

How Along the Lines... dictated by McKinley.

McKinley's responsibility... it is not to be believed...

McKinley's speech... admirable in its humanity and patriotism...

McKinley's words... the keynote of American... full directions...

THE HISTORY Of Dawson Is Written in the Files of the Nugget.

Vol. 2 No. 234

THE NUGGET Is the Pioneer of Yukon Journalism.

DAWSON, Y. T., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD

In Honor of Late President at Savoy Theatre Yesterday—Large Crowd Was in Attendance—Theatre Appropriately Draped—Mr. Congdon's Address.

The memorial service held at the Savoy theatre yesterday afternoon was not only very impressive but was expressive of the grief that is felt by all good citizens at the untimely death of President McKinley and the sympathy which the entire world extends to the nation in its bereavement.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, every inch of space in the large building was occupied and the doorways were crowded as far back as it was possible to get even a faint view of the stage.

The entire building was draped in a manner fitting the occasion with black cloth, in which were intertwined American, British and Canadian flags. Back of the stage was a large picture of the martyred president heavily draped and on the stage arms were stacked illustrative of the valiant deeds performed by Mr. McKinley in defense of the integrity and honor of his country during the dark days of war.

The speaker chosen for the occasion were all men of ability and, speaking with the deepest conviction, held the closest attention of the immense audience throughout the service.

They hymns sung were in accord with the balance of the service, and were led by a large choir, the audience assisting and swelling the chorus.

Mr. P. P. Congdon, acting commissioner of the Yukon territory, presided at the meeting. Mr. Congdon made the following address:— "Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"At the outset of this meeting I have to express my regret, regret shared by everyone present, at the sad bereavement which has prevented the commissioner of this territory from being present to express his sympathy with the object of the meeting. I have also to present to you the regrets of the Rev. Father Gendreau that the demands of his sacred calling require his attendance at this hour to perform the offices for the dead over a member of his own congregation.

"This is one of a vast number of similar services being held, not merely throughout the United States, but also throughout the British Empire and the civilized world. Never before was such testimony borne to the kinship of a man with the whole human race, a kinship founded not on mere community of a little blood, but on community of intelligence and feeling. The civilized world tender its homage to the dead president, and desires to appear in the train of his mourners. The whole civilized world reprobates and abhors the hideous crime of his death—murder most foul, as in the best it is, but this most foul, strange and unnatural. Pitiable and pathetic as is the spectacle of a Romanoff weeping in his blood, the victim of a cruel assassin, one can yet understand how in the circumstances and conditions of the country of which he was the supreme ruler, with its oligarchical government and the necessary exclusion of the vast majority from all share in government and formal opportunities to redress grievances, there should originate and grow up a class that deemed liberty only to be obtained by violence. But in the United States of America, with its constitution framed by the people and for the people, and capable under proper restrictions of being changed at any time for the purpose of more fully accomplishing the object for which it was framed, one can see no possible motive for the crime of doing to death the Chief

Magistrate of the Republic, a Chief Magistrate, too, who, like poor murdered Duncan, hath borne his faculties so meek and been so clear in his great office that his virtues do plead like angels' trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking-off. Applause.

"The constitution of the republic, and even the administration of which the deceased president was the loved

and honored chief, stand as stable as fore Police Magistrate Macaulay this ever. Nothing has been accomplished forenoon when J. D. Perkins, receiver, except to raise to a plane upon which et for claim No. 12, on Quartz creek stand the great and good Lincoln and was up on the charge of stealing the noble Garfield the memory of the wood off the property of Quartz

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IMPORTANT CASE AT ISSUE

Regarding Timber on Joe Boyle's Concession. A case of considerable more than ordinary importance was on trial be-

Creek Syndicate, more generally known as Joe Boyle's concession. The warrant was sworn to by a man named Nelson, who is a sort of "walking boss" on the concession and whose duty it is to see that it is not teespassed upon. The prosecution is being conducted by Joseph Boyle, while Attorney Bleeker is appearing for the defense and hotly contesting every point at issue, denying that Boyle even owns the ground embraced in the limits of the so-called concession, to say nothing of the timber which grows upon its surface. "Concessions," said Mr. Bleeker, "are the curse of the country today, and if the growing timber thereon is a part of the concession, it is all off with the Klondike as a mining field for the reason that placer-claim owners will not be able to obtain fuel to operate their respective claims."

A number of witnesses for the prosecution were examined this forenoon, none of whom had seen the wood cut or could swear positively that it had been cut on the concession. The case will be on this afternoon, when records form the gold commissioner's office as well as official evidence bearing on the grants and rights of concessionaries will be introduced. The Dominion land surveyor who established the lines of the Boyle concession will also probably be called upon to give evidence.

A number of quartz creek miners were in the court room this morning, all interested in the outcome of the case, as many of them will be deprived of fuel for thawing privileges if it is decided that surface rights accompany concession grants.

At Balmoral. London, Sept. 30.—King Edward with Queen Alexandra and the children of the Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Balmoral castle for a brief sojourn.

Not So Simple. "After all," said the optimist cheerfully, "most of the problems that beset us are extremely simple. For instance, you are troubled, and yet I venture to say a solution to the difficulty, whatever it may be, could be easily found."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the young author. "Still you might try your hand at it."

"Very well. State the case. I must have a typewriter in order to dispose of my manuscript."

"Of course. No editor will consider anything that isn't typewritten these days."

"And I must dispose of my manuscript before I can get a typewriter. Now, then, where am I at?"—Chicago Post.

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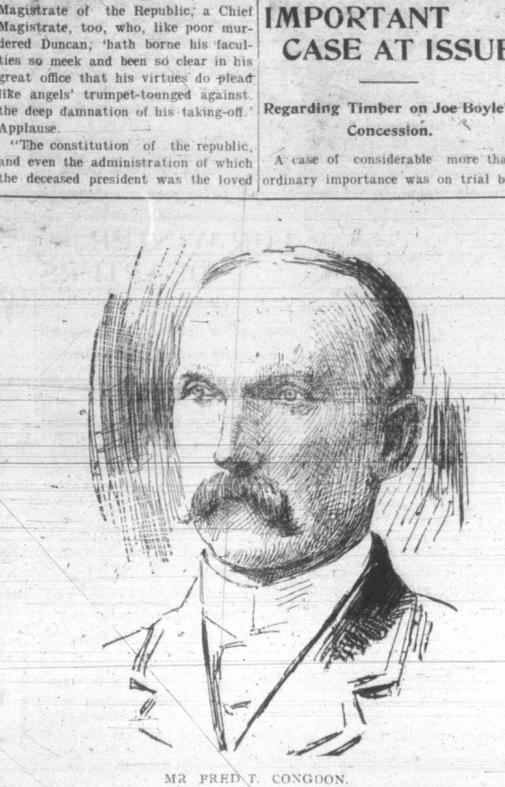
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If you want a fine room try the Fairview hotel. Kodaks \$2.50; fresh films 50c. Goetzman.

For Sale. Cash Lower half 23 below Lower Dominion Apply DR. MERRYMAN.



MR. FRED T. CONGDON.



MR. CHAS. R. McDONALD.

late William McKinley. In the course of nature but a few years could pass when the dead president would have ended his earthly career. There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead; said the great Athenian Martyr. No evil has befallen President McKinley; he has been given an opportunity to display the calm resignation of perfect trust when stricken down in the fullness of his power and at the height of his ambition, a resignation expressed in words which will ever be inexpressibly sweet to his sorrowing friends, "it is God's way. His will be done." He has shown that he had lived the life which enabled him to approach his end sustained by an unflinching trust, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. The dead president has but entered a little earlier into "The best Kingdoms meek of joy and love."

"There entertain him all ye Saints above In solemn troops and sweet society, That sing, and stinging in their glory move And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."—Applause.

RECEIVED BY WIRE DIRECT FROM VANCOUVER.

TRIED TO BLOW UP TOMB

President McKinley's Final Resting Place Invaded by Miscreants—The Sentry Who Was on Duty Seriously Injured—Believed Miscreants Are Anarchists.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 30.—An attempt was made last night to blow up President McKinley's tomb. The district is being scoured in search of the miscreants. It is believed that the perpetrators are anarchist sympathizers of C. Czolgozy. If caught they may be lynched.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

HIS WILL PROBATED

Dead President's Property Goes to His Wife.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 30.—The will of President McKinley was probated Saturday. It bequeaths all his property to his wife except \$1,000 of an annuity to his mother, and on her death the annuity to go to his sister, Miss Ida McKinley. On Mrs. McKinley's death all the property is to be divided equally between his mother and Miss Ida McKinley. The will is one of the most simple of legal documents, and concludes with:— "My chief concern is that my wife, from my estate, her comfort or pleasure, and that my mother shall be provided with whatever money she requires to make her old age comfortable and happy."

(It is evident that the will was made some years ago, as the president's mother has been dead since shortly after her son was first inaugurated president of the United States, she having died in 1897.)

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

BLAIR IS CENSURED

Minister of Railways Employs Chinese Servants.

Vancouver, Sept. 30.—Minister of Railways Blair is severely censured by the labor organizations of Canada for employing Chinese domestics at his home.

Royalty in Vancouver.

Vancouver, Sept. 30.—The Duke and Duchess of York are in Vancouver. The city is in lute and is a mass of harmonious decorations. Warships in the harbor and military organizations have joined in the demonstration. The special features of today's celebration are a review of school children, address by the Duke to the people from the court house balcony and the opening of the new drill hall. The weather is magnificent and ten thousand visitors are in the city to participate in the welcoming festival.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

MORE BOER TREACHERY

Kill Lieut. Miers After Raising White Flag.

London, Sept. 30.—Kitchenier, whose resignation has been semi-officially denied, reports that Boer forces under Botha attacked forts Itali and Prospect on the Zululand frontier but had been repulsed with heavy loss. At River's Draal on the Natal border, Lieutenant Miers was killed on September 25th while talking to a party of Boers who had displayed the white flag.

The greatest rigor has been proposed in suppressing the rebellion in Cape Colony.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC HOLD-UP

Which Train Crew and Passengers Could Not Avert

Millions of Green Worms Held Right of Way Over Trestle in Maine Forest.

A short time ago the trains on the Canadian Pacific railroad were late, and the story went out that a terrible accident had happened near Megantic, near the western border of Maine. As the line of the Canadian Pacific runs for miles through the wilderness of northern Maine, the report could not be verified at first. A press telegram was sent out stating that the Colonist Limited had gone through the bridge, and that large numbers had been killed, but at last the overdue train arrived at Jackman Station, and the story was told. Before any person on the train would say a word. They first made a rush to the general store near the Jackman Station and bought a bottle of some emollient. As the passengers rubbed the soothing compound on the bulging blotches of mosquito bites and on the red rash that marked the punishment dealt by black flies and minges they related their experiences.

It seems that when the train, composed of heavily loaded Colonist cars struck the foot of a steep grade, the engineer noticed that the drivers began to slip and grind in a somewhat unaccountable fashion. The engineer leaned out of the cab and saw that numerous green worms were crawling on the sleepers and the rails. He yanked the sand lever and set the throttle up a notch or so. The great wheels came flogging down on the rails and the engine rocked and trembled, but as the grade grew steeper the locomotive labored more ineffectually.

At the top of the grade and continuing for a quarter of a mile is a trestle over Moxie brook. As the engine pulled and snorted toward the end of this trestle, slipping, grinding, jerking ahead and then almost slowing to a standstill, the engineer noticed that the green worms were growing more numerous. Behind, they had been patches and thin processions like the stragglers behind an army, at the end of the trestle and along the viaduct as far as the eye could distinguish them they were packing rails and sleepers like a carpet of waving, undulating green. It was evident that the worm army wanted to go somewhere, and was using the trestle of the great Canadian Pacific over which to make an exodus. For every one squashed by the engine wheels two more took his place on the rails, and before the trestle was reached the wheels of the locomotive gave a last despairing buzz on the slippery rails, and then the train jerked to a standstill. The weight of the cars even pulled the locomotive back a bit ere the brakes would take hold.

The conductor came forward alongside of the train, scuffling through the mud of the roadbed, and stepping gingerly through the patches of crawling worms. He found the engine stopped by the side of the engine house with intense disgust at the stinking mess that was smeared over the running gear, and even stepped in thick, yellow streams from the rims of the wheels. The conductor and engineer stood there a moment passing florid comments on the occasion, and as they talked they saw out first one foot and then the next to shake of the determined engineers who insisted on a tour of investigation.

When passengers seeing these queer things, started to come forward, but there were too many worms in sight. The engineer thought that he could go back a mile or so and get enough momentum to run over and through the mess. He told the conductor that he hadn't been looking for any army on the rails, and there were had not taken the grade at determined speed. So the train was backed two miles. Then the engineer took the engine broom and, with the assistance of the fireman, cleaned off as much as he could.

Then with the throttle wide open, using every pound of steam, and with sand valve pulled to the limit, he slammed to the foot of the grade. But half way up he saw that his charge was going to be without avail. The first onslaught on the hosts had left the rails smeared and slimy. Since these new batches of worms had appeared recklessly over the bodies of the train. These later arrivals were swatted into the mess left by the first onslaught. Even the sand couldn't cut the coating, so that the drivers could not see the rails. The locomotive came

to a halt with its pilot just poked over the first sleepers of the trestle. There was a second council of war. The engineer suggested that he take the coil of hose in the cab, hitch it to one of the cocks, sweep the rails with water. This recourse was tried. But as soon as the water began to run each worm halted and clung to rail or sleeper. He was able to flatten himself in such a fashion that the water sluiced over him ineffectually. As soon as the stream stopped the worm placidly resumed his course. The water in the tender couldn't be wasted in this fashion, for steam must be kept up.

It was then suggested that the train wait patiently until the worm army had crossed over, but after watching the progress of a sample worm for a few moments the conductor decided that this wouldn't do. The worm didn't hike right along, nor did any of his fellows. Each hitched and undulated for an inch or so and then used up valuable time in reconnoitering. The worm lifted his head, jabbed his stubby snout first to right and then to left, and took a long and contemplative survey. Then he hitched along a few more inches and repeated the leisurely survey. The situation was worse than that of a trolley car behind a watering cart in a narrow street.

One of the passengers on the train, a Western farmer, going back to his old home in Germany for a summer visit, said that he believed the only way was to make brooms out of birch twigs and sweep the tracks. He declared that he was willing to assist, and on this many of the passengers volunteered. Getting the train out of its predicament was a matter in which all were interested. So the train crew and the others set to work cutting twigs down in the ravine, and several in the party tied the twigs into brooms for the use of the others. In ten minutes 50 men were out on the trestle, sweeping away for dear life. The air below the framework was filled with flying worms. They pattered like green rain on the leaves of the trees below.

To be sure, there was a quarter of a mile of trestle to clean, but it seemed like a fairly easy proposition. Here, however, ensued a complication. The complication first tackled the men who went into the bushes after the twigs. Up from their retreats came the black flies, the minges, and the mosquitoes. They chased the choppers out of the woods and then fell upon the men who were sweeping the tracks.

A person who has not been in the Maine woods cannot understand the tortures that these little terrors inflict. They are at their worst in July. Persons who do not understand those things may think it sounds puerile and cowardly for a man to admit that black flies have "driven him." But even hardened woodsmen and guides will not venture into the woods in June and July until they have smeared their leather hides with grease and tar and other compounds.

The passengers and the train crew were wholly unused to the pests of the Maine forests. Many of them were from cities, and if black flies ever laugh, these terrors of the Moxie must have choked when they spied the fair white skins of the strangers who had suddenly dropped among them like manna from heaven. By the wireless telegraphy in use in insect land the news was sent abroad, and clouds of pests came winging in over valley and hill. Mosquitoes arrived and went away in content. Black flies splashed the faces of the toilers. These flies do not fear any movement of man, and settle on the face and hands in patches. Their bite is acute agony. They must use saws where mosquitoes use drills, to judge from the sensation.

Each worm sweeper was followed by clouds of these flies, streaming out behind in the air like banners. The minges, such tiny specs as to be hardly visible, came too, and burrowed in the skin in all the claims that had not been staked out by their bigger brothers. The sting of a minge is not a whit less agonizing than the bite of the black fly.

As the workers perspired the plague grew worse. At last fully half the men threw down their brooms and ran for the shelter of the cars, fairly screaming with the torture the insects were inflicting upon them. Only a sportsman who has been in the Maine woods during the summer can understand how infernal this insect persecution is. Other passengers worked on, yielding the broom with one hand and swatting flies with the other. It was necessary to keep one or both hands whirling constantly to escape being eaten alive. But fighting the pests was about like kicking out against a breeze. The natural relief from such ineffectual warfare is to swear. So the passengers swore and swatted and swept, and swept and swatted and swore, their perspiring faces pulling redly with the poison that the insects were pumping into them. At last even the bravest gave

PEOPLE WE MEET.



THE HON. JUSTICE CRAIG.

up the job and retired to the cars, and left the worms and the insects masters of the trestle. The ill-tempered were the masters of the day. When night came on and the insects were out of the fight on the worms was resumed, and at last the train got over the grade and away. But when the passengers got off at Jackman their faces were so swollen that they could barely open their eyes sufficiently to see the way to the store where an enterprising Yankee keeps face lotions.—Chicago Tribune.

CORONER'S INQUEST

Held Over Body of Jacques Levoic—Foreman Blamed.

A coroner's inquest was held on Sept. 22nd on the body of Jacques Levoic, who was killed on the 20th Sept., on No. 17, Gold Run, owned by Messrs. Chute & Willis. The deceased was working in a tunnel connecting the drift with the hoist when a piece of muck about two feet square fell down on his head and partially buried him. He was at once taken out and efforts were made to restore him to consciousness, but without success. Dr. Lambert was called in but the injured man never regained consciousness, and died about five hours after the accident, death being due to concussion of the brain. At the place where the accident happened there was only two feet of dirt between the roof and the surface. At this point a crack on the surface ran right across the tunnel and the warning. The jury were shown the body and the place where the accident happened, and after examining a number of witnesses gave the following verdict:—"We find that Jacques Levoic was killed by a fall of roof in a tunnel on No. 17, Gold Run, Rider.—We find that the superintendent, J. F. Martin, and the drift foreman, J. A. Fleming (Fleming) showed lack of judgment in not taking steps to ascertain the thickness of the roof. Had they done this precautions might have been taken and the accident prevented."

\$25 Reward. Strayed or stolen from No. 5 below, Sulphur creek, one red and white milch cow—with a V shaped notch on each ear. It is believed that the cow is in the vicinity of Magnet Gulch, where she has lately been seen. This is an opportunity for the police at Eldorado Forks or elsewhere.

TIM P. CROWLEY, 5 B. Sulphur.

—One Year After.— They were married about a year ago. They took a moonlight trip down the river for cooling off purposes. "Dearest," said she—they were off in a corner by themselves—"dearest, doesn't the tolling of the bell always inspire you with ineffable feelings?" "Um!" said dearest, biting off the end of a fresh cigar and rubbing at the end of the young woman with the low cut waist. "See how the moon glids the tops of those trees. Now, what does that remind you of—what evening when we were together?" she said. "You can search me! Too hot to remember things," said he, gazing at one of his thumb nails and mentally deciding that it would have to be filed down that night. "Did you ever notice," she went on after a pause, "how mellow all sounds seem when they come floating over the water?" "Uh huh," he replied, giving his outing cap a tug over his eyes. "Is it not beautiful," she went on after another pause, "to see the light lightning leaping, like gold lattice-work all afloat, back of the mighty monument?" "Sure thing," answered he, pulling the old dog-eared business letters out of his breast pocket and glancing at them in the moonlight and then sorting them over.

"What are those lines of Shelley's about the moon—That orb'd maiden with white fire laden—something like that, is it not?" "Not guilty," he replied, knocking the ashes of his cigar. "But you used to recite it to me—before we were married, you know," said she, not without a tinge of reproach in her tones. "That so," said he. "Must have been a pretty mushy guy, eh?" She deigned no reply to this, but awhile she began: "Does there not seem to you to be something mystical, something old and druidish, as it were, in the song made by the rustling of the leaves?" "Say," broke in dearest, throwing away the butt of his cigar, "I wonder if that delicatessen store around the corner'll open when we get home? I'm as hungry as a dog, and I don't care to eat boat truck. We can get some bologna and some cheese and some cold sliced ham and stuff like that, hey, if the store's open?" She abandoned her effort to get him back to the higher and nobler for the rest of the trip.—Washington Post.

Daily Stage to Hunker. On and after October 1st, 1901, the Orr & Tukey Co., Ltd., will run a daily four-horse stage, Sundays included, to upper Hunker, leaving Group Roadhouse, 6 below, at 8:30 a. m. Returning leave Dawson at 2 p. m., arriving at Gold Bottom at 6 p. m. crs

Pistols for Two. If reports from Dawson are true there is trouble brewing between a local steamship agent and Chief Telegraph Operator Clegg, of the Dominion line at Dawson. Last Friday he telegraphed Supl. Cream at Bennett to save him a pair of boxing gloves, as he was preparing to train for a boxing contest with Pete Copeland. He said he wanted them, and he wanted them quick, as he might come out over the ice and wanted to be in condition when he arrived. When asked what had engendered this terrible hatred for Pete, all he would say was:—"I introduced him as a friend and, well, no matter, we will settle that later." Copeland left on the train yesterday for White Horse, and at the depot refused to say anything for publication.—Alaskan.

For Sale—South End Cafe and lease. Doing good business. A bargain if taken at once. p39

Kodak films developed, 50 cents per roll. Kodak photos 12 1/2 cents each. Goetzman's.

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Finely woven Wool Blankets also in all weights. Heavy Wool Clothing. Will Keep Out Cold.

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A Story of Labouchere.

Labouchere was once sent by the British minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle-hour in almost any American city, you can get into a game of "draw" or anything else in the way of gamble. In the evening of his arrival the attaché incognito entered a gaming establishment and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied, no doubt, with his prowess. The next day the bailiff seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay and could not, therefore, take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance and wait two days for its arrival. The first day he walked about and spent his half dollar on food. It was summer, and he slept on a bench on the common. In the morning he went to the bath to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Toward evening he grew very hungry and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. As the hungry and for the time being penniless attaché ate his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen and that they not only continually stared at him, but were evidently discussing him with one another. A guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer and in a low voice said:—"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you the patriot Meagher?" Now, this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising and had escaped thence to the United States. "It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling me the story, "so I put my finger before my lips and said 'Eyes up!' at the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I went to the bar and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said: "From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money. Allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you. I allowed him. He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him and then stalked forth, with the stern, resolved but somewhat condescending air which he had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the postoffice, got his money and breakfasted.—Ex.

—One Year After.— They were married about a year ago. They took a moonlight trip down the river for cooling off purposes. "Dearest," said she—they were off in a corner by themselves—"dearest, doesn't the tolling of the bell always inspire you with ineffable feelings?" "Um!" said dearest, biting off the end of a fresh cigar and rubbing at the end of the young woman with the low cut waist. "See how the moon glids the tops of those trees. Now, what does that remind you of—what evening when we were together?" she said. "You can search me! Too hot to remember things," said he, gazing at one of his thumb nails and mentally deciding that it would have to be filed down that night. "Did you ever notice," she went on after a pause, "how mellow all sounds seem when they come floating over the water?" "Uh huh," he replied, giving his outing cap a tug over his eyes. "Is it not beautiful," she went on after another pause, "to see the light lightning leaping, like gold lattice-work all afloat, back of the mighty monument?" "Sure thing," answered he, pulling the old dog-eared business letters out of his breast pocket and glancing at them in the moonlight and then sorting them over.

What are those lines of Shelley's about the moon—That orb'd maiden with white fire laden—something like that, is it not?" "Not guilty," he replied, knocking the ashes of his cigar. "But you used to recite it to me—before we were married, you know," said she, not without a tinge of reproach in her tones. "That so," said he. "Must have been a pretty mushy guy, eh?" She deigned no reply to this, but awhile she began: "Does there not seem to you to be something mystical, something old and druidish, as it were, in the song made by the rustling of the leaves?" "Say," broke in dearest, throwing away the butt of his cigar, "I wonder if that delicatessen store around the corner'll open when we get home? I'm as hungry as a dog, and I don't care to eat boat truck. We can get some bologna and some cheese and some cold sliced ham and stuff like that, hey, if the store's open?" She abandoned her effort to get him back to the higher and nobler for the rest of the trip.—Washington Post.

Daily Stage to Hunker. On and after October 1st, 1901, the Orr & Tukey Co., Ltd., will run a daily four-horse stage, Sundays included, to upper Hunker, leaving Group Roadhouse, 6 below, at 8:30 a. m. Returning leave Dawson at 2 p. m., arriving at Gold Bottom at 6 p. m. crs

Kodak films developed, 50 cents per roll. Kodak photos 12 1/2 cents each. Goetzman's.

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Dawson Dental Parlors. DR. BROWN & WHARTON, PROP. BANK BLDG., FIRST AVE. AND THIRD ST. OFFICE FEES: 1. Teeth Examined Free of Charge. 2. Teeth Extracted, painless. 3. Teeth Cleaned. 4. Silver Fillings. 5. Gold Fillings. 6. Cement Filling. 7. Bridge Work, per tooth. 8. Gold Crowns. 9. Full Set Teeth, Rubber. 10. Full Set Teeth, Gold. Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Bank Building, Up Stairs.

Wall Paper. From 50 Cents Up. Anderson Bros. We have the finest lot of wall paper and paints direct from the factory. Stains, oils, turpentine, white and colored enamel, putty, glass and everything in the painter's line. Second Avenue.

STAGE LINES FREIGHTERS THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. TO GRAND FORKS—Daily each way, Sundays included. TO DOMINION AND GOLD RUN—Via Bonanza and McCormack's Forks. TO S. ASBY DIS, HUNKER—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning following days. ALL LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. TELEPHONE NO. 8.

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Steamer Prospector (CAPTAIN RITCHIE) Will Sail for Clear Creek and McQuesten OCTOBER 3rd. For Passenger and Freight Rates, Apply Frank Mortimer, Agent. Aurora Dock.

THE CLIFFORD SIFTON. Made another excursion to Whitehorse Monday with every stateroom sold and a jolly, satisfied crowd of passengers. Last Trip of the Season! October 3rd. WAIT FOR HER. Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167. Frank Mortimer, Aurora Dock, Ticket and Freight Agent.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd. Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between Dawson and White Horse: "Victorian" "Columbian" "Canadian" "Whitehorse" "Selkirk" "Dawson" "Tukuer" "Haley" "Zealandian" "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers. A daily steamer each way, connecting with passenger train at White Horse. Through tickets to all Puget Sound ports. Travel by the Best Boats and Avoid Trouble and Delay. Reservations Made on Application. E. C. HAWKINS, Gen'l Mgr. W. F. & Y. R. H. BARLING, Gen'l Mgr. B. T. R. Co. J. P. LEE, Traffic Manager. J. H. JOHNSON, Agent.

# DEVELOPMENT OF QUARTZ

## Will be Extensively Gone Into by the Munger Syndicate, Which Is Prepared to Expend Millions of Dollars in Klondike Mining—Stamp Mill Is Already in Operation.

The "life" of the Klondike as a mining camp and the consequent stability of Dawson as a city of importance has been a subject which has agitated the minds of those whose interests are settled in this territory, actual as well as prospective, for some time, and while there have been numbers pessimistically inclined who have not hesitated to venture the opinion that the camp and district in general has seen its best days, there are others who hold to the view diametrically opposite, and declare that the Yukon, the Klondike and Dawson are but in their infancy, scarcely past the age of babyhood, and that the ultimate greatness of the territory as one of the foremost mining centres of the world, not transitory but permanent in its character, is as inevitable as the rising of the sun in the east. In support of the theory advanced by the latter class, the possibilities yet to be made apparent by the hydraulic miner are pointed out as sources of wealth, the extent of which is little dreamed of. Experts with years of experience and who are thoroughly conversant with the subject have made the unqualified statement that upon Bonanza creek alone there is sufficient gold bearing gravel to keep a half hundred Little Giants in operation continuously for thirty years. But it is of quartz that the following article deals with, the source, the very fountain head from which has come the millions of gold the auriferous gravels of the Klondike have already produced.

It is only within the past year or two that the hard rock miner has made his presence known in the community, he has come unknown to all save a very few to whom he has given his confidence, but he has come to stay. A few years ago the man with a specimen of quartz in his pocket was somewhat of a curiosity, and when he talked of leads, dykes, walls, true fissures and primary formations his words fell upon ears more accustomed to hear of pay-streaks, bedrock, lays and big pans. Others followed in his footsteps until today there is scarcely a ridge or hill whose surface has not been trampled over by the searchers after a gold bearing lead. Many have had their diligence and perseverance rewarded by making discoveries of an extremely promising character, but with their stakes planted and their locations recorded came the question, "now that I have a quartz claim what can I do with it?" The average prospector is not a man of means, and if perchance he succeeds in developing his property to such an extent that it is given a tangible value the chances are that he will have to sell an interest in his claim in order to secure the wherewithal to buy a mill. In the Klondike as in all mining countries, there are doubtless hundreds of promising mining claims in the hands of persons who are unable to expend the thousands of dollars necessary to develop their properties into paying and salable mines, and who do not feel justified in undertaking the erection of a five or ten-stamp mill, knowing, as they do, that the first cost of such machinery is only a good start toward the installation of the mill ready to run—it being a fact that the cost of erection is often more than twice that of the cost of the machinery. In the event of a disappointment in meeting expectations in development, such a plant would be very largely a fixture, and would very probably stand as a monument in evidence of failure, because the money spent in its erection would be necessarily lost in moving the machinery to other mines, where possibly the same experience would have to be repeated.

In at least one respect the Klondike is being singularly favored, a fact that is known to but very few, and which should bring joy to every resident in the Yukon territory, whether directly interested in quartz or not.

Capital, so necessary to place quartz claims upon a paying basis, is proverbially shy of new fields, and there are many of the best districts in the United States and also in Western Canada which frittered away precious years before they were able to induce capitalists to take hold of their properties and make of them what they are today. It would seem, then, that when such men as

Fairbanks, Morse, Fraser, Gates, Chalmers and George M. Munger, all of Chicago, many of whom are multi-millionaires, become identified with quartz properties and their development, as they have here, that there is every reason to believe the ore bodies of the country are of the right character and the future of the camp is in a measure assured. This same body of men has been closely associated in mining for over twenty years and were largely responsible for the second boom, Cripple Creek, Colorado, enjoyed. They own mines in every section of the country and there is no proposition of merit too big for them to embrace. Their venture in the Klondike was only made after an exhaustive and careful examination on the part of Mr. Munger, who returned to Chicago but a few weeks ago. Their advent here was quiet and unostentatious, without any noise, flourish of trumpets, or exhaustive newspaper interviews, yet within the past four months they have invested in the Klondike in various ways over a HALF MILLION DOLLARS in cash, to say nothing of the amount represented by working bonds taken on various claims which they are developing as fast as men and money can do so. Glib tongued brokers and "hot air" quartz kings are often prone to talk in any easy manner of hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars with the same equanimity one would speak of a five or ten dollar transaction, but that kind of talk don't build stamp mills, sink shafts, drive tunnels, or hire skilled labor at \$8 per day. It is the man of millions who is necessary to drag the golden shackles from the mountain fastnesses and without him brawn and muscle would make but slow progress in enriching the world through the medium of the reduction of ores.

Through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Edward Spencer, who is representing the Munger syndicate, the Nugget is today able to give its readers the first authentic account of the beginning of what will doubtless develop into a corporation of the colossal magnitude. The term corporation is used advisedly as is also the reference made to it in the future tense, as those most heavily interested in the welfare of the Klondike from a quartz standpoint have not yet formed themselves into a company nor have they a name. They have simply made up a "jack pot," as it were, of a few hundred thousand dollars to see what the Klondike quartz contains, and while their investment so far may be said to be only in the experimental stage, yet enough is known to them that unless all signs utterly fail, there is today opportunities in this region which in their opinion have never been excelled by any other locality in the world. A word concerning the personnel of the syndicate, as it may be termed. With the exception of Mr. Munger, they are all engaged in the manufacture of mining machinery. Fairbanks, Morse & Co. is one of the oldest established concerns in the city of Chicago, which might also be said of the Gates Iron Works, while the firm of Fraser & Chalmers is known from one end of the world to the other. And such is the class of men who are prepared to spend unlimited capital in the exploitation, development and reduction of Klondike quartz.

As the easiest handled and least expensive class of ore to work is that of the free milling variety, so the first experiments of the company are in the treatment of that character of ore. The plant, a brief notice of which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago, is now installed upon a tract of land which the company has secured lying on the left limit of the Klondike river about 200 yards below the Ogilvie bridge. There is adequate room for the various buildings employed and for such expansion as may be necessary in the future. The mill building is 30x30 in size with an annex 6x24, which will be occupied by the ore crusher, one of the Gates pattern, as soon as it arrives.

Within the building is everything necessary for the treating of free milling ore and all so arranged that the severe cold of the winter will possess no terrors. A well 18 feet deep has been sunk beneath the floor,

solidly timbered and made steam tight, and from this source will be derived the supply of water necessary not alone for the boilers, but also for the stamp battery. There are two separate and distinct engines and two boilers. One of the latter is an upright 12 horsepower boiler, which operates a 5 horsepower friction hoist used to elevate the ore to the hopper and also supplies live steam for heating purposes. A pipe leads into the well which in extreme cold weather will keep the water at an even temperature. Another pipe performs a like service in the reservoir placed near the top of the building from which the water supply for the battery and apron flows by gravity. The same boiler also operates a Duplex pump with a 2 1/2 inch suction and 2 inch discharge, which pumps the water from the well to the reservoir, the steam from the exhaust being turned into the covered tail race through which the tailings are carried out into the Klondike some 35 or 40 feet distant. Within the race is an ingeniously contrived trap which allows the free passage of the slimes effectually bars the air and cold from without. The other boiler referred to is a 15 horsepower, tubular, locomotive type, and will supply the power to an engine of the same size which operates the stamps, crusher, wood saw, and concentrator, the latter being also yet to arrive. The mill is of the Tremaine type, the difference between it and the old style mill where the weight of the stamp and stem and gravity alone does the work, being that steam supplements the use of the cams in raising the stamp and the weight in its descent. The mill stands 7 feet 6 inches in height and rests on a solid block of wood 22x24 inches, which is sunk in the ground 16 feet, the lower end standing on a mud sill 12 inches thick, 16 inches wide and 6 feet long, thus giving it a solidly capable of withstanding the constant pounding of the stamps. The mill may be said to be entirely self-contained and briefly may be described as consisting of two stamp stems, the upper ends of which terminate in pistons working in cast iron cylinders after the manner of the steam engine. These pistons are turned out of the solid forging which forms the stamp stems, are 5 1/2 inches in diameter, and are fitted with three sets of piston rings, making them steam tight. The piston rods which pass through the stuffing boxes are four inches in diameter, and the steam pressure which is admitted under the piston to raise the stamp is confined to an area which is due to the difference between the diameter of the piston and the piston rod, amounting to an annular ring about three-quarters of an inch wide, a small area, it is true, but sufficient to quickly raise the stamps, the total weight of which is but 300 pounds. Each piston in its travel toward the top of its cylinder passes a small steam port, which adjoins the pressure to the valve mechanism and moves the valve so its the valve cutting off the admission of steam to the underside of the piston, and admitting it to the underside of its mate, at the same time connecting the top and bottom ends of the first mentioned cylinder together, thus allowing the confined steam which is holding the stamp up to be expanded around the piston to its upper side, and acting expansively upon the large area there encountered, to so energetically assist the 300 pound stamp in its downward movement as to strike a blow upon the die equal to that of an 800 to 1000 pound gravity stamp. The pistons alternate with each other perfectly and when the valve is moved back again to admit steam to the underside of the first mentioned, it also connects the top side with the exhaust port so that the steam remaining after the blow has been struck is passed into the atmosphere. This arrangement makes it possible to use the steam expansively and to obtain the same crushing effect with each drop of the 300 pound stamp as would be secured with a gravity stamp of 800 to 1000 pounds dropping eight inches. Instead of being limited to about 90 drops per minute, as with the gravity stamp, with the Tremaine mill it is possible to obtain a speed of 200 or more drops per minute of each stamp and it will be quite obvious that the crushing capacity must be corre-

spondingly increased. The capacity of the mill varies greatly according to the character of the ore and the size of mesh in the screens used. Ore that is friable and partially decomposed is much more quickly reduced to a pulp than that which is hard and flinty. With the average gold quartz, using a 40 mesh screen, the mill will handle from 8 to 18 tons in 24 hours, the power required being from 7 to 10 horsepower, according to the speed at which the mill is run, and fuel needed but one cord of wood. The water required for both the boiler and mill is 1 1/2 miner's inches, equal to about 800 gallons per hour. Persons who have used the Tremaine mill say it is an excellent amalgamator. The mortar is provided with silver plated lip plates in lieu of the inside copper used in the gravity stamp mill. These lip plates retain amalgam wonderfully well, are always in sight, and are a perfect index of the conditions inside the mortar. The screening capacity of the mill is relatively large, there being about 549 square inches of screens used in the mortar as against 475 square inches in the standard five stamp gravity mortar. Because of the very rapid movement accomplished by the steam driven stamps a much greater agitation of the pulp in the mortar is kept up and a much greater height of the screen surface is made available for the discharge of the pulp. The speed of the mill is variable at will and depends entirely upon the steam pressure used. With 60 pounds pressure the speed is 140 drops to the minute of each stamp; with 80 pounds, 180 drops; with 100 pounds, 200 drops.

(Continued tomorrow.)

## DISTRESSINGLY PEACEFUL

### Police Have Little to Do These Quiet Days.

Another Saturday and Sunday have rolled together on the scroll of Time and laid away on the shelf of Eternity and Monday morning found the lonesome bench at police court unoccupied save for one dejected and billious appearing individual who has not yet been in Dawson sufficiently long to regulate his hootch gauge. The individual in question arrived in Dawson Saturday afternoon on the Seattle No. 3 from St. Michael and at once proceeded to celebrate his arrival which would have been all right had his gauge been regulated, but it wasn't. However, as it was one of those quiet, "peace on earth, good will towards men" drunks, and in view of the fellow's newness in Dawson his honor looked with compassion on the offender, imparted some kindly advice, and let him go.

### Distressing Accident.

A distressing accident occurred yesterday at the residence of Mr. Fred Wood. Mr. Wood's two little girls, Doris and Ruth, were playing in the yard, a small hatchet figuring prominently in what they were doing. The exact manner in which the accident occurred has not been ascertained, but it appears that Ruth had the hatchet and in attempting to chop with it, struck the index finger of her sister's left hand, severing it almost completely from the hand below the knuckle. A physician was called and the finger amputated. The little girls are twins, being just five years old.

### Hot Time Coming.

The Zero Club members are to give another "function" Saturday night next and a night of jolly good fellowship will be enjoyed. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee on entertainment for the occasion: Messrs. E. B. Condon, Herb Robertson, W. W. White, F. C. Crisp, R. P. McLennan and E. J. Fitzpatrick.

Zero Club Notice.  
Messrs. E. B. Condon, Herb Robertson, W. W. White, F. C. Crisp and R. P. McLennan, are requested to attend a special meeting of the entertainment committee, Zero Club, tonight at 9:30.  
E. J. FITZPATRICK, Chairman.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

### Concert a Success.

The concert given Sunday night by the little Schramm girls was a splendid success considered both from a financial and an artistic standpoint. The big auditorium of the Savoy was filled and the boxes and balcony had more occupants than could well be accommodated.

There were no other features to the program aside from the playing of the two sisters, but at the conclusion of the program the audience still insisted upon another encore and the little girls were brought before the curtain a number of times to bow their acknowledgments.

The program was of a classic nature and sufficient variety was given to prove the marvelous powers of the little ladies in a most satisfactory manner.

During the intermission Miss Patrola improvised most beautifully from a theme furnished by Mr. H. G. Herbert. Her effort was received most enthusiastically.

The concluding number was a duet between the sisters which brought forward continued rounds of applause. The wonderful talent possessed by these two children cannot be understood except by those who have had the pleasure of hearing them.

### Trouble for Thomas.

"I would just like to make an inquiry," she said at the general delivery of the postoffice the other day. "Yes, ma'am." "My husband is in Buffalo." "I see." "He sends me two letters per week, but only one of them reaches me. In that one he tells of sending me another with a money order in it. Isn't it strange that I never get the money orders?" "Well, perhaps," cautiously replied the clerk. "You don't think the carrier steals the other letter each week, do you?" "No, ma'am." "And can they be lost in the mails?" "Hardly." "Would it occur to you that there was anything singular about it—that is, hadn't I ought to have received at least one of the four or five orders he claims to have sent?" "You certainly had. Yes, you might call it a singular case." "In other words," she resumed after a silence, "would you say that I was justified in believing that Thomas is a liar and that when he finally returns to Brooklyn and begins to tell of the money orders he sent while he was gone?" "Madam," gravely replied the clerk, "you must pardon me, but the United States government never interferes in family matters—never. So long as you make your business official."

"That's all right, all right," she said as she turned away. "No, the United States has nothing to do with my Thomas, but his Susan has, and

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

# VIEWS OF GOVERNOR ROSS

## Thinks Yukon Will be Given Representation in Parliament at Next Session—Presents an Export Tax to Present Royalty System—Favors City Incorporation.

Skagway, Sept. 30.—In a brief conversation with your correspondent before taking the train for White Horse Saturday morning, Governor J. H. Ross said regarding representation from the Yukon in parliament that the returns of the census commissioner for the territory must first be made before any advance can be made looking to representation. He thinks parliament will not insist that the Yukon must show 25,000 people for each representative, for owing to the geographical position of the country it is not expected that the Yukon can get just representation through members from adjacent, but at the same time distant, provinces. Governor Ross is greatly in favor of Yukon representation, and while there is no hope of getting it before the next session of parliament, he saw no

reason why it should not then be granted. Governor Ross re-affirms his belief in his theory of an export tax instead of the present royalty tax, but owing to his official position he declines to say whether or not he presented his views at Ottawa, or whether such views would be entertained there. As to the incorporation of the city of Dawson, he thinks the people favor it, and he therefore will assist the movement. As to the assistant gold commissioner, Governor Ross says Mr. Bell was suspended pending investigation of charges of irregularity of office. No malfeasance of office has been charged. Governor Ross is at present enjoying the very best of health, and has apparently revived greatly from the shock produced by his recent bereavement.

if you feel this building jar some time within the next two weeks you may know that he has got home and has been telling me that the rats must have eaten up those ten dollar money orders he sent me to pay my way in his absence.—Brooklyn Citizen.

### ALONG THE WATER FRONT.

The Ora left at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon for White Horse, with 54 passengers. According to present schedule the Calderhead boats will make but one more round trip each season. The Flora should arrive today and will leave sometime tomorrow. She will be down again, as will also the Nora. The Ora will probably be the last of the line to tie up. The Seattle No. 3, with barge

Seattle No. 4, Captain Dupont, master, arrived noon Saturday from St. Michael with 250 tons of freight on the steamer and 337 on the barge. St. Michael was left September 4, at which time the Sullivan boats were still waiting for their cargoes, what are being brought from the States to the Mexico. Sullivan was much exercised over the delay and has had the big strike may have been a cause of it. If the Tyrrell and J. Light fail to get away before September 15 there is a chance that they may be frozen in on the lower river. The Seattle No. 3 and barge will winter in the slough opposite Klondike City.

House entirely renovated, rooms all comfortably heated. Hot air cooking. Terms reasonable. The barview, Julian Blaker, prop.

Old Savoy Theatre Three Nights Only	Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
	Jack of Diamonds
	...COMING...
	Thursday, Friday, Saturday
	The Black Flag

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**TONIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK!**  
UNDER THE MASTER HAND OF CAPT. MARTINEAU,  
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The Captains of our Boats are the Highest Paid and Consequently the Most Competent Navigators on the River.  
**WE NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT**  
...KLONDIKE CORPORATION, Limited...  
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