The surprise will come if it is found possible to keep the line in working order.

The Turkish brigands only require \$50,000 more in the way of a ransom to allow Miss Stone to return to her friends. The civilized powers themselves are largely responsible for the fact that such an outrageous circumstance is possible. If a display of force were occasionally allowed to take the place of finely turned diplomatic phrases the Turk would come to have a greater respect for the western powers.

Were it not for the fact that the railroad is not in operation it would be possible to order goods from Vancouver or Seattle and secure delivery yet before the close of navigation.

DUKE TO THE DEVIL'S OWN

A Device for Ringing an Alarm Clock.

Station Agent's Ingenuity Saved Robbers From Wrecking Train and Making Slaughter.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel and lunchroom." About 100 yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was high intolerable, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the "hotel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless, the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well after the 8:50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11:30, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara. At least so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not over-tired of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him as if to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before the white howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered.

"Well, of all the God forsaken"—The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried. "In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before. "Down to the side," came the answer. "Set the white light."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, What did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

"Set the white light." That meant the express would not stop. "Down to the siding." The blind siding, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank.

The terrible truth flashed across his mind. He turned cold. Great beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. Twenty-six, with its living freight, was to be switched on to the siding at full speed.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



R. P. McLENNAN.



JOSEPH F. BURKE

lost in the mocking howl of the wind, and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost. Again he looked at the clock—only 26 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! Twenty-five—"The sharp click, click, click, from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "Twenty-six 20 minutes late."

"Thank God, a delay!" Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11:30, would not arrive until 11:30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" rushed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The summer before, when he had long, weary night watches, twice he had run a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an ingenious connection when the hands marked 11:45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who succeeded him, left her to his room and "the devil's own" as Tom called the bell—the clock was an imitation of the one fashioned, big faced, caseless timepieces, with weights and chains and a long, heavy penumbra.

"Twenty minutes late," he muttered. The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew his legs and came to a sitting position. Then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, with great difficulty, worked himself to his feet. The penumbra swung close to his ear, but now could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter, just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded. The stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sidewise, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless roll. A nod of his head would start it.

"My God!" he suddenly cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" And seizing the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hand onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and roared over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection. And moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were five minutes more before Bill would arrive.

He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all that he could hear. Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Mayville. Twenty-six had just passed. Mayville was 12 minutes up the road—must now be 11:18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open. "Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice. "Stop 26—hold up at Dyke's siding—get men!" But Bill was gone. The red light flashed up the track, and 26, with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said: "It was the devil's own."—Waverley Magazine.

BUILDING ON SIDEHILL

A Well Known Mining Broker Invests Heavily in Realty.

E. B. Condon is building two fine cottages on the hillside near Fourth street and Seventh avenue. He has purchased a block of lots facing the latter thoroughfare and has let the contract for the erection of the buildings, one of which is now in course of construction. The houses will be two stories, covering forty foot square of ground space and will be handsome and comfortable edifices. His purchase includes a fine cabin now on the property.

Mr. Youngwood—I can't make out dear, how it is you have taken such a dislike to ducks lately.

Mr. Youngwood (who has just become a medico)—I find their remarks so personal.

NOTORIOUS BENDER FAMILY

Created Some of the Darkest History of Kansas.

Murdered Their Guests for Few Paltry Dollars and the Chances in Which They Were Dressed.

Twenty-eight years ago Kansas, indeed the whole country, was shocked by the discovery of the Bender murders. The Bender murders have few if any parallels in history.

The series of monstrous crimes was committed in the midst of a peaceful, happy and prosperous country neighborhood. Human blood was spilled like water for a few paltry dollars or even for so small a price as the poor clothing worn by the murdered travelers.

The Benders drifted into Labette county, from whence no one ever knew, early in the spring of 1872 and at once sought and entered a government homestead, a few miles out from the town of Cherryvale. They chose a level bit of prairie land in a narrow valley, along which ran the main travel road leading from Fort Scott, Osage Mission and other points to Independence, the seat of the United States land office.

This house was divided by a thin board partition, and underneath the rear part was dug a cellar about four feet deep, which had no stairway, but which could be entered by a trapdoor in the floor of the rear room. The front room was fitted with rough shelves and contained a small stock of supplies, while across the front of the outside a straggling sign announced that groceries were for sale within and that entertainment could be had for man or beast. The road ran within a few feet of the front door, and it was understood that the Benders did quite a thriving business with the many way farers who were constantly passing to and fro.

There were four persons in the family of murderers, two men and two women. Old man Bender was a German and could not speak a word of English. He was a morose and savage visaged man, who seldom spoke, even in his own tongue. His wife was also German, but she had mastered enough of English to attend to the daughter of the old couple. She spoke fairly good English, which indicated that the family had long been residents of America, despite the inability of the parents to talk English. Kate was anywhere from 25 to 30 and in appearance was not unattractive. She had good features, steel gray eyes, a full head of wavy, yellow hair and stood about 5 feet 6 inches in height.

The circumstances which resulted in the discovery of these crimes were: In April, 1873, Dr. York, a prominent physician of Fort Scott, started to visit his brother, Hon. A. M. York, at Independence. Dr. York reached Osage Mission in the afternoon, called on some acquaintances and then rode out three miles and spent the night with a farmer friend. The next morning he was met on the road not a great way from the Bender farm, and that was the last seen of him alive. When his brother was reported missing, Senator York commenced to move heaven and earth to find him. Day after day he searched for a clew, but learned no more of him than the fact that his brother had been seen at a certain spot in the road and that he then disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"About this time four people, two men and two women, drove into Thayer, Neosho county, with a two horse wagon. They unhitched the team, tied the horses to the back of the wagon, in which there was some hay, and then went to the depot and took a north bound train, buying tickets for Humboldt. No further notice was taken of the event until the team was nearly starved, when it was taken care of.

"A week or more after this occurrence a neighbor noticed the deserted appearance of the Bender farm. He made an examination of the premises and found a dead calf in the barn or more miles as any one man in the Yukon. Alternating with Mr. Groose, his partner, he never missed a trip during the extreme weather of last winter, when it was considered a risk for either man or beast to venture out for more than a few minutes at a time. Mr. Bell is a partner in the Bonanza New Co. at the Forks, one of the most thriving industries of that busy burg.

On reaching Seattle, Mr. Bell will be met by his mother from Burlington, Kansas, and together they will visit various points on the Pacific coast, reaching their home in the Sunflower state about Christmas. While he is away his brother "Pooley" Bell will take charge of his route and business.

Mr. Bell expects to return over the ice in February. His faithful work in the Klondike entitles him to a vacation and a good time, and there is no doubt but that his trip will be a pleasant one. He carries with him several small vials of Klondike gold to exhibit to his friends.

Wires Still Down. The through wire is still disconnected some place south of Atlin and as the result no news has been received direct from the outside today.

Send a copy of Goetsch's Story to your friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. Sale at all news stands. Price 12 1/2c.

LIGHTS WILL BE ON TONIGHT

Repairs at the Power House Almost Completed.

Big Generators Established on Concrete Foundations and Will Break Down no More.

For the past 72 hours a force of men have been engaged at the plant of the Dawson Electric Light & Power Co., transferring the big generating machines to the new concrete foundations.

The work progressed all day Sunday and went on last night and today. At eight o'clock the morning the smaller of the two dynamos was in position and the big newspaper offices and other institutions which make use of the electric power have been working uninterrupted today.

At three o'clock this afternoon an announcement was made by Manager Speak that the big machine will be working order this evening unless something unforeseen occurs and patrons of the company may expect that the electric lights will be in full working order by 7 o'clock this evening and possibly before that hour.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights the city was in total darkness so far as the electric lights were concerned, and the various enterprises which make use of the electric current for power purposes were forced to resort to all manner of makeshifts in order to tide over the time until the current should be turned on again.

The shut-down caused a big demand for lamps and coal oil, and in no few instances the old sort of method of illuminating houses and places of business by means of candles was revived.

Manager Speak thinks that he will now overcome every difficulty which is likely to present itself during winter, and with the master generators safely established on their concrete foundations, he feels confident that no more breakdowns will occur. This hope is echoed by every patron of the company, all of whom have been placed at great inconvenience and no little expense by reason of the fact that the company has been compelled to shut down during the past three days.

MANY CASES ON TRIAL

For Wages Due to Carelessness in Keeping Time.

A great many small cases, principally for wages, are now being brought under the master's and servant's act and tried before Magistrate Macaulay. In a great many of these cases the difference is an honest one and arises from careless book-keeping, the accounts of employer and employee differing widely when compared. As a result each man goes by his own record, and in some instances, there being no witnesses either side, the wisdom of a Solomon is required to arrive at a just decision. Beginning the latter part of this week Magistrate Macaulay will hear cases involving debts up to \$1000 other than wage cases. These will be tried under a recent enactment of the Yukon council entitled the small debts ordinance. It is likely that Judge Macaulay's court will be busy for some time after the opening of this new department.

WHERE THE YUKON ROLLS

The Indications for Late Closes Are Good.

At eight o'clock two years ago on the morning of the 23rd of the month, two days later than today, the ice ceased to move in the Yukon in front of Dawson and remained solid as a glacier until the morning of the 8th of the following May.

Last year at 7 o'clock on the morning of November 2nd, the ice stopped in front of Dawson nor did it move again until the afternoon of the 17th of last May.

Today there is no ice in the Yukon at Dawson nor has there been for a full year—there is likely to be still mercury goes down several degrees lower than it has yet been. Those who wagered money several weeks ago that the river would close before November 10th now realize that unless it turns cold in the very near future and ranges steadily from 10 to 20 degrees below zero every night, there is a very strong probability that they will lose their money.

Old timers say that the latest knowledge of white man was in 1840, when it was open until November 14th or 15th, and that year the first slush ice was noticeable in the river on November 2nd, after which the weather turned very cold.

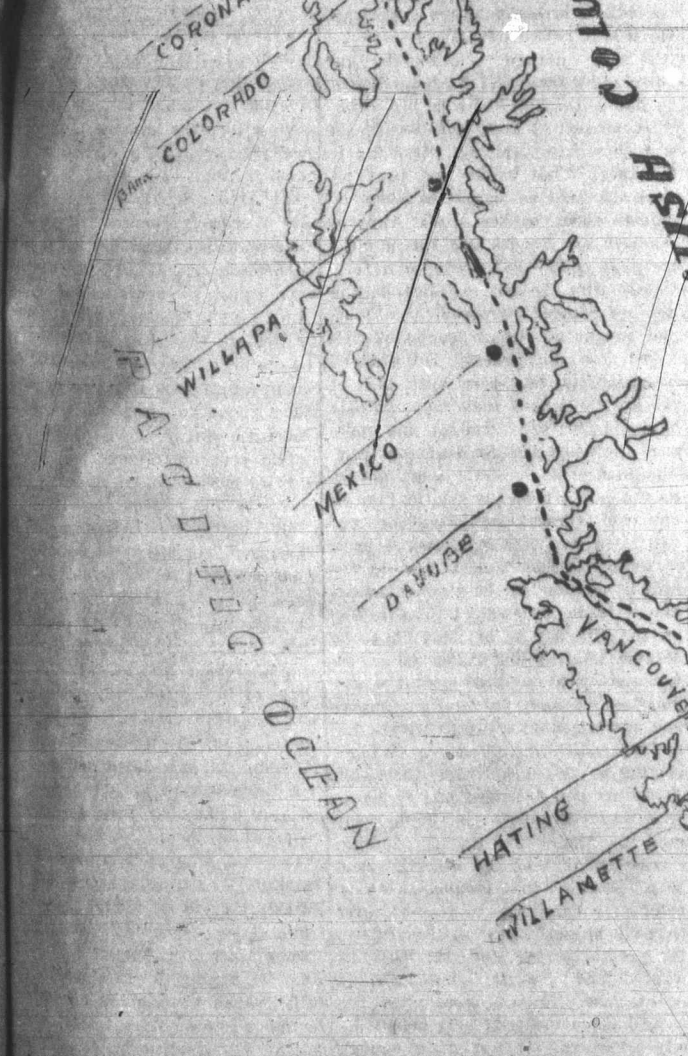
Many others of the bet are being made today that the river will not close before November 12th.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. HATING MAY YET BE SAVED

Wrecked Steamer Is Lying High on a Rock 50 Miles From Vancouver—Passengers All Safely Taken Off—Water Was Calm But Heavy Fog Prevailed When She Struck.

From Monday's Daily. Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 21.—In the midst of a heavy fog but in a perfectly calm sea the steamer Hating ran ashore at two o'clock p. m. on Saturday the 12th. The fog was so thick that it was impossible to see two feet ahead of the steamer.

50,000 DOLLARS WILL REQUIRE To Accomplish Release of Miss Stone From Brigands.



A PARTIAL LIST OF THE WRECKS SINCE 1897.

The Time Has Arrived When Competence and Sobriety Must Be Demanded of Steamship Officers.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. THE STAGE WAS UPSET

Fractions Horses Cause Serious Accident on Cariboo Road.

THE TRAIL SKIRTED A PRECIPICE Over Which the Stage Finally Plunged.

FOUR MEN WERE INJURED But Luckily No One Was Killed—Fell a Distance of Forty Feet Down the Embankment.

New Westminster, Oct. 14, Via Skagway, Oct. 20.—GEO. A. STEWART.—POTTS. R. L. REID. A. D. MCENTIRE.

CAPT. NIXON GOT NOTHING

From Koyukuk Merchandizing and Trading Voyage.

The fleeing skipper avoided detection and finally arrived at the mouth of the Koyukuk where he awaited the returns from the sale of the goods left on the headwaters of the Koyukuk.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT

Frank W. Clayton Seriously Injured by a Fall.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. MAY LOOK FOR NEW JOBS

The Official Decapitator Will Stalk Abroad at End of Present Month and Heads of Secret Service Men Will Find Basket—No Convictions Were Secured.

From Monday's Daily. hereafter, that the expense in needless, and that the secret service has not been responsible for a conviction within the past year.

TODAY'S SESSION OF COURT

Justice Dugas Disposes of Considerable Business.

AFTER BOTHA.

London, Oct. 14, via Skagway, Oct. 20.—Advices at the war office from South Africa state that Botha is being closely pursued and predictions are freely made that his capture will be effected at an early date.

OLD BOYS AND GIRLS

Have Great Re-Union and Rally at Milton, Ontario.

Fire Yesterday.

Yesterday noon there was a fire alarm turned in from Second and Front streets caused by some creosote which had dripped down between the walls in the Aurora billiard hall becoming ignited.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. TROUBLE FOR WOODWORTH

He Is Again in Contempt for Reflecting on Honor and Dignity of the Court in Papers Filed in Belcher-McDonald Case—Woodworth Now on the Outside.

From Monday's Daily. C. M. Woodworth, barrister, counselor, solicitor and advocate, is again in contempt of court, and if he were within the jurisdiction of the court today he would probably be brought up with a sharp turn.

DEMENTED SKIPPER

Runs Schooner American According to His Own Ideas.

STR. NORA ARRIVES

From Whitehorse With No Mail After Pleasant Trip.

The first ice seen in the river this fall was observed flowing from the White river yesterday morning.

It Needs It.

None is to have a life saving station for the purpose of picking up survivors from ill fated vessels which have the misfortune to be wrecked on its wind-swept and inhospitable shores.

Call and Get Prices. Just Received Large Consignment of Special Centrifugal Pumps. Made by Byron Jackson for direct connection to motors. Thereby doing away with all belts and pulleys; also large stock of BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES, including horse shoes, nails, iron and genuine Pennsylvania blacksmith coal; also large stock of pipe and pipe fittings. McDonald Iron Works Co. Opp. New Courthouse Phone No. 2

POET KIPLING'S KINDNESS

To a Young Man Who Was in Need of Help.

Youth Had Been Over the Chilkoot Which Was His Best Recommendation to the Great Man.

Frederic W. Unger is a young man who went to South Africa to be a war correspondent, upon the slenderest possible connection with the press inspired by an account in one of Kipling's books of "a youngster jerked out at the end of a wire," and how he thus became a successful correspondent.

One of the Blanc family was sitting at dinner in Paris one day when suddenly he sprang to his feet, put his hand to his side, and exclaimed, "My brother is hurt!" His brother was many miles away, but it proved to be true, and the incident afterwards became the foundation of the celebrated "Corsican Brothers' story and drama."

An American physician who was very sceptical of all such premonitions was told by a friend one night that he was sure President Lincoln had been murdered. In a few hours the news was flashed into the town, and the sceptical doctor was convinced, but dumbfounded. The same thing is said to have occurred when President Garfield was assassinated—having said some hours before the news came that she saw him wounded and dying in a railway station, some ladies standing by and watching.

But other pranks, too, are played by the mind when in special responsiveness to suggestion from mystic forces. Tasso, the poet, used often to carry on long conversations with what he called his "protecting spirit," in the presence of his friend Manco. Sir Walter Scott, Richter, Spinoza, and even the devote Pascal, and all the subjects of similar waking visions or hallucinations. It is said that Talma, the renowned actor, could compel himself to imagine his auditors to be skeletons, and when this idea mastered him then his acting became of extraordinary power, almost overwhelming to his audience.

Sometimes, however, these vivid and overpowering beliefs are mere delusions, and are closely connected with optical deception. A humorous incident is related by the recently deceased brain specialist, Dr. Tuke, who tells that when the great fire occurred at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and the menagerie was destroyed, it was supposed that the popular and petted chimpanzee had escaped from his cage. He was seen to be holding on to the roof and writhing in agony, while trying to seize one of the iron ribs. The people watched his struggles with sickening dread and fear, and yet there was no animal there! It was a tattered piece of blind that was torn so fantastically as to resemble to the eye of excited fancy the body, the arms, and legs of an ape. So that, whilst some visions and presentiments may have a solid foundation in fact, we must beware of supposing that every impression is reliable. Truly our brains can play us some queer pranks.

A Dream of Treasure. Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old haggar woman.

Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in spiritualism. Well, some years later the landlord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the place or of the history of the owners of the said ground, should have such a dream, which turned out true?—Spectator.

Shopping With My Wife. There is at least one lawyer in Detroit who tells the truth. It is his custom to put on his office door notices— "Gone to lunch; be back in half an hour." "Gone to court; back in three hours." "Gone out to see a man; back in ten minutes."

And so on, and callers are generally successful in waiting for him. One day last week a caller found this: "Gone shopping with my wife; back the Lord knows when."

The caller didn't wait, neither did four others who called.—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Papers Found. A package of papers of value to the owner have been left at the Nugget office. Owner can secure same by proving property and paying charges.

Strange Premonitions.

H. O. Mackey. It was recently stated that the late General Wauchope was quite impressed before leaving England for the seat of war that he should never return alive.

Talleyrand was once in New York walking with an intimate friend named Beaumetz when the impression came that he was plotting his death. Talleyrand boldly faced him, charged him with it, when he stammered a few incoherent words, burst into tears, and confessed. "This true, 'tis true, my friend," and then he acknowledged he had been haunted with this diabolical suggestion for days, and had been vainly battling with it. But Talleyrand's outspoken accusation had broken the spell, and ever after he was absolutely free from it, and remained a true friend to the end of his life.

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JIM O'NEIL GOING OUT

Popular Mixologist May Join "Arizona" on Tiberon Trip.

Genial "Jim" O'Neil, prince of good fellows and a mixologist who can manufacture a cocktail warranted to make your hair curl, leaves off the Nora for the outside and is thinking seriously of joining Arizona Charley in his conquest of Tiberon. "Sheep Creek Jim," as he was known to his friends in Juneau, would look well wearing a coronet, and as the Duke of O'Neil, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Tiberon, Plinky-Pank of the Harom, and lord in waiting to his most august majesty, King Charles I., he would doubtless make a hit among his dusky subjects second only to that of his imperial master.

Three Scots in Disguise. Scottish American: There are few places on this globe which have not been explored by the intrepid Scot. The pioneers of East, West and Central Africa were all Scots. The discoverers of the Klondike's icebound Eldorado were some wandering Scots, and several of the South American States are really under the control of a few daring Caledonians, while two Scottish kings—Ross and Duncan—reign among the lonely "gems" of the great Pacific.

China has been explored by many fearless sons of Scotia, and on the fire-belching mountain peaks and fever-stricken valleys of New Guinea the dauntless Scot has also "staked his claim."

In Batavia, the capital of Java, the following occurred recently: A Japanese sailor had been brought before the Dutch magistrate for assaulting a German man-of-war's man, and was duly fined.

"Aweel, Dutchy, I was just like a clout at yersel" for the same money," the Jap muttered when the interpreter made his fine-known-to-him. "Eht' what did ye say, mon?" the judge cried, excitedly. "Naething-I didna speak." "But—what—ho!" said the judge; "I never saw a Japanese Scotsman afore."

"Oh, I can't oot wi' the boat frae Clydebank; I'm chief engineer on her."

A Blunder of Justice. Scottish American: It is terrible to think that any of us may be mistaken tomorrow for somebody else who has brought down the last vengeance of the law upon him. In the sixteen hundred millions of human beings on the face of the earth it would not be easy to find two who have not some point of resemblance, and it is not singular that there should be many unrelated twins as much alike as a man is like his own image. A pitiful example of the peril in which we all live came within the experience of the late Mr. Montague Williams. He had defended a man at the Middlesex Sessions against whom two policemen, a butcher, and a drover gave the strongest possible evidence that they had seen him steal some sheep. The man's mother, sister and child were called to give evidence that the prisoner was at home at the time of the theft, but the judge waived aside their story by warning the jury that an alibi was "so easily arranged," and the man was convicted and sentenced. Twelve months passed, and "Monty" was again defending a man for sheep stealing, oddly enough before the same judge. The resemblance of the prisoner to the client of the year before puzzled the famous lawyer exceedingly. Mr. Williams lost his case; the man was found guilty, and on hearing the verdict he stood up in the dock, inspired by the rough sense of honor which governs thieves, and declared that it was he who had committed the crime for which another man had been sentenced a year before. The judge was skeptical, but the man's story was found to be true, and the innocent prisoner was pardoned. Fate had dealt unkindly with him, however. He found his freedom, but he found, too, a wife in her grave and children in the workhouse; and, as if his sorrows were not enough, he had to wait longer than was just for the compensation which should have met him at the prison gate, and when it came at last his reason had left him, and he was once again a prisoner—raving in a madhouse.

Hunger and Ideas. If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind.

This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful of your will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged fast becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods—and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual—induces the same effects as drunkenness.—Ex.

Canadians Won at Golf. Montreal, Oct. 5.—In the annual match between the Country Club, of Brookline, Mass., and the Royal Montreal Golf Club, played today, the Canadians won for the first time in five years, beating Brookline 26 holes up.

PRINCIPLE COMMENDED

Other Industries May Follow Example of Butchers.

The consensus of opinion around the city is that the action of the butchers in declining to receive gold dust as pay for their goods at more than \$15 per ounce will ultimately and speedily lead to the entire retirement of that commodity as a medium of exchange. At no time within the past year, it is said, has there not been sufficient currency in the country to transact its business, and the continued use of gold dust has gone on only for the gain connected therewith by the payers of large bills.

Enquiry reveals the fact that, as a medium of exchange, gold dust has few friends in Dawson, and among the wage earning class it has none. From sentiment expressed on the streets yesterday, and today it will be no surprise if other branches of trade follow the example set by the butchers in the very near future.

Habits of the Marten. The Hudson Bay marten, the little fur bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur-bearers," said W. B. Salmon, one-time a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical appearances, of the mystery of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation.

These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go to no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap, and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens come back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever, and for ten years more submit to being caught.

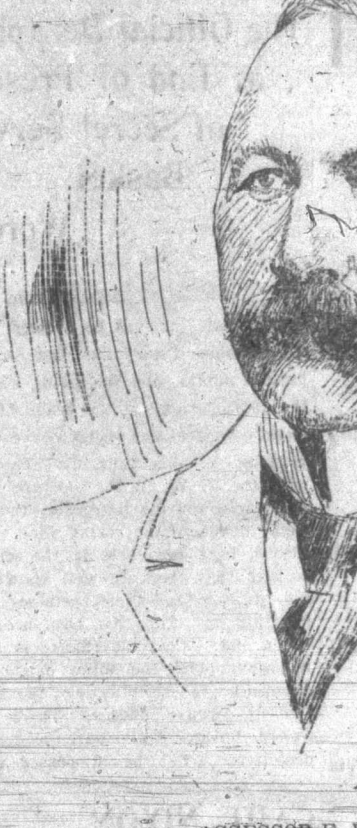
The Hudson Bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey.

The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate, in which he resembles the bear. That is an passion for honey. He will line a wild bee to his home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that colony will have to be in a most inaccessible place if the marten doesn't soon revel in them. Like the male mink, the male marten has an overpowering love not only for his own offspring, but for the offspring of his fellow martens—such peculiar love, indeed, that if it wasn't for the instinct and shrewdness of the mother martens the race of martens would have been unknown long ago. The male marten is so fond of his young that he will eat them up whenever he happens to find them. The mother, therefore, bears her young in some secret place, and keeps them hidden until they are half grown and able to defy the cannibalistic love of their sire. The female mink exercises the same instinct with her progeny, for the father of them, as fond as he is of trout and other fish, will leave his fishing any time to dine on his interesting little family."—New York Times.

He Kicked Himself. Disagreeable passenger (to commercial traveler, sitting by open window)—Excuse me sir, but that open window is very annoying. C. T. (pleasantly)—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it. D. P.—I wish you would close it, sir. C. T.—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't do it. D. P.—Do you refuse to close that window, sir? C. T.—I certainly do. D. P.—If you don't close it I will. C. T.—I'll bet you won't. D. P.—If I go over there I will. C. T.—I'll give you odds you won't. D. P.—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window? C. T.—No, sir, I will not. D. P. (getting on his feet)—Then I will, sir. C. T.—I would like to see you do it. D. P.—(placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir. C. T. (as disagreeable passenger tags at window)—Why don't you close it? D. P. (getting red in the face)—It appears to be stuck. C. T.—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in. And then the disagreeable passenger felt foolish and the other passengers chuckled.—Exchange.

Gold Champion Defeated. Chicago, Oct. 5.—The Western golf champion, Phelps B. Hoyt, of Glenview, went down to defeat in the semi-finals for the Chicago cup at the Chicago Golf Club yesterday before the superior playing of former Western champion, William Waller, of Wentzville, by the large score of 6 up and 5 to lay in 18 holes.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



ASSESSOR E. WARD SMITH.

PREPARED FOR BUSINESS

Managers of stage lines and freighters are today wearing a smile of contentment where a week ago their visages bore a look of anxiety and worry. The change is due to the marked improvement in the roads to the creeks. Only a few days ago they in places were almost impassable, particularly on such portions as have been but recently completed. The Bonanza road from the Forks up was in frightful condition for some time. With the arrival of weather somewhat colder, enough so to at least close up the little streams running down the sides, much of the trouble is disappearing and the roadbeds are becoming more solid. On the ridge between the head of Bonanza and Dominion there is over a foot of snow, and there has been good sledding for several days. Freight teams for the Indian river district pull their loads on wagons as far as Cormack's forks, then transfer to sleds and cross the ridge, transferring back again to wagons on the opposite side. A few are using the old road which climbs the hill via Thomas' Gulch, but the majority prefer the Bonanza road. Up Hunker way the road is in better condition now than at any time since its completion. Some are using sleds above Last Chance, but the stages have not yet abandoned wheels. The road down Dominion is in better shape than any of the others by reason of its being used less.

Many times a husband has been left with two or more children to care for, and they have been adopted into strange families, sent to live with relatives, or consigned to an orphan's home. Not so with little Reba and Ruth, Evenden of Herkimer, N. Y.

Their big-hearted papa has other ideas for his little treasures and consequently they can be seen at any time playing with their dolls at their home adjoining their father's real estate office. He leaves his desk every little while and looks in at them with a satisfied smile, and then returns to his business.

Aged women who have reared large families look upon Mr. Evenden with honor and admiration. Mrs. Evenden, after a severe illness, died on December 18, 1898, leaving Mr. Evenden with these two beautiful little girls to cherish and protect, and upon whom to bestow both the love of a father and a mother.

How faithfully and well he has performed this duty is best judged by the little ones themselves, whose bright faces and neat appearance bespeak the tender devotion and care which they receive.

Miss Reba, the eldest, is approaching five, and little Ruth will soon be three years of age. Under the ever-watchful care of their devoted father the little ones have not seen a day's sickness in their lives.

At 7:30 p. m. little Reba and Ruth are soundly sleeping in their little bed in a room adjoining their father's office. Mr. Evenden says: "I nursed little Ruth with a spoon for several months before her mother died, and devoted my time exclusively to my sick wife and two little girls for nearly a year."

Mr. Evenden is thirty-five years of age, medium height and weighs nearly 200 pounds.—Ex.

This Is Awful. For a short time this morning it looked as though Dawson was to be again in touch with outside world by communication via the through line to Vancouver, via the nov. looks as though the brief period of connection this morning was but the lucid moment which precedes ultimate dissolution, as this afternoon Dawson is not only shut off from Vancouver, but even the upper Yukon and Skagway. But every cloud has a silver lining, sometimes golden silver, and on this occasion it is that we are still in communication with Forty mile and Eagle, both very lively places since navigation on the lower river is over seven months.

Vorse Ash a Fire. A story that is not being proclaimed around the houses is being whispered around to the effect that two Dawson men, one of them a jeweler, lately attempted to smuggle in a large lot of jewelry, which was secreted in cases with coarser and less valuable merchandise; but the police at Whitehorse got "next" and the importers escaped punishment by punting up the amount of the duty. "Mine goodness, vot a hetache!"

THE FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE

Who Was Sized Up for What He Was by M. Quad.

I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sun him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railroad station. The horse looked weary, the hour was four in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalla, 15 miles away. The man wore a hat which did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had on goggles, though it was a dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not remove them, occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every 30 seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect that unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except early in summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Bracey as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child. The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very true. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and locked his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Bracey slyly and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight haired American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That he was was probably in doubt about bankers. Mr. Bracey removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and spoke in natural tones, but he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them. I am no man-hunter. I did not go to the police office or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender-hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed—mental worry you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe on the little verandah when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrined showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Bracey's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb. He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was mum. I was not interested. In the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours, and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Bracey

MUCH DAMAGE BEING DONE

By Rain to Unthreshed Wheat in Manitoba.

Winnipeg, Sept. 27.—The elevator companies who have headquarters in the city have decided to stop buying wheat for the present. This policy has been decided upon in view of the fact that the quantity of "no grade" wheat in the foreign market at present prices has a bad effect on the value of the crop to be marketed.

Deliveries of grain at C. P. points were light again yesterday, they will not be heavy for a week or so, owing to wet weather threatening throughout the country. Practically ceased—train men in the country want a month of weather to get their crop threshed.

"We are being badly delayed by Canadian Northern construction of wet weather and scarcity of grain reporter today, when regarding the progress of threshing on the new line to Fort Arthur. It is the present conditions will be difficult to get very early done this season, and it is quite possible to say how far we will be before the winter sets in. The weather continued fat it would be seen altogether different. Even considering the scarcity of men we were most likely have been through Fort Arthur by October 31. I think it clearly understood that Canadian Northern has not a connection with Duluth, as they seem some misunderstanding of the point. It is the Fort Arthur, Duluth and Western that runs to Duluth. Canadian Northern joins it from both, but we would have to run back about 600 miles to get to American port."

"Do you think the present weather will do much damage to the wheat?" "If there is not a change soon damage cannot fail to be considerable. I do not see why the farmers of Manitoba do not stack their grain as it is cut. I am sure that at this time enough this year for the crop to be put into stacks. A little of it is, and the country will be a great deal in need of it to the crop. If it was wet it would be safe until now. The farmers have had repeated notices on this point, but they do not seem to profit by them."

Two men have been arrested at Hamiot, answering the description of parties accused of robbing a Shovel Lake. One man possessed a money order from the C. P. for \$50, paying it in Missouri bills. When searched the men had in cash between them, as well as loaded revolvers. They are being held, awaiting developments.

Crazed Farmer's Crime. Hobart, Ind., Sept. 26.—John Hartman, an aged farmer, living here, fatally wounded his wife, 53, by striking her several times with the head yesterday with a pickaxe. Leaving her for dead he went into his bedroom and committed suicide by shooting himself in the chest. Hartman's skull is fractured, and he had been married 45 years. Of late they had quarreled over money matters.

THE BOARDER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

Mr. Bower had not been in good luck for a time, and the doctor had prescribed a rest to her mother in the country. "You will go, certainly," replied Mr. Bower when informed of what the doctor had prescribed, and it's a wonder that I did not think of it myself. "You will be put to great trouble," she protested. "You can sleep in the night, of course, but you will be lying around at restaurants. Do you worry one little bit about me? I shall never sleep here again. I'll shut the house and go to some private boarding house."

"That will I have rows about?" she innocently queried. "The room, the food and the cooking will be all right, and there'll be no occasion for rows." "Mr. Bower departed by an early morning train, and Mr. Bower lost his key in looking out for quarters. He was too far away, and within a few minutes he was pulling the bell to the door of a flight of steps. It was a lady herself who answered the door, and when she understood that it was in search of a temporary home she smiled at the canvasser and replaced a smile that she tried her best to make appear motherly. "I think I understand you," she said with a friendly nod. "You are looking for a place which will extend the comforts of home, and you have come to the right house. You are used to a good bed and a dainty table, and you desire to meet congenial people around the festive board."

"Exactly, ma'am, and Providence seems to have guided my footsteps. I am sure we shall get along famously. I'd like to send my trunk over during the day and be here to dinner, are your figures?" "An elegant front room, newly furnished, and with running water and heat—for this room and my dining table I must ask you \$12 a week. I could have got \$16 yesterday, but I didn't like the looks of the man. He looked to me to be just the kind of a kisser. I have never had one of my boarders find a word of fault yet. We are the same as a family, you know, and many of us had been other by our given names. We will be the same as adopting you into a home, and you'll be a part of the family. You don't look like a fault finder."

INDIAN CHIEF WHITE ELK

Who Was to Die for Sparing His Enemy's Life.

White Elk, son of Standing Bear, the Shoshone chief, was on trial for his life. His crime was sparing an enemy on the field of battle. The last Indian in the circle around the council had made the sign of death. Standing Bear arose and stood stiff and stern in the red light of the burning embers. Every eye was upon him. White Elk sat looking stolidly at him through half-closed eyelids. Standing Bear thrust his arm out at full length and slowly spread his fingers apart and turned his thumb toward the earth.

A scream came from a group of women standing near the chief's lodge. Then the two old squaws led away a young Indian woman who still sobbed in spite of the sterner discipline of her race. The sentence of death had been passed on White Elk. White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "place of punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

Into this place White Elk was to be thrown, because the Shoshones believed that the person who disappeared into the depths along with the roaring waters of the Popoagie died a death more dreadful than any other that could be meted out to him because the Popoagie drew its victims so deeply down into the dark regions under the earth that the soul could never escape and find its way to the happy hunting ground of the tribe. White Elk was not afraid to die. He had met death face to face a dozen times and had not trembled. He had fought with the Blackfeet and the Sioux and led his warriors to victory on many a hard fought field. He had fought hand to hand with the murderous Apaches and never knew what it was to be afraid.

But in spite of his seeming indifference he shivered as he heard the hoarse roar of the Popoagie tumbling riotously over the rocks and leaping down the precipice to disappear in the dark depths below. He pictured his soul fighting with the angry water to regain the upper air that it might ascend to the happy hunting ground in the clouds. But he knew the Popoagie would triumph. He was certain that no soul could defeat the malevolent spirit of the Popoagie. White Elk could regard death with equanimity, but he could not bear the thought of an eternity spent battling with the spirit of the waters while Laughing Eyes waited for him in vain in the happy hunting ground.

White Elk's head dropped forward, and he groaned. He heard a sound behind him and sprang to his feet. Laughing Eyes stood beside him in the moonlight. She motioned him with her hand and he followed her out to the cliff overlooking the deep crevice down which the Popoagie lost itself. "You must not give yourself to the spirit of the Popoagie," said the girl. "You can go away. I will go with you. The Blackfeet have been your

A Savage Fight.

This wonderful story is vouched for by Commander Calvas, a French officer stationed in Africa. His handsome villa is a favorite resort of Europeans, and there a few weeks ago some Frenchmen began to talk about the crocodiles.

"I must introduce you to the negro Matifou, known as the slayer of crocodiles," said the commander. "A wonderful fellow he is. Some time ago a crocodile caught him by the legs and he could not wrench it away from the beast's mighty jaws. Fortunately some friends went to his assistance, and by distracting the animal's attention they succeeded in freeing Matifou. "As soon as he was able to walk he started out to have revenge on the crocodile. "One morning I saw him running from the dense forest, pursued by a colossal bear. He had no weapon of any kind and had been taken unawares as he was sleeping. To my surprise he made straight for the marshy land bordering the river. "I thought that he had lost his senses, for no sane man would face the legion of crocodiles in the river. There was Matifou with an immense bear a few yards behind him and a

host of crocodiles a few yards in front of him. Yet on he ran until he was within a few feet of one great crocodile whose jaws were open to grasp him, and then he swerved and, darting aside, stood calmly to witness what he knew would happen. "The next moment the bear and crocodile were in a death struggle. Tightly hugged in his enemy's arms, which held him up from the earth, the crocodile could hardly breathe, yet he fought valiantly, driving his teeth again and again into the shaggy throat of the monster who held him as in a vice. Gentlemen, it was the most amazing fight I ever witnessed, and I never expect to see another like it. That it would not last long and that neither animal would survive was evident, yet before it was over I had time to take an admirable photograph of the tragic scene."

Almost Done. A country editor who was not supposed to be rich built himself a modest cottage. The neighbors were all interested and naturally made inquiries as to how the building was progressing. The editor finally became tired of being asked whether the plastering was dry yet, whether he expected to move in this week, and so on. One day he was quite out of patience, and just then a subscriber asked: "Well Mr. Barnes, have you moved into your new house yet?" "We began this morning," answered the editor. "We carried over a chair and a saltcellar and left the dog in the yard." "Well, well," said the subscriber, "moving is an awful nuisance. I'm glad you're so nearly through." "Stray Stories. Only the best brands of case goods served. Drinks and cigars 25c. Pete McDonald, Bank saloon.

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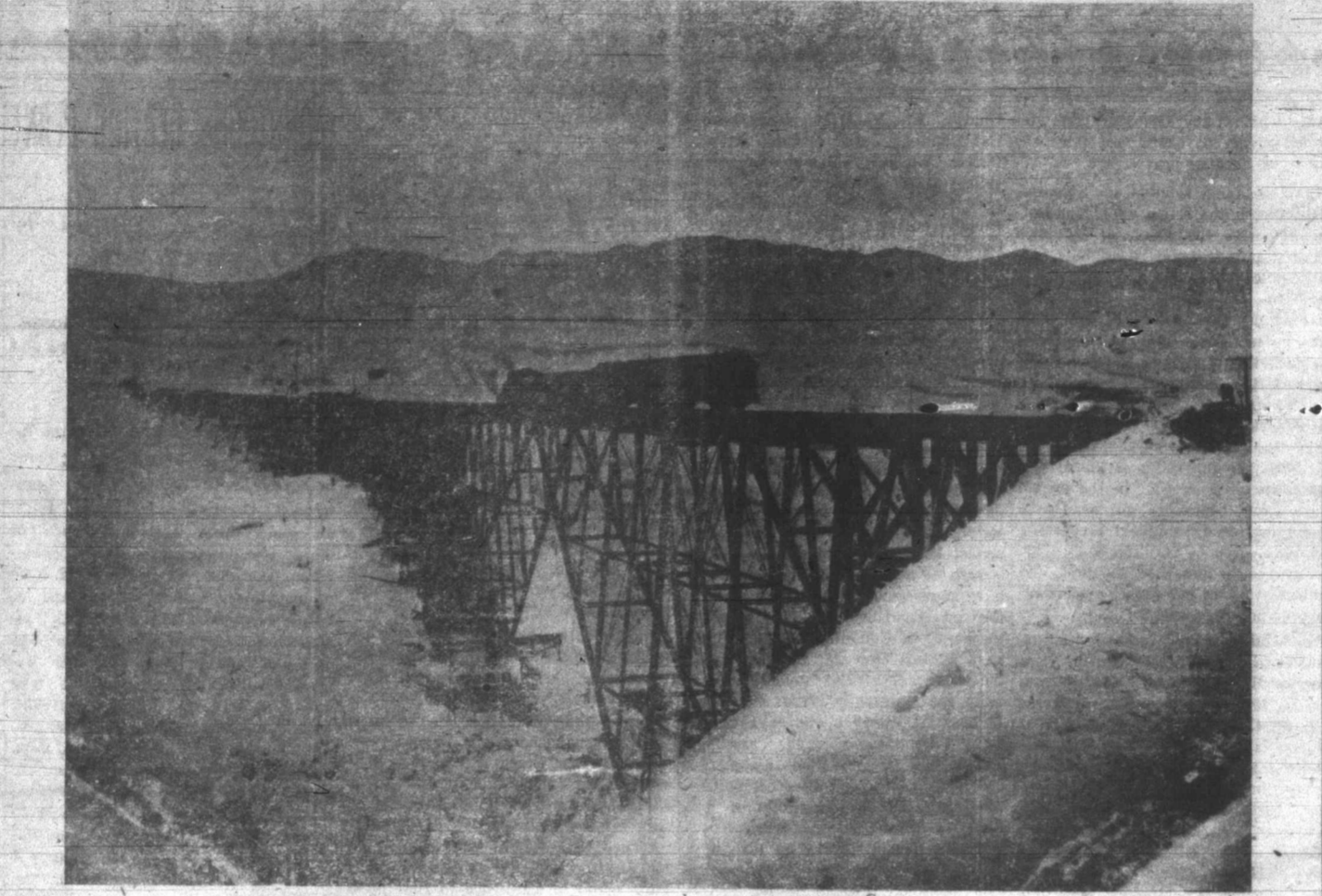
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Has the Following List of Goods for Your Inspection and Constituting THE VERY FINEST LINE OF CIGARS EVER SHIPPED TO THE YUKON TERRITORY.

- La Vencedora, Flora de Espanillo, La Preferencia, La Africano,
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EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT

Afforded by Standard and New Savoy This Week.

"Mr Potter of Texas" At the Former and "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" at the Latter.

From Tuesday's Daily.

A good audience greeted the first production of "Mr. Potter of Texas" at the Standard theatre last night. Owing to the fact that the electric lights were not in good working order the mechanical effects were partially destroyed, but the boilers at the power house have been put upon their new foundation and will be properly working tonight, giving the full electrical effect to the play.

"Mr. Potter of Texas" is a comedy drama dramatized from Mr. A. C. Gunter's book of the same name and is a play of exceptional strength and interest.

Mr. Potter when a lad was working in the shop of a celebrated London chemist, and one day was given some patents and a receipt for glue and

going to America made an immense fortune out of the glue.

The patents had been stolen by the chemist along with a number of others, and the crime had been fastened on the father of Charles Errol, who was also an employee of the chemist's shop, and who suffered banishment for the crime.

On his death bed the old chemist had confessed his crime to his daughter, Lady Clanmark, who made a trip to Calcutta, where the young Errol was stopping, for the special purpose of clearing his father's name.

Meeting him in Calcutta she fell in love with him but found him in love with Lord Creanley's sister, Marion. Her resolution to clear his father's name failed when she became aware of these facts, and she then attempted to conceal her father's guilt, knowing that it would ruin her own social position should it become known, and also that as long as the cloud hung over the life of Errol it would be impossible for him to marry Lord Creanley's sister.

Mr. Potter of Texas arrived at Calcutta at the same time to see his daughter who was there on a visit, and just at this time the natives arose in rebellion against the foreigners and laid siege to the embassy.

While escaping from the embassy the baggage of the travellers became mixed and the proofs of her father's

guilt, which Lady Clanmark had intended giving to Errol, got into the hands of another party.

Upon reaching London she attempted to fasten the crime upon Mr. Potter, but with the proofs of her own father's guilt not destroyed that was impossible. She sent a detective to Paris to get them, and Mr. Potter learning of this followed him, held him up in Paris, got possession of the packet only to find it empty. Going back to London he determined to play a game of bluff, and showing the packet to Lady Clanmark told Errol that therein was contained the proofs of the innocence of his father. There being a letter in the packet which Lady Clanmark did not wish known promised to reveal everything if it was given to her unopened. This was agreed to and then she told the whole history of her father's crime in the presence of the witnesses.

Wm. Mullen, the versatile actor, assumes the part of Mr. Potter in a most creditable manner. Lucy Lovell does full justice to the character of Lady Clanmark. The balance of the cast is as follows: Charles Errol (whose father was transported) Mr. Layne; Lord Creanley, Jack Williams; Fitz Charles De Vere, A. R. Thorne; Hawkeye (from Scotland Yard) Nick Williams; Abe Blizard, Jr., Chas. Moran; Hamet (Hindoo boy) Fred Breen; Osiman (a Hindoo) Railroad

Guard, W. VanDyke; Baggage man, Pat Dundon; Murrell (Hindoo woman) Carrie Winchell; Marion (Creanley's sister) Daisy D'Avara; Kate Potter (Senator's daughter) Mamie Holden; French officers, Marines, Sepoys, Gendarmes.

Each of the characters is well taken and the play in its entirety is strong and effective.

Next week Mr. Wm. Bittner, who is expected to arrive on the next boat from Whitehorse will make his appearance and will present one of the latest successes of the season.

Another rollicking comedy is being offered at the New Savoy as the piece de resistance this week, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," from the gifted pen of Madeline Lucette Ryley. Just enough of a plot exists upon which to have some amusing and very cleverly planned situations and the play in the hands of Cummings, Sedley, Vivian and Miss Howard, together with the lesser theatrical celebrities, is made the most of. Tom Pollinger, daring and devilish, is engaged to Betty Fondacre, coy and charming, and he being of a jealous disposition and in order to keep off other suitors has her assume the character of Mrs. Bugle, a grass widow. Allen Fondacre, her cousin, is also in love with her. Betty indulges in stock speculation, dealing through an old broker by name of Samuel Tote, who upon being seen in her company is taken for "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

Though engaged to Tom, Betty does not wish to marry in a hurry, having peculiar views as to what should be considered the age of discretion—40 years. A pretty scene in which there is some clever business takes place in the first act.

Allen the cousin, has been in Betty's apartment, and upon taking his departure leaves a lighted cigar on the mantle. Tom happening in a moment later finds the cigar, and Betty to save the trouble of answering embarrassing questions confesses that the cigar is hers and that Tom's

neglect has driven her to the use of tobacco. "Good," says Tom, "I'll save your life," and he hands her a cigar from his pocket which she in order to carry out the deception bites the end off and proceeds to light. Vivian and Miss Howard divide the honors equally, as do also Cummings and Sedley. Jessie, Forester impersonates perfectly the irascible old lady with the stammering, irrepresible son (Harry Cummings).

The following is the cast:

Tom Pillingier, Mr. Cummings; Allan Fondacre, Harry Sedley; Samuel Tote, Ray Southard, Chickwell, Fred C. Lewis; Bonepart, Harry F. Cummings; A Burglar, Thomas Rooney; A Policeman, Louis Traube; Betty Fondacre (Alias Mrs. Bugle) Vivian; Julia Fondacre (her sister) Miss Leola Howard; Louisa Tote, Miss Jessie Forrester; Marie, a maid, Miss Bessie Pierce.

In the olio Cecil Marion has replaced Hessie Pierce, who is this week playing a part in the comedy. Another valuable addition is that of Helen Jewell, the operatic vocalist. Miss Jewel possesses a sweet, well trained voice which she knows well how to use. Noel remains as great a favorite as ever, Paula Cordero is seen in new dances, and Carroll has returned to a sphere better suited to his abilities. His equilibrist turn is quite equal in excellence to that upon the slack wire. Ray Southard's excellent baritone is heard in new songs and Del Adelphe, the magician, brings a really splendid show to a close.

Corporal Ryan in Town.
Corporal Patrick Ryan, who has charge of the police station at Gold Bottom, is in the city on business for a few days. "Paddy" is one of the most popular boys in the Yukon service.

Notice.
All Elks regular during the week, and meet Sunday next, 3-p. m., at the Exchange parlors.

MONSTROUS HEATING PLANT

Great Scheme Conceived by Joseph F. Burke

And Executed by Engineer Rush—Lessens the Dangers of Fire and Is Great Fuel Saver.

Within the next few days the installation of the steam heating plant being put in by the Northern Commercial Co. will take place. It is an undertaking the magnitude of which few people have little conception. For over three months a force of machinists, steam fitters and laborers have been engaged on its construction, over two miles of pipe have been laid and \$25,000 has been expended. But little remains yet to be done and with that finished the work will stand as a lasting monument to the acumen and foresight of Joseph H. Burke, who was father to the idea, and Eugene Rush, the electrical and mechanical engineer under whose personal supervision every pipe, nut and tap was put in its place. A word concerning these gentlemen, Mr. Burke, general manager of the Yukon Sawmill Company, is too well known by everyone. In the country to need further introduction. Mr. Rush not only lays claim to being a competent electrical engineer, but has documents to prove his assertions, to say nothing of his excellent work which speaks eloquently for itself. Many years ago he passed the rigid civil service examination in the electrical department of the United States, remained in the service seven years and bears today an honorable discharge in which his rating is given as the highest. Some of his most notable work was the erection of the electrical plant in the cruisers Olympia and Philadelphia and the battleship Oregon. He has been inside since '98 and did the first steam fitting for heating purposes that was ever done in the country.

The plant which has been brought to its present state of perfection by the master hand of Mr. Rush distributes its heat over a radius of six blocks, a distance of half a mile, warms a score of business blocks and warehouses, makes comfortable a half hundred living and office apartments, and diffuses its welcome presence through 625,000 cubic feet of space contained in the building which derive their heat from that source. The mains employed which distribute the steam from the boilers are two in number, four and six-inch, laid parallel and in such shape that in case of fire the steam can be cut off from the larger one and it can be used as a water main. The supply of steam is derived from four boilers having a capacity of 250-horse-power. The same boilers also furnish power for the Yukon sawmill, A. C. machine shop, and a 600-light dynamo. From the boilers the mains run north as far as Eighth street and Second avenue north, and south as far as Second and First streets.

The first to feel its beneficent influence is the A. C. machine shop and offices, the building being two stories in height and having 40,000 cubic feet of space within its walls to be heated. Directly opposite is the warm storage warehouse in which Mr. Burke is interested and which has 30,000 cubic feet of space.

A short distance north is the residence of Chute & Wills, each of its 10 rooms, even to the kitchen, being supplied with steam heat. It has 10,000 cubic feet.

The N. C. ham and bacon warehouse has 10,000 cubic feet to be heated and the warm storage warehouses No. 15 and No. 16 have each 9,000 cubic feet.

To the rear of the warehouses mentioned, and on Second avenue north, is the old A. E. messhouse now used by L. R. Fulda, acting manager of the N. C. Co., as a private residence. It has 18 rooms, each room having an individual radiator of its own, the heating space comprised in the building being 24,000 cubic feet.

The eight-room residence of Mr. Heron on the next corner beyond is also heated and is the farthest north from the source of supply. It has 8,000 cubic feet.

Passing south from the mill the first customer found is the Ames Mercantile Company who heat both floors of their store rooms and the warehouse in the rear facing Second avenue, the total heating space amounting to 60,000 cubic feet.

Next is the hardware department of the N. C. Co., formerly occupied by the A. E. people. Two floors are there heated aggregating 65,000 cubic feet.

In the N. A. T. & T. Co. buildings the service, is being received only in the offices, warm storage and millinery department, a total of 75,000 cubic feet.

In the N. C. block there is not a single stove excepting the range in the kitchen of the mess. Heat is supplied throughout the main store building in every department both upstairs and down, the same is true of the warm storage warehouse with the living apartment overhead, the shipping warehouse, the entire N. C. office building, the two story messhouse and

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Mr. Mizner's private apartments, less than 200,000 cubic feet of space is heated in this block.

Across Third street is the Bank block with its 14 offices on the second floor and six business rooms on the first, all made comfortable by the steam pipes. The block has 50,000 cubic feet of space to be heated. Adjoining is the Savoy theatre which also prefers steam heat to stoves. It has 20,000 cubic feet.

The next and last business house to avail itself of the purchase of heat is the Bonanza saloon which has 10,000 cubic feet.

The plant so far as it has been tested has proven an unequalled success in every particular. The boilers are not crowded, and in fact, the service could be further extended should it become necessary without increasing the present boiler capacity. The fuel used is drawn from an enormous slab pile, the accumulation of the summer. About 14 cords are burned in 24 hours and there is enough of the slabs and edges to hand to last to May 1. Steam heat has very many advantages over stoves, the greatest of which is, possibly, the almost total elimination of any fire risk. A better equipped plant than that now in use by the N. C. Co. could not be found either in the States or Canada.

ROAD WORK COMPLETED

All Over the Territory Until Next Summer.

The territorial road work has been entirely closed for the season, the repair gangs numbering 35 men, which have been at work on Hunker, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza, filling in holes, making drains, and otherwise keeping the new roads in repair, having been laid off yesterday and all returned to town.

In the city there still remain the men and a team who are doing for the town roads the same as they just discharged were for the creek. Superintendent of local works Macfarlane states that they will be kept on as long as the gravel remains frozen so it can be handled. Within the past few days the roads have become much better and are now in excellent shape for strolling as soon as a little more snow arrives.

I. O. O. F. Notice.
The regular meeting of Dawson lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., will be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, at Masonic hall. Initiation of candidates and other important business.

J. A. GREENE, N. E.
We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

...THE LAST BOAT... GO HOME!

THE last boat of the season to leave Dawson for Whitehorse will be the steamer ORA which boat will leave the L. & C. Dock Thursday, October 24th. This is the latest boat to leave Dawson in the history of this country. With each succeeding year the steamers ORA, NORA and FLORA have made the record trips, coming in first with the ice in the spring and leaving last in the fall. Their record is not due to chance or luck but is directly attributed to the splendid skill of our pilots who are the highest paid officers navigating any river in the world. During all our years of activity when our boats have had to battle with the heavy gales on the lakes, the treacherous bars in the river or the perilous trip through the flowing ice NOT ONE ACCIDENT has been recorded against these boats. You can travel on the Ora this trip with absolute assurance of a Safe and Speedy Journey. This being our final trip we will make extraordinary efforts for the comfort of patrons to whom we extend our sincere appreciation for their continued patronage.

The Ora Leaves This Coming Thursd'y
CAPTAIN BAILEY IN COMMAND.

Klondike Corporation, Ltd. R. W. Calderhead, General Mgr.

Subscription Reduced

Beginning October 16th the subscription of the Daily Nugget will be reduced to three dollars per month, delivered by carrier to any address within the limits of Dawson. This reduction is made by reason of the facilities which we now enjoy for turning out a modern up-to-date journal at a minimum cost, the Nugget now possessing a plant which cannot be excelled in any city of the world of a similar size.

Our readers will notice that while we have reduced the price of the paper we have increased its size, and are now publishing an eight column metropolitan journal, equal in text, matter and typographical appearance to the up-to-date dailies on the outside.

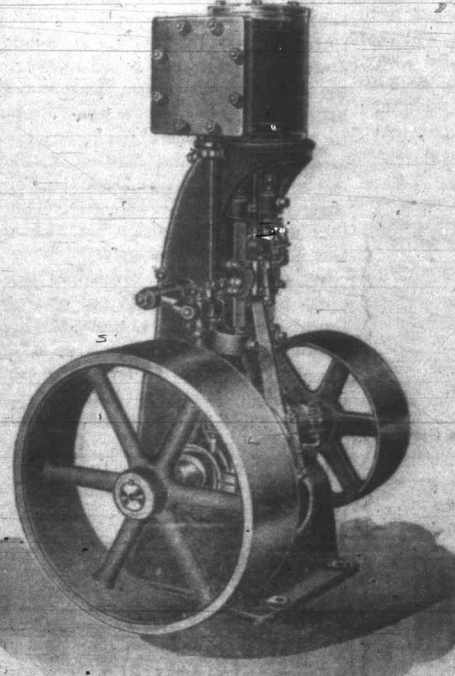
The Nugget will be delivered to your door for \$3.00 per month in the future.

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