

ARE STILL AT LARGE

Escaped Oregon Convicts Elude Pursurers

Thought to be Cornered Six Miles From Vancouver, Wash.

Portland, June 21.—Tracey and Merrill, the escaped Oregon convicts, are still at large, but members of a Washington posse are in hot pursuit.

England Objects. London, June 21.—France, ostensibly for the purpose of securing a naval base, has established a naval hospital on a promontory at a cost of \$75,000.

To Teach Boers Toronto, June 21.—Rena Smith, daughter of the pastor of the Methodist church on Carlton street, has been sent to South Africa to accept a position in the Methodist college at Johannesburg.

Will Favor Strike Detroit, June 21.—The call for a general miners' convention had the effect of stopping settlement of the strike.

The Ladue

Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

Shoff's Worm Cure

FOR DOGS. It Never Fails...

PIONEER DRUG STORE

TENTS!

- 8x10 14x20
10x12 20x30
12x16 20x40

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

AYUKON PLATFORM THE RIGHT TO MAKE OUR OWN LAWS AND THE PRIVILEGE OF SPENDING OUR OWN REVENUES



A PLATFORM THAT COVERS EVERYTHING THE YUKON REQUIRES.

strike of twenty-five hundred bituminous workers in Michigan which has been in progress two months. There is little doubt but that Michigan will vote in favor of a general strike.

Attention F. O. E. You are directed to assemble at the Aerie room at 11 a.m. Sunday, June 22, to attend the funeral of our late brother Frank LeBlanc.

He Was "Shown." One of the sourest of soundboughs was heard to remark that he had until recently been of the opinion that the merchants of Dawson were making about 95 per cent profit but that he is now thoroughly convinced that he can buy goods in Dawson at virtually outside prices.

CRIBBS, The Druggist. SUCCESSOR TO CRIBBS & ROGERS. King St. Next to Post Office.

Mrs. Dr. Slayton PALMIST AND PHRENOLOGIST. Has returned and opened parlors on King Street, opp. Melbourne Annex. Hours 10 to 10.

PROPOSITION TURNED DOWN TO REPORT AT REGINA

British Columbia Will Not Join Washington Is a Late Direction to Inspector Starnes

In the Construction of Fish Hatchery in the Columbia River. Probable Promotion in Store for the Veteran Yukon Officer.

Victoria, June 21.—The British Columbia government, while desiring to sustain the most friendly relations that can exist with the state of Washington, informed Governor McBride that it must decline to allow any interference in the management of its fisheries.

Murderer Hanged

Brandon, June 21.—Walter Gordon was hanged here this morning for the murder of Chas. Daw and Jacob Smith. Life was extinct in fifteen minutes.

... MOVED ...

The Dawson Dental Parlors have removed to their new location in the Portland Bldg., cor. 2nd Avenue and Third St. Call and get our prices.

Cattle Shut Out

New Orleans, June 21.—Louisiana cattle are to be shut out of South Africa. This is probably due to disease, but Governor Heard puts it down as retaliation for his protest against the operations of the British military camp at Port Chalmere during the war.

Trying to Arbitrate

New York, June 21.—The Italian chamber of commerce in New York is trying to arbitrate the differences between striking silk dyers at Patterson and employers.

SMUGGLER JAMIESON

Declared Not Guilty by Seattle Jury

He Laughs at Customs Officers and Tells Them They Are Easy.

Vancouver, June 19.—James Jamieson, the most famous smuggler on Puget Sound, has been tried at Seattle and declared not guilty of smuggling Chinese into the state from British Columbia.

A Famous Trotter

San Jose, Cal., June 21.—Henry D. Gentry of Bloomington, Ind., has purchased the famous trotting stallion McKinney from Chas. Durfee for \$25,000.

Vatican Accepts

Rome, June 21.—It is officially announced that the Vatican accepts the proposition of Governor Taft of the Philippines regarding the disposition of friar-lands at all main points.

Not Guilty

Halifax, June 21.—A jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Julius Hill, charged with murdering Jew Kaplan at Barrington.

Coming to Dawson

Montreal, June 21.—Mayor Proulx left this morning en route to Dawson. He will be absent three months, the trip being one of business.

Saved Three Men

Sacramento, June 21.—Peter Dowling, a baseball player, jumped into the river here and saved three men who were drowning.

Injury Not Serious

New York, June 21.—Terry Motlorn was not so seriously injured in yesterday's ball game as at first reported.

Grand Tattoo

Montreal, June 21.—Five hundred musicians will take part in the grand tattoo here on Decoration eve.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000. RESERVE, \$1,000,000. The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax. D. A. CAMERON, Manager. Dawson Branch.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00. For month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00. Single copies 25. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance \$24.00. For month, by carrier in city in advance 2.00. Single copies 25.

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

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"A Crazy Idea." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

WATER SUPPLY.

The problem of furnishing water to the various creeks of the district is still a most important matter and one which has assumed added importance in view of the fact that the Treadgold scheme is not likely to materialize in any tangible form.

The Nugget might mention any number of instances where tremendous loss has been sustained by the miners of the district by reason of the unsatisfactory condition of the water supply. Where every claim owner is compelled to make provision for his own supply of water, it is quite obvious that the aggregate expense reaches each year an enormous amount, and on the other hand the results are by no means what they should be.

A claim owner may spend a thousand dollars in constructing a dam to give him sufficient head of water to wash his dumps, only to find in a few days that the whole thing is washed out. Under such circumstances each man is compelled to sustain his own loss and make shift to repair the same as well as he is able to do.

Clearly, there would be an immense saving to the mining operators of the district if some system might be placed whereby a uniform supply of water could be furnished during the entire summer season.

The very fact, however, that the question of water supply has so strong a bearing upon the prosperity of the miners generally constitutes the strongest objection that might be cited against any scheme involving private control. Were the miners dependent upon any corporation or individuals for water to sluice their dumps the holders of such privileges would be vested with powers exceedingly dangerous.

The only satisfactory plan that has thus far been suggested is one by which the control of the water supply would remain with the government. Reasonable charges would thus be assured and many other objections which might be made to a private scheme would be overcome.

Undoubtedly the task of furnishing water to all the creeks would be a tremendous undertaking, involving an immense expenditure of money. Nevertheless in the end it would prove a profitable enterprise for the government and of incalculable benefit to the mining industry, which is the foundation upon which Dawson and the entire Yukon territory rests.

partion of their arrival the timely suggestion has been made that the property owners should clean up their premises and in other ways make them as presentable as possible. The Nugget heartily indorses the idea. Well kept homes and yards are always accepted by travellers as an indication of stability and permanence.

A meeting of the anti-Treadgold committee has been called, and reports from the Ottawa delegates may be expected shortly. For the most part the public has been informed through the press of what the delegates accomplished at Ottawa, but for the sake of formality if nothing else an extended report is desirable.

Can it be possible that there was an element of "bluff" in the White Pass Company's announcement that it intends entering the mercantile field? If not, it is about time the ten thousand ton shipment of freight began making an appearance.

The question arises, are the business men of Dawson willing to see the Bonanza Railway make its terminal at Klondike City without making an effort to bring the road to this city.

What the Yukon wants is the right to make its own laws and the privilege of spending its own revenues. The federal treasury has fattened off of this territory long enough.

A big barbecue has been proposed for the Fourth of July. The idea is not half bad.

May Not Go Back.

Washington, June 21.—It is stated that Greene and Gaynor, the fugitive American contractors whose abduction from Quebec to Montreal caused a sensation, have played their cards so well that the American department of justice fears it will be unable to extradite them. One man acquainted with the case said it would not be a surprise to hear of the men in France in a fortnight.

Summer Exodus.

Washington, June 21.—The summer exodus of the diplomatic body has begun. Chinese minister Wu has not yet received the edict appointing him one of the ministers to adopt a code of foreign laws to Chinese practice. He is not sure the assignment will compel him to leave the States, but thinks much of the work can be done in Washington.

Foreign Coal.

New York, June 21.—In view of the coal strike New York is making an experiment with Welch coal. A cargo of bituminous coal from that principality is on the way to the city. There will be 4,000 tons put on the market at about five dollars per ton.

Iowa Town Inundated

Des Moines, June 12.—A cloudburst near Webster city last night caused the Boone river to rise many feet above its banks, flooding portions of that city. Residents have been driven from their homes, but as yet no one has been drowned.

All wagon bridges are out and railway bridges are likely to go. Rain is still falling.

Has Fully Recovered

Dr. MacArthur says the smallpox patient who was sent to the pest house on Bonanza is fully recovered, and will probably be permitted to leave on Monday morning.

WANTED—By competent woman, position as cook, housekeeper or at any respectable work. Apply Nugget office.

Ice cream soda—at Gandolfo's, 17th

Sample Portieres

We have just bought a traveler's samples in portieres—no two alike.

Tapestry, Chemille, Silk. They Are Selling Very Low.

I. D. McLENNAN

MILITARY NECESSITY

The Burning of Insurgents Homes

In the Philippines Where Kindness of Troops is Misinterpreted.

Washington, June 12.—Frank H. Evans, of Des Moines, Ia., formerly a sergeant of Company F, Thirty-second volunteer infantry, today testified before the senate committee on the Philippines concerning the administration of the water cure to Filipinos on four different occasions during his service in the islands. He also related the particulars of the burning of several native villages. He was questioned by Senators Patterson, Beveridge and McComas.

All these events occurred, the witness said, during the year 1900, in the province of Batan, island of Luzon, and in or near the town of Orano, where his headquarters were. Three of the cases of watercure occurred outside the town. In one case the cure was administered by native scouts, and in the other by an American soldier. The first case occurred at a little town where there were supposed to be some insurgents. The scouts picked out the suspected people and taking one of them to a creek poured a quantity of water into his mouth from a canteen. The purpose in this, as in other cases, was to secure a confession. On another occasion during an expedition to neighboring islands the witness said that he had seen an American soldier take two suspected natives into the water and duck them, holding them under for perhaps half a minute at a time. He secured a confession as to the hiding of guns in one case but none in the other. After the first case of ducking the victim seemed, the witness said, to have been quite disabled, being apparently so weak that he was unable to rise. In another instance of the administration of the cure in Orano a tooth of the victim was knocked out, but so far as he knew, no other injury was inflicted.

Mr. Evans said he had been present at the burning of four or five native villages, and that the destruction of these places had been due to the presence of insurgents. The orders were to destroy all the native huts along the coast near the mountains for ten miles in Batan province, so as to force the natives to come in, and this, he said, was done.

Replying to questions by Senator Beveridge, the witness said the orders to the troops were to treat the natives humanely, and that, with the exceptions noted, their treatment had been in accord with these instructions. The natives had not, on the other hand, shown any appreciation of this consideration. They refused to divulge information in their possession, and in many cases they subjected the American troops to indignities. In one case, he said, where two soldiers were killed, their ears were cut off.

Edward Norton, of Los Angeles, a late private in Company L, Eighteenth United States infantry, was the witness at the afternoon session. Answering questions by Senator Culberson, Mr. Norton stated that "except in isolated cases the treatment accorded the natives by United States soldiers was humane and all that could be expected or desired."

In the isolated cases referred to, he said, the treatment was not consistent with humanity and the laws of war. He then related from hearsay the story of the administration of the water cure to the vice president of San Miguel and a native policeman, and described one occasion where he had assisted in "water curing" a native. The man's mouth, he said, was forced open with a stick, and the water poured down his throat. The effect of the treatment was temporary strangulation. In this particular case, he said, the native, after receiving the cure, delivered up a number of rifles and pistols. It was the practice in marching through villages, the witness related, "that when fired upon by natives to immediately burn their houses."

He said the Filipinos regarded the kindness of the troops toward them as a weakness, and became bold in consequence; also that the general understanding in the army was that the policy of Gen. Hughes was one of humanity and kindness. He took is-

All Cuban Money

New York, June 12.—The Herald tomorrow will quote Francis B. Thurber as saying in reply to criticisms brought out by his testimony before the senate committee in regard to the use of funds furnished by the military government, in aid of reciprocity:

"It was Cuban money and not that of the United States. The beet sugar people are attempting to make political capital out of what was, in my opinion, a legitimate and proper use of Cuban money. Everything was done openly, and no fact was hidden. When called to Washington to testify before the committee I told them the plain truth. The combination of businessmen in Cuba recommended the expenditure out of money paid by the Cubans in port taxes.

"Gov. Wood acted within his authority in disposing of these funds, or a portion of them, in the best interests of the island.

"Mr. Havemeyer's contribution came about in this way: I was asked last winter if our organization was not working in the interest of the sugar trust. I replied that it was not, but the question set me to thinking that perhaps we were working on similar lines. I then went to Mr. Havemeyer and asked for a contribution. He gave me \$2,500. This with the small amount from the Cuban taxes has carried on the work of distributing literature, giving the people of the United States the truth about Cuba's condition and requirements."

Echo of Dreyfus Case

Paris, June 12.—As a result of a suit begun in January, 1899, by Mme. Henry, widow of Lieut. Col. Henry, against Joseph Reinach, former editor of the Siecle, and against that paper, for 200,000 francs damages for alleged injury to herself through the accusations made against her deceased husband in the Siecle, the court today condemned M. Reinach and the manager of the Siecle to pay 500 francs to the widow, 500 francs to her son, and the cost of the action.

Lieut. Col. Henry committed suicide in prison, after having confessed to the forgery of a document in the Dreyfus case.

The court said it took into account the good faith of the defendants and the absence of any intention on their part to injure the widow and the orphan, and also the circumstances under which they acted, "after the revelation of the odious crime committed by him against whose memory they prosecuted their impudent allegations."

Caught in a Whirlpool

Burlington, Kan., June 12.—Ira Drake, 16 years old, was caught in a whirlpool of the Neosho river today and drowned. The river has been made very high by the recent floods. Young Drake tried to cross the river in a boat, when he was drawn under the water. His companion was caught by the water, but was finally thrown out unharmed.

Lined Up and Shot

Tucson, Ariz., June 12.—Advices to the Star from Cananea tell of the shooting of fourteen Yaqui miners Tuesday by Mexican rurales. The miners in question had been working for the Green Consolidated Mining Company, and were camped two miles below the works. A squad of

rurales marched to their tents and the officer in command spoke to them; saying that there was a Mexican official two miles below their camp, who was to register them according to a recent order of the Mexican government. They marched down to a designated spot, where they were lined up and shot.

FOR SALE.—A snap—Road near 20 steady boarders. Apply to WICK'S GROCERY, near Klondike foot bridge.

Have you seen that new stock of woollens? If not, why not? Get a line. Suits and pants at reasonable prices. BREWITT, the tailor, Second avenue.

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

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Week Day Service. GOLD RUN via. Carmack's and Dome. GRAND FORKS. HUNKER. For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office.

The White Pass and Yukon Route. The British Yukon Navigation Co. Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse: "White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zentlandian," and "Four Freight Steamers."

DAWSON TRUCK & DRAY CO. FREIGHTING TO ALL CREEKS. City Drayage and Express Wagons Day & Night Service. Phone 120. Office, Aurora Dock. T. H. HEATH, Mgr.

NORTHERN ANNEX. A. D. FIELD, PROPRIETOR.

KEEP KOOL. AURORA SALOON. THOS. CHISHOLM, Prop. Draught Beer on Tap.

Draught Beer At Bonanza Saloon.

CIGARS. Before purchasing get our prices. We have a complete stock of Domestic and Havana Cigars. Will arrive in a few days one-half million cigars including the famous CAMEOS. Special deals will be given to the trade for this cigar. Townsend & Co.

....YOUR FIT IS WAITING FOR YOU.... If you have got to the point where you are ready to buy a new spring suit or overcoat, or both, we hope you will come here and give us a chance to show you some of the splendid things we have received from L. Adler, Bros. & Co. of Rochester, N. Y. You will be the gainer by doing so, for we can fit you as well as any merchant tailor has ever fitted you, and at a good big saving of time and money. Maybe you don't believe this. Well, you are not the first man who has been incredulous, but let us say to you that we never had the slightest trouble in convincing our visitors that what we say of L. Adler, Bros. & Co.'s clothing is exactly true. See Display in Show Window! Northern Commercial Co.



The Last Surviving Officer of the Monitor

Nearly forty years ago a voyage was made which, considering its brief duration, was probably fraught with consequences of greater moment to this nation than any other that has been performed in American waters. On the 6th of March, 1862, the little ironclad Monitor left the harbor of New York and sailed for Newport News, reaching her destination about midnight of the 8th, just in time to meet and defeat the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, which that very day had nearly destroyed two Federal ships of war and was about to go forth on what promised to be an unopposed career of destruction against her wooden walled adversaries. This is the historical fact, known to all, but it will come almost as a shock to many—who can hardly realize that the civil war was fought and over more than a generation ago—to learn that of the nearly sixty men who were on the Monitor at that time barely half a dozen survive.

Of the officers of that historic craft, in fact, there is at present only one survivor, Captain Louis N. Stodder, at present supervisor of anchorages of the port of New York

Swede, John Ericsson, not only supplied the energy and the vim, the plans and the material, but he is said to have practically owned the Monitor at the time she won the fight. This was not greatly to the credit of our government, but that, again, is quite another story. Suffice it that the queer craft was built, was launched and engaged and then, manned with such a crew as could be hastily collected, started on her famous voyage. Commenced in October, 1861, and launched in January, 1862, the Monitor went into commission Feb. 25, and before the 10th of March had achieved her momentous victory.

No wonder that the genial Captain Stodder's eyes sparkle at remembrance of the memorable voyage and that, looking back over the forty intervening years, he feels quite young again as he fights his battles o'er. And he is not so old, after all, for, as Dr. Holmes might say, he is only sixty-three years young. He has a fine, hearty way with him, his head is well shaped, his complexion like a boy's and his mental poise is perfect.

Of the two occurrences, the voyage and the fight that followed, I

in the midst of the Federal fleet, had sunk the Cumberland, forced the Congress to surrender and run several other ships aground, so that she, to all appearances, had the whole United States navy at her mercy.

That might have seemed alarming news to some, but to these sailors who had just risked their lives at sea in Ericsson's "iron pot" almost anything would seem better than taking the voyage over again. In fact, there was no thought but of attacking, and almost before they had washed the sea salt out of their eyes and with the Monitor all rusty and battered from her buffeting by the waves, they sailed in and gave battle. If the Monitor's steering gear had not broken down and delayed her for a time, she might have carried out the original programme, which was to enter the Potomac and make her way to Washington. If she could pass the Potomac batteries without being sunk by their concentrated fire, Uncle Sam had promised to accept her. This was "looking a gift horse in the mouth" with a vengeance, as subsequent events have proved, but Ericsson had taken the chances, for he was ready to build the vessel on any terms, so confident

in the guns and put in bigger charges the Monitor's projectiles might have pierced the Merrimac's armor and ended the fight sooner. But in they went, these fighters, of forty years ago, taking up a position near the spiken warship, awaited the coming of the foe. When the Merrimac appeared, the Monitor steamed out to meet her and to her rapid broadside fire replied slowly, at about seven minute intervals. Every shot, however, took effect, or would have taken effect if the charges of powder had been thirty pounds instead of fifteen, for all, or nearly all, went where they were aimed.

There are many at this day so distant from that great fight who may have no distinct picture before them of the occurrences, and for this reason: Captain Stodder's description will be quoted: "The Merrimac was a frigate which the Confederates found burned and sunk when they took possession of Norfolk and which they raised and converted into an ironclad. She appeared to be impregnable and was commanded by a brave officer of the old navy, Franklin Buchanan. When she made her advent at Hampton Roads about mid-day of March 8, 1862, she carried swift consternation to all the United States vessels there assembled. As history tells us, she sank the Cumberland, forced the Congress to give up and after a brief fight withdrew, leaving the frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence grounded and practically helpless. Two guns and twenty men were her losses on that day when she carried terror to the heart of our navy, and she retired at night with the determination to return in the morning and complete the work of destruction.

"The appearance of the Monitor was as great a surprise to the men of the Merrimac as that of the latter vessel had been to those of the former. As soon as the news was received the Monitor had begun practice with her big guns, stripped of her sea rig and put in fighting trim, so when she arrived at anchorage near the stranded Minnesota at midnight her men were somewhat prepared for what they expected to happen on the morrow. There was not much to encourage them, however, and if ever men were justified in regarding themselves as victims for a sacrifice they were those on board the Monitor. Near them lay the Cumberland, only her peaks above water, with her flag still flying, and soon after their arrival the Congress blew up amid a blaze of sparks, disclosing also the unfortunate positions of her ill fated companions.

"Sunday, March 9, dawned clear and cloudless, showing the Merrimac at anchor near Sewall's point. Shortly after 7 o'clock she was reported under way, and instantly all was life aboard the Monitor. The iron hatches were closed, deadlight covers put on and all obstructions removed from the main deck so as to present a smooth surface only twenty-four inches above the water, unbroken save for the pilothouse and turret. These preparations concluded, officers and men took their stations for the coming battle. Lieutenant Worden directed operations from the pilothouse, a wrought iron structure situated well forward near the bow and projecting four feet above the deck, whence a speaking tube ran to the turret amidships. By Lieutenant Worden's side were Howard, the pilot, and Quartermaster Williams, who steered the Monitor during the engagement. Lieutenant Greene commanded in the turret, where also I was stationed, with Chief Engineer Stimers as assistant in charge of the machinery that controlled the revolving of the turret.

"Each of the two guns in the turret was manned by a crew of eight men, captained by Boatswain's Mate John Stocking and Seaman Thomas Lochrane. The fight began with a broadside from the Merrimac directed at the Minnesota, but the Monitor did not return the fire until within range and almost alongside. Then Lieutenant Worden stopped the engine and gave the order to begin firing. Lieutenant Greene instantly triced up the port, ran out the gun, took careful aim and pulled the locking string. The Merrimac answered by a broadside from her ten guns, and the duel was on in earnest.

Shortly after noon Lieutenant Worden, the Monitor's commander, was rendered blind and helpless by a shell that struck the pilothouse and was for a time incapacitated by the painful accident. He was then forty-four years old, "but looked all of sixty," Captain Stodder says, "with his long beard and cadaverous countenance." He had been in the United States naval service many years and had reached the grade he then held, of lieutenant, in 1840, but after this great action he was rapidly

promoted to the rank of captain. He was still suffering from this imprisonment when he took command, but had sufficient energy to carry out the plans of his superiors in the navy department and forge the Monitor on to victory. He suffered from the effects of the explosion that blinded him even to the day of his death, which occurred in Washington in October, 1897.

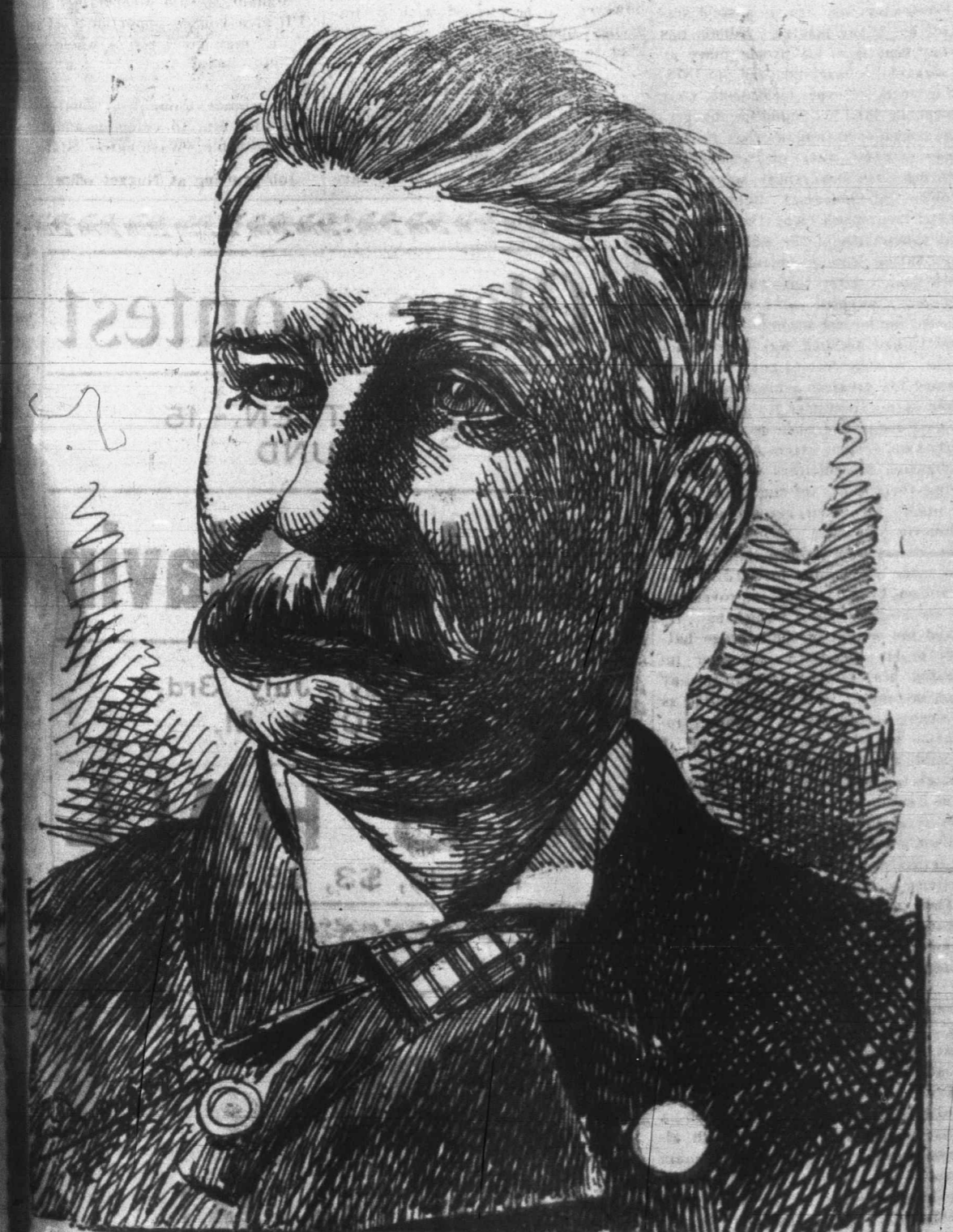
The next in command, Lieutenant Samuel Dana Greene, executive officer of the Monitor, was only twenty-three at the time of the fight, but was a graduate of the Naval academy and had seen service several years. He died at the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard in 1884. Like Captain Stodder, who served in the turret with him, he remained with the Monitor until she foundered off Cape Hatteras the last day of December, 1862. So it will be seen that Captain Stodder, the old surviving officer of the Monitor, stood by her during her entire existence. He saw her launching and he witnessed her sad end when she plunged beneath the waves, carrying down sixteen officers and seamen.

CHANNING A. BARTOW

The Boers in America

Washington, June 3.—Gen. Samuel Pearson, the Boer representative in this country, who made the protest about the British shipments of mules from New Orleans, says that he intends to call at the British embassy and ask for transportation to South Africa. "Under the peace terms," said Gen. Pearson, "Great Britain agrees to send the burghers back home, wherever they may be. I have been ruined by the war, and I have not a sixpence to my name."

Mr. Charles D. Pierce, who for the past few years has been Consul General at New York for the Orange Free State, and who has had charge of the circulation of pro-Boer literature, when asked if the Boer refugees in this country would return to South Africa, replied: "They will all return and take back their property. One of the best knowers of them, W. D. Snyman, is now at the Union Square Hotel." Concerning his own status, Mr. Pierce said he supposed his office was a thing of the past. "At any rate," he added, "I shall not make any claim to the title."




CAPTAIN L. N. STODDER.

a veteran of the United States service. Born in Boston, Mass., in 1838, Captain Stodder entered the navy as a merchant marine at an early age and was in the gunnery school then established at Brooklyn in January, 1862, a call was made for volunteers to work the guns of the "cheesebox on a raft," an unfinished state at Green Point. John Ericsson's "newfangled gun," as some then styled it, the laughing stock of all the wits who had seen or heard of the prospective gunners were in their hands when they volunteered. But men were found, and a vessel was constructed at rate and progress probably unprecedented. In 100 days from the laying of the keel the Monitor

rather fancy the former was the more dreaded by the gallant tars. In fact, I know so, for as we can verify by allusion to the annals of the time, the Monitor was built for service in smooth waters only, and at least twice on the trip to Hampton Roads came very near sinking. When she finally arrived there, her officers and crew had been for forty-eight hours without sleep and almost without food, yet they stripped their vessel for action as soon as they reached the Roads and proceeded immediately to business. They had received the first news of the fight of the day preceding from a pilot off Cape Henry. They had never before even heard of the Merrimac, for she had been kept in hiding and, though they had heard the heavy firing when at sea, they

was he of ultimate success. Well, as it turned out, the Monitor's detention was providential, for instead of proceeding up the Potomac to Washington to be inspected by the president she found a fight on her hands at the word "go." She stripped for it and won, as we now know. But we may imagine the feelings of the men aboard of her as she steamed slowly, yet unwaveringly, to meet her formidable antagonist. That moment there was being tested an entirely new kind of armament, and not only that, but new guns and tactics. The gunners had been told that their cartridges would be burst when the big guns in the turret went off and they would be buried to the deck unconscious. But Ericsson has assured them that no such thing would occur, and if they



Did It Catch Your Eye?

A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight
Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

Alaska Flyers
OPERATED BY THE
Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

SCHEDULE

DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, June 12th, 22nd, July 2nd, 12th, 22nd.

HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, June 17th, 27th, July 7th, 17th, 27th.

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Thomas A. Edison, the "Nineteenth Century Wizard"

If an excuse be needed for repeating the oft written biography of Thomas A. Edison, the "wizard of electricity," it may be found in the fact that it is one of the most instructive and encouraging in the annals of human endeavor. While in a general way all are familiar with that biography, yet the man Edison is lost sight of in the halo of romance which has been cast about him, and his wonderful achievements by the multiplicity of his inventions.

Such another scientific genius perhaps never existed since the beginning of the world, yet he lives and moves among us an individual of the simplest and most approachable kind, particularly human in his sympathies and decidedly human in his appetites and acquisitiveness. Had he been born in the fourteenth century instead of the nineteenth, one writer has observed, he would probably have his activities terminated in short order at the stake instead of being honored with medals and re-

assimilation of an enormous amount of food swallowed in haste, without regard for hygienic laws.

A temperate man, yet he uses tobacco in excess, a world famous man, yet he is perfectly indifferent to clothes and society and cares nothing for fame or the applause of others. Without being a mathematician, he performs in his own way the most abstruse calculations; without school or college training, he has outstripped the most carefully "educated" men of our times. He is a perfect human machine, created at just the right time to perform the work for which the century was ripe.

Though totally devoid of pride or self-consciousness in his achievements, Edison has a just appreciation of the relative values of things and stands forth conspicuous as almost the only inventor who has realized a vast fortune from his labors. He has thrift and acquisitiveness in perfection and has detected great principles and prospective millions in

American, but of European people, who all delight to honor him. Of medals from scientific societies and decorations from crowned heads he has more than he cares to count or, in fact, has kept a record of, all of which goes to show that in honoring this modest and unassuming inventor monarchs and men of science recognize that they are also honoring themselves.

The main facts in Edison's career cannot be repeated too often for the benefit of the rising generation and as illustrative of the possibilities of one lifetime. Only fifty-four years old (Edison was born at Milan, O., Feb. 11, 1847), he may well be pardoned for giving his years as nearly a hundred since he has crammed so much into them. His primary education was received more from his mother, who before her marriage was a school teacher, than in any school, and at twelve years of age he was selling papers on the Grand Trunk railway and owned a news

says, never to work upon an invention unless he had satisfied himself beforehand that it would be a success in the field for which it was intended.

His fortune may be said to have come to him soon after he reached New York in 1871. He invented a "stock printer" and automatic telegraph system while working at a salary of \$200 per month. His invention was eagerly seized upon by the Western-Union Telegraph company, which contracted with him for all his future telegraphic inventions, and by means of this option has since secluded from the world many a patent which would have won an ordinary man fame and fortune.

It was thirty years ago that Edison took out his first patent and a quarter century ago that the commissioner of patents at Washington complained of the "young man in New Jersey who has made the path to the patent office hot" by traveling it so frequently. As contributory to the perfect development of the telephone he compelled Professor Bell to divide his profits with him by fighting him in the courts, and after his victory for a time abandoned telegraphy, in which he has won such distinct successes in his duplex and multiple systems, his process for telegraphing from a moving train, etc., and devoted himself to "phonics," in which he made many discoveries, such as the microphone, which multiplies sound; the aerophone, which amplifies it, and, above all, the phonograph, which reproduces it indefinitely. Then there are the kinetoscope and other kindred concits—in fact, Edison seems to have driven his trains along parallel tracks, but always with electricity, either immediate or suggested, as the motive power.

Electricity, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. Edison has always kept it in his proper place as a servant to mankind, and in 1879, after years of experimentation, took the public into his confidence by giving a demonstration of what he had done in the way of incandescent lighting. He successfully solved the problem of universal lighting by electricity, which was the commercial subdivision of the light and its distribution from a central point, as with gas. After this whatever he did was accepted as a matter of course, for he had accomplished what experts had declared was impossible.

The incandescent light has been termed his greatest achievement, but there is no limitation to the genius of an Edison, and when he shall have turned his serious attention to aerial navigation his admirers will at once plume their wings for flight and send in orders for their aerodromes, or whatever he may recommend. In fact, it has been claimed that Edison has made a long step forward in this direction by his latest improvement on the storage motor, which has reduced the weight of the average battery nearly one-third and also increased its power, so that it may soon become universally applicable as a means of propulsion. Another invention to which he has devoted, it is said, a capital of \$3,000,000 is his "magnetic separator" for extracting iron from low grade ores. This system is already in operation and, if Edison's hopes are realized, promises to revolutionize the iron and steel industries of the world.

Then, again, as an incident of his greater work, Edison has developed a method of constructing houses of cement after the old Mexican fashion by using "mamposteria," or conglomerate, poured into molds, making such a saving in construction that buildings may be erected at a great reduction from present prices. Having now some 500 patents to his credit, Edison derives from them a princely income; but, although always keeping his eye on the "main chance" for himself, he has been of incalculable benefit to the world and incidentally added billions to its total wealth. In his storage battery motor alone are doubtless great possibilities as yet untested; by his telegraphic and telephonic inventions civilization has been immeasurably advanced, while the world may yet be enriched beyond all calculation by his magnetic separator and kindred works. Now, with his grand climacteric of mental and physical development years away, with all the accumulated knowledge derived from years of investigation carefully conducted step by step, one cannot but believe that Thomas Alva Edison has yet residing within that cunning brain of his vast potentialities which despite the incredible achievements already to his credit may yet astonish the world.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

A Forgiving Husband.

Seattle, June 11.—A peculiar incident occurred last night at the union depot just before the Portland train pulled out for the metropolis of Oregon. A man laboring under the influence of great excitement but tonholed a policeman and told his

troubles in a confidential but convincing manner. It was to the effect that his wife had left home and he had gone to the depot to intercept her in case she should take the 9:40 p. m. train for the web-foot city.

While he was speaking to the officer his wife put in an appearance with a man named J. W. Owens, who formerly ran the O. K. dining rooms at 2521 First avenue near Vine street. Both Owens and the woman gave evidence of having been imbibing rather freely and when the waiting husband saw his wife's condition he burst into tears.

Instead of taking an axe and using the business end of it on the man who had brought his wife to the depot in such a deplorable condition, the husband, who is understood to be J. W. Middleton, the successor to Owens in the O. K. dining rooms, merely requested him to assist in conveying the woman to a hack which they all three entered and were driven rapidly away.

On arriving at the O. K. dining room the situation was somewhat complicated by the discovery that Mrs. Owens and her little boy were there watching the place until Mr. Middleton returned. Under the circumstances the gallant Mr. Owens remained within the secluded confines of the closed conveyance while Middleton assisted his wife inside.

Then Mrs. Owens and her son went home, while her devoted spouse drove to Middleton's saloon a block away and, after conversing for a few moments of the sidewalk, dismissed the carriage and entered the saloon with his friends.

What Owen's intentions were concerning the woman are known but to the pair alone, but the husband claimed to the policeman that his wife had run away. He appeared, however, to be blessed with a forgiving disposition and to be very glad to meet his wife again.

Committed Suicide

Victoria, June 10.—George Koenig, for many years proprietor of the Shawigan Lake hotel, was found drowned in the north end of the lake

this morning. He had been missing since 5 o'clock, when he left the place ostensibly for the purpose of bringing in the cows. When several hours passed and he did not return, his wife and friends became anxious and a search was instituted. Nothing had been seen of him when the noon train passed, but not long afterwards his body was recovered near the outlet to the stream. His clothes were lying on the bank.

Those searching for him feared the worst when a note addressed to his wife was found in the safe. It was written in German, and in it the writer expressed sorrow for the manner in which he had treated her and implored her forgiveness.

The news of Mr. Koenig's death on the eve of the re-opening of his hotel came as a shock to his many acquaintances in this city. He was down a few days ago attending to general business and arranging for tomorrow's reopening. His act had evidently not been in contemplation very long, as the nature of the preparations made by him when here was such as to preclude this theory. It is not known here that he was worried by financial troubles, and the reason for his self-destruction is a mystery which may be made clear at the inquest.

Geo. Koenig was a native of Germany, and has been in this country about fifteen years. Thirteen years ago he purchased the Shawigan Lake hotel from Chas. Moreton. It was destroyed about six months ago, but was rebuilt on a more pretentious scale and was to have been opened tomorrow. Mr. Koenig leaves a widow and two children.

"Suppose I give you your supper, said the tired looking woman. 'What will you do to earn it?'"

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you de opportunity of seein' a man go 't'roo a whole mornin' wit'out findin' fault wit' a single thing."

The woman thought a minute and then told him to come in and set the table.—Washington Star.

Job printing at Nugget office.



THOMAS A. EDISON.

ceiving the approbation of his fellow men. Had he lived in most ancient times he would have been hailed as a demigod. But it is to the lasting benefit of the world in general and of this country in particular that Thomas Alva Edison was born in the world's most progressive century and that his birthplace was in America.

It may come as a surprise to many minds that Edison is not an original investigator, not an inventor in the primary sense, but that he is and has been all along merely an improver of other men's ideas; forming an intermediary link between the speculative philosopher and the practical consumer. There never was another combination like Edison, of the earnest inquirer into nature's partially revealed secrets endowed with a well stored and logical mind which carefully co-ordinates facts and pursues an experiment to its inevitable conclusion. Not only is he a mental wonder, but a marvel of physical well being, capable of laboring for the solution of a knotty problem for days and nights in succession without rest and of quickly recuperating by a few hours' sleep and the rapid

in inventions discarded by others as impracticable.

It has been said that Edison has never made an original discovery, but the physicists regard discoveries, but he has improved and made available numerous discoveries of others, which, after all, is just as important in the end. But for Edison, perhaps, many an invention that is now working incalculable benefit to humanity might still be lying dormant. All these of which he is the putative father would eventually come to light, of course, as beneficent nature intended, but probably in a later century or period. Thus the present generation is Edison's debtor even though it be conceded that it cannot laud him as more than an agent in carrying on the great scheme of world development by anticipating cosmic discoveries an aeon or so. Always thrifty and with an eye to the main chance, no matter how absorbed he may become in his work, Edison is the typical Yankee, the original concept of our Uncle Sam. Shrewd, calculating, kindly, honest, tenacious of his rights and ready to fight for them, but never aggressive—in fact, he is the ideal not only of

stand, a bookstore and a vegetable market. An omnivorous reader, he made several attempts to devour whatever libraries he came across, taking indiscriminately to fiction and mathematics. At fifteen he printed in a baggage car a paper said to be the first ever published on a railroad train, and although he was editor, typesetter, pressman, "devil" and vender, paragraphs from it were so good as to be copied in such journals as the London Times.

This venture came to an untimely end through an explosion of chemicals with which Edison was experimenting, and he was forthwith "fired." Having learned telegraphy from a station agent whose child he had saved from being run over by a locomotive, he secured a position in a Canadian telegraph office, which he later left in a hurry after having caused a collision through negligence, owing to his absorption in an experiment. At seventeen he was in Memphis, Tenn., earning \$125 per month and rations as a government operator and later on in Boston, when he took out his first patent. As this did not yield him a pecuniary reward, he formed the resolution, he

Whaling, Pa

"What's the matter with whaling?" asked the reply to the question used by the New England whaler when he would inquire what was the matter with whaling? "The matter with whaling?" the whaler backs are asking now. "It's a different way. Something is wrong with it, that's certain, for the profits have been dwindling year after year until they are now hardly considering, the whalers admit."

Compare the last season's catch reported from New Bedford via Francisco with the catches of the lucky seasons that have preceded it and we shall find some of the whaling boats. By the last account the total catch in the Arctic waters is less than thirty thousand, the best vessel getting twelve, while a few years ago



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larger number was not con-
large for one ship. And this
includes not only the sea
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Whaling, Past and Present

What's the matter with whaling? used to be the reply to the question asked by the New England whaler when he would inquire what to do with his boy, too big to go into whaling and not old enough to go into business for himself. And "What's the matter with whaling?" the old whaler backs are asking now, but in a different way. Something is the matter with it, that's certain, for it seems to have "gone to the dogs," so far as remunerative returns go. The profits have been dwindling year after year until they are now hardly worth considering, the whalers ruefully admit.

Compare the last season's catch as reported from New Bedford via San Francisco with the catches of some of the lucky seasons that have preceded it and we shall find some cause for the lull. By the last accounts the total catch in the arctic regions was less than thirty-nine whales, the best vessel getting only twelve, while a few years ago the

petroleum for whale oil. The bone is not so easy to replace, although there are several substitutes "just as good," which do not always fill the bill, however. So the whalers go forth to do business on the vasty deep and equip themselves annually to hunt the leviathan in his native lair.

Times have changed since the comparatively busy days of the primitive industry when the whale could be found in temperate and tropical waters, even though the voyages were long and the rewards not always very great. Many can remember when Nantucket and New Bedford were in the heyday of their glory, reeking with oil and amassing more capital than they knew what to do with. But now a change has come. First there was a substitution of Portuguese sailors for the native material, and then the sailing vessels dropped out one by one, their places being taken by steamers armed with all the latest scientific appliances, such as harpoon guns, bombs, etc., which reduced the dangers and discomforts of whaling to a minimum.

The beautiful West Indian islands were once the haunts of the whalers; some species of the cetaceans being found offshore and almost within the harbors. Then the whalers lived high and "slept in the garret" even if they did not make great wages, for sailing in West Indian waters was nearly always idyllic. The inhabitants of the islands were hospitable and kind to the visiting tars from Yankeealand. But latterly the whale has retired farther and farther within his arctic fastnesses, diving under the pack ice at the approach of his enemies and keeping pursuers always in uncomfortable situations. It was only a few years ago that the United States government had to go to the rescue of the unlucky whalers, imprisoned by ice and threatened with starvation at Point Barrow in the Arctic. And, by the irony of fate, some of the vessels that left their bones to bleach there were among those that had made the enormous catches of 1893.

So it has been "turn about and turn about" with the whalers for many years. The men who have made fortunes have generally been those who stayed at home and "whaled" the whalers, and so probably it always will be, until finally the huge cetaceans return to the terrestrial mode of life, from which, some of the scientists say, they departed in the ages long ago. The whale is not a fish at all, but a warm blooded, air breathing animal which, they say, has descended from an ancestor

that once upon a time had four legs and lived upon dry land. According to the law of nature, which provides that if an organ is not used it shall become atrophied and finally disappear, the whales became deprived of their legs when they found it too hard to use them and made use of their tails instead. According to the scientific naturalists, they left the land, took to the water and have since lived in the sea.

Whaling was going on in this country more than 200 years ago and about fifty years ago the American whaling fleet consisted of over 700 sail, with an aggregate of 231,000 tons. The catch of 1846 was worth \$21,000,000, in 1854 it was about \$11,000,000, and twenty years ago it was less than \$3,000,000. Eight years ago there were only eighty-five United States vessels engaged in whaling, and the total catch amounted to less than \$1,000,000, which is not far from the average of the past few years.

JAMES LEWIS HARDEE.

A Tarantula's Jump

"There are strange sights in Porto Rico," said a returned traveler. "Tarantulas are one of them," he continued, "and you should see a tarantula jump! One of them went through a marvelous performance, with myself and a dog for spectators. The dog's barking awoke me early one morning, and I slipped into my shoes and ran out. Spot—that's the dog's name—was making frantic plunges at an enormous tarantula, as big as my palm and its legs covering as much ground as a soup plate. Its wicked black eyes made me creep."

"All of a sudden the thing shrank up like a sponge and jumped for the dog. I give you my word, it jumped fifteen feet if it was an inch. Twice the dog ran under the spider's jump. Fact. Others were watching by this time, and they all saw it. Usually, though, he just side stepped a bit. "I broke up little pieces of a branch of a tree and hurled them at the tarantula. My aim was just good enough to stir him up. At first he kept jumping away from us, but Spot always herded him back again. Then he jumped straight for us. At last a lucky shot leveled him over, and a few strokes with a convenient club finished him."—New York Times.

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed."

"Yes, I am going to preach on 'Economy.'"—Philadelphia Press.

PROSPECT IS FLATTERING

J. M. Jackson Representing English Syndicate

Returns From Inspecting His Company's Property Near Eagle

Mr. J. M. Jackson, the local representative of an English syndicate heavily interested both in the Klondike and on the American side, returned to the city yesterday morning on the Tyrrell from Eagle where on one of the adjacent creeks he had been inspecting the work being prosecuted by his company. In the course of a short conversation had with Mr. Jackson considerable news was learned of the healthy financial condition of the promising camp on the other side of the boundary line. A few days ago a subscription was circulated among the merchants and residents of Eagle for the purpose of raising funds to construct a trail to Steel creek. In a very short time \$1000 was raised and men are already at work putting in the new trail. Its approximate length will be 40 miles as against 50 miles over the old route and it will follow the sidehills rather than the divides, thus affording a shelter in the winter and avoiding the logs in the summer. The old trail was such in name only and as there were frequent timberless stretches many people in traveling to and from Steel creek have become lost and only found their way out after wandering around aimlessly for hours. The new trail in crossing bare spots will be flagged by means of sign posts so it can be traveled at any season of the year. Permanent bridges will also be put in where necessary.

Steel creek from its position will become a base of supplies for quite an amount of contiguous territory. The camp which is already established is located at the junction of the creek with Fortymile river and possesses a number of buildings of somewhat pretentious character. The N. C. Co. and the N. A. T. & T. Co. each has a store at that point, Anderson Bros. have a hotel and are also putting in a ferry to operate across the Fortymile.

Jack Wade creek heads in the same divide as Steel creek though flowing in an opposite direction. From the post at the mouth of the creek, up Steele and across to Wade is about 12 miles. Steele creek being approximately ten miles long. Franklin creek and a number of others equally as promising head in close proximity and all are more or less tributary to Steele. A postoffice and recorder's office have also been established at the post, which will be of tremendous convenience to miners. From Steele creek to Chicken creek there is a natural trail by following the divides and it would require but very little work and the expenditure of almost no money at all to make it safe and passable both summer and winter. The distance is presumed to be about 80 miles. Miners frequently traverse that route, but it is best that they be acquainted with the country before attempting it. Upon some of the bald hills it is a very easy matter to become confused and lose one's way.

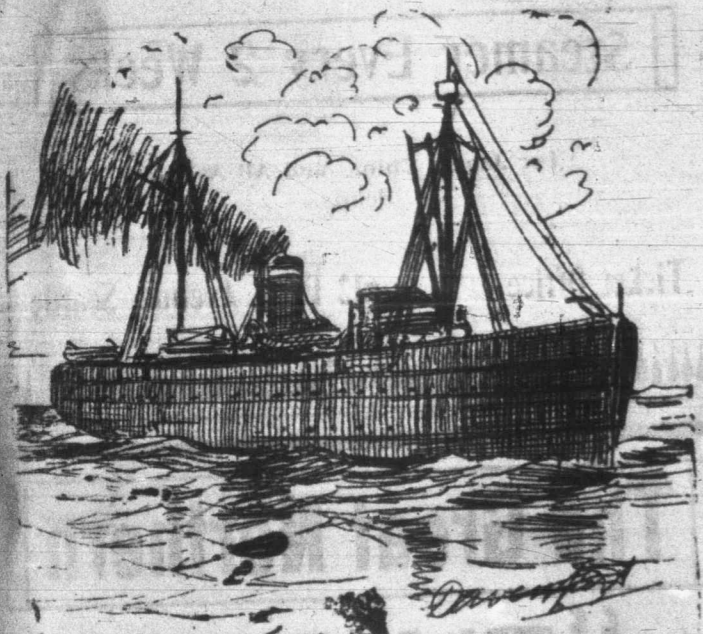
The trade of Chicken creek bids fair to be worth cultivating. Fortymile has always possessed it, Dawson merchants have cast longing eyes in that direction and the stores of Eagle are now going after it.

Through the Seattle chamber of commerce and other political influence that can be brought to bear congress is to be petitioned for an appropriation sufficient to build a wagon road from Eagle to Chicken. The creek has already been promised a postoffice which is to be established this summer.

Mr. Jackson has great faith in the country contiguous to Eagle and Fortymile. He is working a crew of 18 men on the claims owned by his company, prospecting and opening up the ground and expects to return to Eagle again in the course of a few days.

Sailors Drowned

Duluth, Minn., June 7.—The whale-back steamer Wilson, Capt. Cameron, and the wooden steamer George G. Hadley, Capt. Fitzgerald, collided just outside Duluth canal today. The Wilson sank in less than a minute. The Hadley made a run for the beach and reached there just in time. The life-saving crew picked up several members of the Wilson's crew, but several are known to have been drowned. None of the members of the night crew escaped.



A MODERN WHALER.

higher number was not considered the fleet was the master of a steamship for one ship. And this catch includes not only the season just closed, but what were left over from last autumn. It is called the smallest catch for years and was obtained by the greatest outlay of material. In any way they fix it, the whalers always seem to be "playing in hard luck" for if they get a small catch, their rewards are small; if of course they make a large one, the prices of whalebone run down to almost nothing in consequence. Take, for instance, the phenomenal year of

the fleet was the master of a steamship that took only one whale, and that a "stinker," as the sailors call it, or one that had been shot by some other whaler and had sunk, rising again when decomposition had set free the gases within. He might have made more money, he said, staying at home and bobbing for smelts off a pierhead. The great catch of 1893, however, did not ruin the market utterly, for at last accounts whalebone was quoted at \$2.50 per pound and likely to rise, the shrewd ones say, to at least \$4



AN OLDTIME WHALER.

1893, when the banner catch of the decade was made: There were nearly twenty vessels of the arctic fleet that landed none at all, and yet the others more than made up for their loss by their enormous hauls. It seemed as though nearly all the whales in the Arctic ocean rose up right alongside and permitted themselves to be harpooned or bombed to death. Generally the whales make off for the pack ice and hide themselves securely out of sight as soon as they hear the whir of the propellers. To encourage the unfortunate whalers who have made next to no

The ones who make the money, after all, are those who can buy the bone at bottom prices and hang on for a rise in values. There is such a comparatively small quantity in the markets that it does not need much capital or acumen to corner all the visible supply. Oil, of course, does not count for so much as it did before petroleum was discovered and various substitutes for lubricating purposes were invented.

Nature seldom deprives the world of one supply without providing another, or at least a substitute, and it was so with the substitution of



AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF DAWSON IN 1902.



The Pomfret High School Bull Fight.

"Old Wiegant's closed up the lower meadows, and we can't cross any more to the Neck!"

Will Comfort, right tackle of the Pomfret high school football team, made the announcement with disgust in his voice. The meadows had been a sore point between the high school boys and Mr. Wiegant, who lived a solitary life up in the old farm house back of the Neck. The Neck was town property, and the boys made it a playground after school hours, but unfortunately for them, they had to cross the meadows to reach it, or walk nearly three miles out of their course around the bend in the river.

"What's he closed it up with?" demanded Wilson, the heavy center-rush of the team. When the young right-tackle said, "With a new board fence," Wilson laughed and added: "I'd like to see the board fence that could keep me out."

There was general approval of this remark, and several shouted: "Let's go down now and rush it! Bet it won't stand five minutes!"

It was half a mile to the meadows, but the football eleven made it seem less than a quarter. With the fleetness of unleashed hunting dogs they rushed down the road, shouting in chorus an impromptu doggerel, which sounded like: "Wiegant! Wiegant! Wiegant! O, you can't! O, you can't—can't! Keep us out!"

There was the brand-new board fence obstructing their way, fully six feet high. The captain of the team stopped ten yards away, dropped his football, and with a powerful kick sent it flying straight up into the air. It sailed beautifully heavenward and then disappeared over the fence.

"Now then! After it, every man!" he shouted. Every member of the team made a wild rush forward, forming a close rush line, and landed plump against the boards. Eleven boys, weighing on an average 120-pounds each, made an impact of nearly three-quarters of a ton. This weight hurled against a board fence is bound to make posts and pickets shake and quake.

The fence bent forward, yielded several inches, with a groan, and then snapped two of the upright posts short off, precipitating the whole thing on the ground inside of the meadows. Six of the football players tumbled over with the fence and nearly landed on the head of Mr. Wiegant, who had been standing on the other side.

days later they were prepared to find the fence patched up again.

"We won't rush it this time," remarked the captain of the team, "but we'll see who can get under or over it first."

Once more the ball was kicked in a curve over the topmost rail, and the eleven boys made a mad rush for it. They climbed over and under the fence, and wriggled through holes and between pickets that seemed too small to accommodate a lad of five.

The whole eleven were in the meadows and racing for the ball, when suddenly Will Comfort's loud voice shouted warning:

"Get back to your line! Get back to your line!"

They were so accustomed to obeying this order that, like trained soldiers, they made a simultaneous rush for the fence, without understanding the meaning of the warning. It was well that they did, for suddenly there rushed down upon them an enormous black bull, with fire of fury in his eyes.

They were over the fence none too soon. One of the last over was helped by the horns of the ugly beast, which scraped his legs in an angry flourish, and then butted heavily against the board fence.

There were eleven frightened football players when they finally faced their enemy, with a six-foot board fence between them. The bull, disappointed, was bellowing and pawing the ground, indicating the condition of his temper better than words could.

"Whew! That was a good rush!" said Wilson, the heavy center. "I'd like to have that bull on our tackle line when we play Beardsley school team. Wouldn't we make it hot for them?"

Nobody laughed at this, for all were too much excited over their narrow escape to see the humorous side of it.

"That's a dirty trick of old Wiegant's," said one of the players. "A beastly trick, you mean," chimed in Wilson. "Yes, 'tis a beastly trick."

"We'll pay old Wiegant back for this. Some of us might have been killed. That bull should—"

turn on him and give him a taste of his horns," one of the boys remarked, as they approached the board fence.

"Yes, 'twould serve him right," grumbled another. "There's the old man now in the meadows."

The boys peered between the lower boards. Mr. Wiegant had stopped to pick up something, and while his back was turned to them the bull had grown suddenly alert and active. With head down the animal made a rush for the stooping man.

Though only a few minutes before several had expressed a wish that the bull would attack its owner, every boy was now climbing on the fence, and shouting frantically:

"Look out! Look out! The bull! Mr. Wiegant, the bull!"

The cry startled the angry bull so that his speed was reduced somewhat but when the man turned to face him he renewed the charge. Mr. Wiegant saw the animal, and tried to run, but the bull struck him and flung him into the air. He rose six feet, and then fell heavily upon his back. The bull, thoroughly enraged now, bellowed aloud, and made another charge. The man attempted again to avoid the horns, but they caught him in the legs and turned him over and over.

The boys had stood almost paralyzed. But as the bull made ready for another charge, Wilson dropped over the fence and landed in the meadows. The others followed him almost instinctively, and when he shouted they obeyed.

"Form in line, fellows, and get ready to tackle the bull!" he shouted. "Keep away from his horns, but worry him until Mr. Wiegant can get away. Scatter now, and look sharp!"

Like Indians they rushed across the meadows, shouting, yelling, singing and whistling. The outbreak made the bull stop and look up. He watched this demonstration with dazzled eyes, and pawed the ground angrier than ever. On came the football team, but the bull, apparently arguing that a bird in the hand is worth eleven in the bush, determined to give his victim one more toss before attacking the new enemy.

With a sudden inspiration Wilson dropped his football and kicked it straight at the animal. It curved upward and landed right on the nose of the creature. The bull swerved around and glared at the boys. Then, with tail in the air and nose rubbing the ground, he waited for the new enemy to approach nearer. This was Mr. Wiegant's opportunity and he crawled heavily toward the fence. For a moment the bull failed to see him, and then he swung around and started for him again.

Turning to his obedient crowd of players, Wilson shouted: "Now, rush for the fence! Quick!" There was a wild scramble for the big fence, and while the bull was tearing the coats and hats to pieces and trampling them, the boys reached a place of safety. Mr. Wiegant had already climbed the first rail and the boys hurried him over the others faster than he had ever gone before.

The next moment the bull charged up to the fence and stopped within a foot of it, bellowing and roaring loudly and digging the dirt and sod up with his front paws as if it was snow. An angrier creature never faced an enemy, and the boys quaked at the bloodshot eyes and inwardly felt thankful that a stout fence stood between them.

"Shall we help you up to the house?" asked Wilson, noticing the white, bloodless face of Mr. Wiegant.

"No, no; I can walk it," the old man replied. "I'll walk it."

He hobbled away, the boys watching him until he rounded the hill. "Well!" was all they said. Then they fell to recounting their deeds of valor and expatiating upon the feelings which possessed them when facing the angry bull. For several days the experience with the bull was a constant subject of thought. The team even had to go down to the meadows to prove some disputed points.

When they reached the objective point Wilson exclaimed:

"Hello! The old fence is gone! What's up?"

The fence had indeed been removed, and there was no sign of a bull in the vicinity, but on a tree near by was a new sign which read:

"THIS IS A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE. ALL BOYS HAVE THE RIGHT TO PASS HERE TO THE NECK. W. P. WIEGRANT."

"Well, that's a stunner!" exclaimed somebody. "That's Wiegant's way of thanking us. He's afraid we might make fun of him. Suppose we go up and ask after his health and thank him?"

There was no division of sentiment and the whole team immediately walked up the hill and approached the old farm house. They had never been there before, and they felt a little strange and nervous. They were not exactly sure of their reception.

"I'd rather charge that bull again than do this," laughed Wilson, who had recovered his humor. But they were not left in doubt long. Mr. Wiegant hobbled out to meet them, and there was no mistaking the expression in his eyes.

The man shook hands with all of them and said: "You've read that sign, boys. I suppose? Well, I'll go further than that, and say my whole farm is a thoroughfare for you. Go and come where you please on it, and I'll never say a word. The bull is gone; I sold him today, and he will not disturb you. Neither will I."

When the team finally left they had mutually agreed to show their old enemy that they could respect his rights and their privileges, and never once thereafter did Mr. Wiegant have reason to regret his bargain. A little mutual concession had opened the way for a complete understanding which made friends of all.

Marconigrams on the Lake. Toronto, June 7.—The marvellous success of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy on ocean liners has prompted a local steamboat man to place it on his steamers. Mr. Jno. Foy, manager of the Niagara river line, has been considering the matter for some time, and has arranged to have Mr. Marconi's representative in this district place instruments on the steamers Corona and Chippewa next week. The experiment will take place on the steamer Chippewa when she makes her inaugural trip of the season on June 14 to Niagara-on-the-Lake and Queenston, and a temporary station will be erected at some suitable point along the waterfront to receive the messages from the steamer on her way across the lake.

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S. S. NEWPORT

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OFFICES SEATTLE - Cor. First Ave. and Yeeler Way. SAN FRANCISCO - No. 30 California Street

MAIL FROM KOYUK

Billy Thomas Forth in Rh

And Tells of His Since Reaching Country.

The following letter from First Mate Jim O'Flaherty, explains itself

Bettles, Nowhere, Don't know who Don't g

Jas. O'Neill, Dawson.

Dear Jim,—Forgive me again. Send me sealed bottle. I'm ashamed back.

Yours—in Mosey BILLY

Here is the reality in by myself, again-asking

I was sitting at a cabin, by the way. I will not mention when I'm ashamed to say Not on account of the you can rest assure For they, too, just like this country had be

the country and the snow and ice and the mosquitos, gnats and that leave of their the beans, the rice and all you can afford. You're not paying f

Then the outfit 'round stove, the pipedred told. About the tough trip camp and that old so cold."

How he got up first about the paneakes. How his partner "w" —," was nothing

How far he made it the distance and t how he'd beaten al camp, how he got how he had the grea the trail, his bl robe,

his dog team, why all the rest upo

in an opinion of a class and what w And the way that he would simply make But formations such conglomerate, mica Quartz, sand, ore, m and some not on t

The drift, the rim, t the way the bedro The width and lengt streak and the de holes.

The way he built the est pan he had. And the scheme that for to pay the wo

How he staked a lot how a fellow jump How he heard about and came to town Of the logs and moss to build with on How long it took to parmanian he had

How he had put his style and its posi And when you came 'twas a gee-pole How he traded nails whipsawed all his And how he'd fix the the location and.

And that moose and too, that goat sheep,

And the shot he ma would make the a How he cut it up— the amount he so The drunk he had on how he soaked hi

And the different cre would drive you For then you would simply owned the And when he bore death with his "jab,

He'd ask you up to pay it with a t

And the barkeep w "See here, you're daily raise hi "I'll pay it I would not stand y "If I had any 'gol

MAIL FROM KOYUKUK

Billy Thomas Bursts Forth in Rhyme

Tells of His Experience Since Reaching That Country.

The following letter lately received from First Mate Jim O'Neill of the Pioneer, explains itself:
Bettles, Nowhere, Don't know what date, Don't give a cuss.
Dear Jim, Forgive me; it won't occur again. Send me a word in a sealed bottle. I'm ashamed to come back.
Yours-in Mosquitoville, BILLY THOMAS.
Here is the reality in this region, by myself, again asking your pardon:
I was sitting at a window in my cabin by the way, I will not mention when or where for I'm ashamed to say; Not on account of the neighbors, for you can rest assured For they, too, just like myself, to this country had been lured.
But the country and the climate, the snow and ice and rain, The mosquitos, gnats and malamutes that leave of their guilty stain, The beans, the rice and bacon which will all you can afford,
Mama you thank the Great Creator you're not paying for the board.
Then the outfit 'round the bunkhouse stove, the pipedreams that are told,
That the tough trip he had in to camp and that old gag, 'twas so cold.
How he got up first in the morning, 'bout the panakes he would make How his partner "wasn't wuth a ---" was nothing but a fake.
How far he made it the next day, the distance and the hour,
How he'd beaten all of them to camp, how he got short of flour;
How he had the greatest sleigh on the trail, his blankets and his robe,
And his dog team, why they could do all the rest upon the road.
In my opinion of the miner, his class and what was on it,
And the way that he would work it would simply make you vomit.
But formations such as porphyry, conglomerate, mica schist, Quartz, sand, ore, muck and gravel, and some not on the list.
The drift, the rim, the crevice, and the way the bedrock rolls,
The width and length of the pay-streak and the depth of all the holes.
The way he built the cabin, the largest he had,
And the scheme that he was working for to pay the working lad.
How he staked a lot in the townsite, how a fellow jumped his claim,
How he heard about it up the creek and came to town again;
Of the logs and moss that he had cut to build with on his lot,
How long it took to do it and the plan that he had to do it.
How he had put his cabin up; the style and its position,
And when you came to sum it up 'twas a graded-nails proposition.
How he treed-poles for glass, and whipsawed all his lumber,
And how he'd fix the bunks and beds, the location and their number.
And that moose and mink and caribou, that goat and mountain sheep,
And the shot he made to get them would make the angels weep;
How he cut it up and quartered it, the amount he sold, the price,
The drunk he had on the profits, and how he soaked his head on ice.
And the different creeks he staked on would drive you to your berth,
How then you would imagine that he simply owned the earth;
And when he bored you near to death with his "all myself" confab,
How'd ask you up to take a drink and say it with a tab.
And the barkeep would remind him, "See here, your tab's no good!"
How'd raise his voice and say, "I'll pay it off in wood!"
I would not stand you off, you know, if I had any gold.

Which I expect to have as soon as my property is sold.
Well, Jim, maybe he meant it, if he ever has such luck.
But I'll be --- if I think he can do it if he stays with the Koyukuk. Amen.

Best wishes. Your old pal, BILLY THOMAS

Has No Hostile Intent. Berlin, June 12.—The foreign office here is without details of the reported bombardment of the seaport of La Guayra, Venezuela, by the forts and the Venezuelan warships, in consequence of a revolutionary movement in the suburbs. The foreign office, however, takes advantage of its inquiry to say that the German cruisers Gazelle and Falke were ordered to La Guayra simply to safeguard German interests, and that their presence in Venezuelan waters is in no way connected with Germany's long pending claims against Venezuela. As soon as order is restored the cruisers in question will leave Venezuela.

A Fair Forger.

"Hamilton," said Superintendent Beaver, calling me into his room, "as you don't start for New York on that extradition business till tomorrow, I wish you'd just see what you can do in this matter. Let's see. Here's the cashier's sketch of the woman: 'Dressed in dark clothes, short and stout, snow white hair, red nose, diamond and sapphire cluster finger ring.' He guessed her age at sixty-five, and she led him to understand that the check, indorsed Mary Wooler, was in payment of some house property she had engaged Mr. Hewitt to sell.
I tracked a woman answering to the description to Liverpool, where I lost her. The next day I sailed for New York on the extradition case, and a careful scrutiny of every passenger on board the liner convinced me that she was not among them. As I did not intend to let the disappointment interfere with my enjoyment of the voyage, I lost no time in making friends among my fellow passengers.

The next cabin to mine was that of Mrs. Beslake and her daughter, Anne. The mother was a tall, fragile-looking lady, while the daughter, slim and graceful, possessed as pretty a face as it has ever been my lot to look upon.

To while away the tedium of the long and often cold evenings, when we could not remain on deck with comfort, impromptu concerts would be started in the music room, and on these occasions Miss Beslake sometimes sang. She possessed a rich contralto voice, which held one entranced, the notes sweet, sympathetic and mellow as a blackbird's. Naturally when the great concert was organized in the saloon, two days before we passed Sandy Hook, Miss Beslake was asked to take part in it. She readily consented.

As I made my way along the main deck toward the saloon I saw Mrs. Beslake and her daughter just ahead of me. Mrs. Beslake was reading a sheet of paper she held in her hands. Presently she tore it up and tossed the shreds overboard.

A scrap of the paper borne upward by the wind fell on the deck at my feet. On it was Mr. Hewitt's name, cleverly forged in the same hand as the check. I could scarcely control the cry that rose to my lips. Stopping, I picked up the fragment and placed it securely in my pocket. Immediately I thought of the captain and confided my suspicions to him.
"Is it little more than conjecture yet," I concluded, "and I must ask you to help me in confirming it."
"Willingly," said the captain. "How can I assist you?"
"You have the keys, I presume, for the various cabins?" I replied.
"Mrs. Beslake and her daughter are now in the saloon. The concert will last an hour. In the meantime you and I will see what we can find."
In the cabin of the two ladies my apprehensions received abundant confirmation. With some little difficulty I succeeded in forcing back the catch of a large portmanteau that stood in the corner of the compartment. The first object that met my eyes was a wig of white hair. Beneath it lay a box of grease paints similar to those used by actors in making up.

At the bottom of the portmanteau we found a pocketbook containing several bank notes, the numbers of which agreed with the list given me on that spurious check.

We had reached this stage of our search when the cabin door suddenly swung open and Miss Beslake appeared in the entrance.
"What is the meaning of this—this ungentlemanly proceeding?" she cried, not without a tremor of fear in her voice.
It is needless to describe the scene that ensued. Ever how I cannot recall it without a pang of sorrow. Suffice it to say that on my return to England I had three prisoners under my care—Mrs. and Miss Beslake, as well as the man, Tom Purdoo, whose safe custody back to London had been the prime object of my mission. Of him it is not necessary to speak here.

Miss Beslake was identified by Mr. Hewitt as a former governess of his children, she having left his employment a month prior to the presentation of the check on the bank. In her confidential capacity she had had no difficulty in obtaining access to the library and so accomplishing her nefarious purpose. She had stepped into the carriage at Euston a decrepit old woman and issued from it a bright and agile girl. At Liverpool her mother had met her, Mrs. Beslake having reasons of her own, for not wishing to be seen in London.

Two Alleged Gamblers Their Own Bondsmen

Pugilists and Drunks Arraigned in Police Court This Morning.

At the police court this morning Mr. Hagel appeared for two of those charged with being onlookers when the gambling raid took place, and asked that they be permitted to go on their own recognizances. Fred Johnson, who was caught at the Madden house, had put up his \$50 bail in cash, but he wished to go to his claim on Dominion and needed that \$50 in his business. Mr. Livingston had been caught in a similar way and had given his \$50 to a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion who had gone on his bond. He wished to be freed from this bondage and Mr. Hagel said that he himself could make as good use of the money as the Israelite was making. Inspector Starnes cheerfully agreed to grant Mr. Hagel's application for both cases.

Love of a Dog.

Dalton, Ills., May 25.—The love of a big shepherd dog for a baby playmate has been exhibited to an unusual degree at the home of J. H. Wilkinson.
Mrs. Meare, a friend of Mrs. Wilkinson, called upon her bringing with her a dog and her little daughter. Mrs. Meare wheeled the baby in a baby carriage.
A rainstorm made it necessary for Mrs. Meare and the baby to go home on the street car. The baby carriage was placed in the barn at the Wilkinson home. The shepherd dog saw the carriage being placed in the barn, but did not see Mrs. Meare and the baby leave. Believing the child was in the carriage the dog went to the shed and went to sleep.
Next morning the dog was found in the shed watching. All that day and night the dog did nothing but walk about the barn and sleep near the baby carriage. The Wilkinson children could not drive the dog away.
Finally it was decided to wheel the baby carriage back home. The dog followed greatly pleased.

Accident on Hunker.

Mrs. Whittemore of 85 below on Hunker had one of her legs fractured as the result of a runaway on Wednesday evening. She with Mrs. Turner and son were out driving when their horse became frightened at a forest fire and ran away, colliding with a freight team and upsetting the light rig. Mrs. Turner and son escaped uninjured.

American Fleet at Gibraltar

Gibraltar, June 12.—The United States battleship Illinois, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Crowninshield, and the United States cruisers Chicago, Albany and Nashville have arrived here. The Illinois will proceed to Portsmouth, England, immediately.

Date of Hearing Changed

The case of Mulberg versus Jenkins which was set for hearing in the gold commissioner's court for the 26th, has been re-set for the 27th, as the 26th is coronation day and a holiday.

In a Good Cause

Assistant City Clerk Calvert today drew checks for the men working on the streets to the amount of \$4,500. This makes a city expenditure on the streets alone between May 31st and June 20th of \$17,500.

"Wasn't that an odd thing for the minister to say just as we were leaving?" asked the Chicago bridegroom of his bride.
"I don't think I noticed what he said," replied the bride. "What was it?"
"He invited us to come again."
"Oh, that was just ordinary politeness. He always does my marrying."—Detroit Free Press.

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BAIL MONEY DRAWN DOWN

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used the report, "alone persists in permitting its subjects to carry on a practice so barbarous as to impart a respectable hue to piracy."
A letter is cited from President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford university, stating that the threat to kill all the seals is "simply monstrous" and would bring on us the odium which now properly rests with Great Britain for her unwillingness to abolish the destructive agency of pelagic sealing. The minority, therefore, declare that the plan to kill the seals is inconsistent with the humane and noble policy this government has constantly taken, and that if the British government, abusing the freedom of the seas, is willing to destroy one of the choicest gifts of providence to mankind, it should be permitted to bear the responsibility unaided and alone.

Public Auction

Notice is hereby given that the following property, goods and chattels, which have been taken possession of under and by virtue of a certain mortgage made by Edmond LeTourneau and Joseph Bernier to Chas. E. Carbonneau and Belinda A. Carbonneau, bearing date the 25th day of September, A. D. 1901, and which may be described as follows: One 35 horse-power boiler and engine, one hoist, one pump (complete), pipes, fittings, tools, buckets, cables, etc. Two horses, harness, one set bob-sleds and one wagon, quantity of cordwood, stores, provisions and kitchen utensils. Also whatever interest the said mortgagors may have in the unexpired lay agreement in respect to the upper half of mining claim number 12 on Gold Run creek, Yukon territory. Also the mortgagors interest in the dumps on said claim, subject to the receiver's rights,—will be sold at public auction at the Court House, Dawson, on Monday, the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1902, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Dated at Dawson this 8th day of June, A. D. 1902. C. E. CARBONNEAU, BELINDA A. CARBONNEAU.

Methodism in Japan.

Vancouver, B. C., June 3.—Dr. Sutherland, Superintendent of Canadian Methodist Missions, has arrived from Japan, where he has been since March. He states that the six separate Methodist bodies now working in Japan are arranging to form themselves into one body, under a general conference. There are about twelve thousand Methodists in Japan about 2,500 of whom are under the Canadian Methodist church. The proposed concentration of the work will greatly increase the usefulness and influence of the church. Dr. Sutherland will have an interesting report to make to the general board of missions and general conference at Winnipeg. He leaves for the east on Thursday.

"Here's an item about a woman in Kansas who has a hen that lays black eggs."
"I don't see anything surprising in that."
"You don't! Why not?"
"Nothing is surprising that happens in Kansas."—Chicago Tribune.

Want Seals Spared

Washington, June 12.—Five of the members of the ways and means committee have filed a minority report on the bill proposing the killing of fur seals unless a modus vivendi for their permanent protection is negotiated. The minority members severely condemn pelagic sealing, and say the practice of killing females in their breeding season is contrary to the universal custom of mankind. "The British government," of all the governments concerned," continues.

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WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE

Time Table of Rail Division. Table with columns for North Bound, South Bound, Stations, and Arrival/Departure times.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Connecting Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico. Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule. All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

BELIEVED HIS STORY

His Lordship Considers Some One

Lied in the Morritz-Baker Case and Accordingly Gave Plaintiff Judgment.

In the unique Morritz vs. Baker case which was heard yesterday before Mr. Justice Craig, his lordship gave his decision immediately at the conclusion of the argument by counsel, awarding plaintiff whose plain, straightforward story was unsupported, judgment not alone for the amount of the face of the note which was sued upon, but for the full sum of \$245 claimed to be owing him. On account of the contradictory nature of the evidence it was thought some one might receive something of a scoring from the bench, which the defendant, as it turned out, was spared from receiving. In speaking of the case his lordship said the matter was much complicated by the nature of the evidence, that it was evident that some one had not told the truth and that he would have to do the best he could with the material before him. The court was much impressed with the straightforward story as told by the plaintiff Morritz, but he did not like the evidence of the defendant's witnesses Harrette and Lawick, they showed too much animus. The former in particular could be regarded with suspicion, he having shown such a desire to be so exact, and such an expert as to the identification of the note. How he could swear so positively that the note was the identical document it was alleged to be when he had seen it but once and then for but an instant, is a mystery. The evidence is full of animus.

With reference to the note all defendant's witnesses together with defendant himself swear it was for but \$25 and that erasures and substitutions have been made. As remarked before, the plaintiff told a straight story while that of defendant and the first witness examined did not; their evidence does not hold together and is inconsistent as to several statements, particularly that referring to the position of the figures on the corner of the paper. If the maker of the note made the figure "2," he also made the ciphers. The latter are similar to those found in the book, are made alike and have the same slope. Then, too, why should the note have been made for \$25 when it is admitted the debt owed was \$27. "I think the plaintiff," said his lordship in conclusion, "has proven the debt for \$200 and as I distrust the testimony of Baker, Lawick and Harrette I must take the story of Morritz to be correct all the way through. Judgment will go for \$245, the full amount claimed."

WATER FRONT NOTES.

The Casca arrived yesterday evening with 32 tons of freight and a good list of passengers. The Casca on her last trip up performed a feat never before equalled on the Yukon, which speaks volumes for the power of the boat and the intrepidity of her master and pilot. The hull of the Ora now in use as a coal barge was towed up from Dawson, the run through Five Fingers with the large head on and without a line or any assistance other than her own wheel being made in one and three-quarter minutes. The trip to Whitehorse was made in less than four days. Her passengers down were: K. Halstead, F. Mills, J. Emerson, H. Kohagan, M. C. Orton, G. W. Van Meter, Charles Warsaw, Martin Ruth, J. A. Hallett, Mrs. Hallett, T. Folsome, Mrs. Folsome, J. Reddely, J. A. Richardson, C. P. Adams, E. H. Adams, C. A. Apperman, F. S. Shaw, Mr. Peterson, G. Ferguson, E. P. Little, G. E. Smith, Mrs. B. H. Moran and two children, Miss Hughes, Mrs. A. M. Handy, P. E. Mercer, D. McDiarmid, Peter Geza, A. Daniels, Albert Shoff, C. Mc Donald, A. Lee, W. Campbell, J. McPhee, J. H. Austin, G. J. Cunningham. The Casca leaves tonight at 8 o'clock.

The Lavalle Young leaves for St. Michael this evening at 9 o'clock. She will return with a heavy load of freight and not go to the Koyukuk, as was originally intended. Manager Calderhead received word this morning that the Thistle would leave tonight for Whitehorse, in tow of the La France for Whitehorse,

where she will take on a cargo for the N. C. Co. Her machinery will be installed and other finishing touches added after she reaches Dawson, which will be about Tuesday.

The Sybil arrived at 5 o'clock this morning with a heavy cargo and 23 sacks of mail. The Bonanza King came in an hour before with 93 tons of freight—2206 packages. Among the lot were 166 cattle for the Pacific Cold Storage Company and 60 head for C. W. Thebo.

The Canadian left at midnight last night. The Dawson will arrive tomorrow.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Presbyterian Church.—The following special music will be rendered at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at tomorrow evening's service: Mrs. P. R. Ritchie will sing "Saviour of Sinners," a sacred solo by Cherubini, and the choir will sing "O Taste and See How Gracious the Lord is," an anthem by Sir John Goss.

First Methodist Church.—Rev. D. A. McRae, M.A., will preach morning and evening. Morning subject, "The Greatest Thing in the World." Evening subject, "Christ and Creeds."

A Good Opportunity.

Anyone contemplating the purchase of machinery would find it to their advantage to apply to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Whitehorse. Besides saws, belting and engineer's supplies, they have for sale:

- 1 Walraths 40 Horse-power Horizontal Engine.
1 Atlas 35 Horse-power Boiler.
1 Albion 20 Horse-power Tubular Boiler.
1 Albion 26 Horse-power Vertical Engine.
1 Mitchell 20 Horse-power Vertical Engine.
1 Complete Sawing Plant, including Saw Frame, Log Turner, Log Hoist, etc.
1 Pile Driver.
Complete Blacksmith Outfit.

4th OF JULY BANQUET

A Big Spread Will be Given

Departure to be Made From Conventional Celebration—Committees Named.

Pursuant to notice a number of gentlemen met in the rooms of the Board of Trade yesterday afternoon for the purpose of considering ways and means of celebrating the Fourth of July. Discussion of the matter brought forward the general opinion that the celebration should take some other form than the traditional parade and athletic sports.

A motion was made and carried that a banquet be held as a principal feature of the day and for the purpose of carrying the motion into effect Dr. Cooke, the chairman, was authorized to appoint a committee.

Informal remarks were made as to the desirability of introducing additional features into the celebration but the whole matter was finally left to the executive committee, which is made up as follows: Dr. Cooke, chairman; F. W. Clayton, secretary; Henry D. Saylor, honorary member; and committeemen E. A. Mizer, H. Te Roller, Chas. Worden, T. A. McGowan, A. B. Palmer, W. V. Tukey, Geo. M. Allen, Capt. Roediger, L. C. Troughton, W. H. B. Lyon, and Ben Trennaman. The full committee will meet on Monday night at the board of trade rooms, at which time arrangements for the banquet will be perfected.

The Midnight Sun

This being the longest day of the year, the dome just east of the city will be black with people tonight who, if the sky is clear, will see the sun set and rise in the same hour.

The Dawson City Quartz Mining Company will entertain their many friends at their property near the dome.

It is a great trip—for people with castiron legs.

This is Irish

Belfast, June 21.—The United Irish Land League has issued a manifesto asking Irishmen to observe Coronation day as one of mourning.

RESIGNATION TENDERED

Collector of Customs Leaves Service

Department Wished Him to Give Up His Valuable Mining Interests.

The statement appearing in the morning paper to the effect that Collector of Customs D. W. Davis had been removed and that there were "rumors of grave irregularities" in his office contains one atom of truth to balance several tons of invidious innuendo and is calculated to injure a political opponent who though a Conservative has held office here for years before the Sun ever heard of the Yukon, and than whom no more highly honored or respected official of the government ever set foot in the territory. Mr. Davis' friends, and the number includes practically every business man in the city, are naturally indignant at the manner in which the joke handled the matter from a news standpoint. The facts are that a number of politicians, at least one of whom has but recently arrived in Dawson, have for the past two years been industriously engaged in undermining Mr. Davis as collector of customs, the pressure brought to bear in Ottawa having finally been sufficient to cause a notification to be sent to him that he would either have to give up his position or release the mining property held by himself and his wife, there being a regulation in effect which prohibits any official of the government from possessing any mining property. Mr. S. W. McMichael, chief inspector of customs, arrived a short time ago, and as Mr. Davis declined to give up his interests which are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars he naturally took the alternative and left the service which he has filled so long with such satisfaction to the public and so much credit to himself. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Davis handed in his resignation to Mr. McMichael which was at once accepted, he appointing E. S. Busby, the hero of the Skagway flag incident, to act temporarily in his stead.

In his letter of resignation as collector at this port Mr. Davis gave as his reason for so doing as being on account of the government insisting upon himself and his wife either giving up their mining interests as per order in council under date of March 29, 1899, or quitting the service. The department was reminded of the fact that the paper had come here long prior to the passage of such regulations and had acquired his property before such went into effect. He had accepted the office when it was first tendered when the remuneration was small and had still held it though the salary was so petty as to be insignificant when compared with the value of the claims he is asked to sacrifice; hence his determination to resign. He stated further that he had understood from the head of his department for the past two years that the mining regulations did not apply to the customs department, but only to the officials of the Yukon territory. This is further borne out by the fact that the officials of the department of the interior during the past three years have accepted from him and his wife without protest fees for licenses and the renewals of their claims.

Mr. Davis has been the first and only collector of customs the port of Dawson or this portion of the Yukon ever possessed. He came inside in '96 and was stationed the first year at Fort Cudahy, where he remained until May, 1897, when the office was removed to Dawson. His family joined him in '98 and has been here ever since. Prior to coming to the Yukon Mr. Davis served in the house of commons as a member from the district of Alberta. His residence here as the collector of customs has been eminently satisfactory to every one with whom he has had any dealings and particularly so to the Americans who pay the very large majority of the duty. He in his official capacity is spoken of in the very highest terms and all regret the severing of relations that have always been so amiable.

Mr. McMichael was seen in reference to the matter but would not be interviewed and would say nothing beyond that "Mr. Davis since his suspension had tendered his resignation" and that it would be forwarded to Ottawa. As to the so-called "irregularities" the gentleman would not be quoted one way or the other. An effort was made to see Mr. Davis but he left for Gold Run early

A SPECIAL LINE OF SUITS! MARKED DOWN TO.... \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00. The Above Lines Comprise 1, 2 and 3 of a Kind which we are Desirous of Cleaning Up and in Consequence have been Marked Away Down. See Them Before You Purchase. FIRST AVENUE Opposite White Pass Dock HERSHBERG The Reliable Clothier 1st Ave.

Notice to the Public. The people of Dawson will please take notice that I make a specialty of fine groceries. A few of my specialties are Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Schilling's coffees and teas, Heinz's pickles, baked beans, preserves, tomato catsup, chutney, apple butter, etc. Genuine imported champignons. The celebrated brand of S. & W. fruits and vegetables, etc. etc. F. S. Dunham, The Family Grocer, 2nd avenue and Albert St.

LOCAL MEN INVESTING

Money Earned In the Klondike Will Remain

Quintette of Laborers Purchase Claim Number 13 on Eldorado.

The completion of purchase yesterday of No. 13 Eldorado is one of those deals that must give great satisfaction to Governor Ross and all others who are intelligently interested in the future of the territory. Messrs. White, Sheets, Dunham, Higgins and Cullinone are five working miners who, by day labor, working on lays and in other ways, and by saving, have been enabled to save up the necessary \$18,000 for which the claim was yesterday sold to them.

When Governor Ross returned he was asked by the representative of the Nugget what was the outlook, from what information he had gathered in the east, of large English capital coming to the Klondike this season in search of investment. He did not actually know of any, and in fact he did not think it was the best thing for the camp to endeavor to interest such capital. The advantage gained from it, he pointed out, was merely temporary, and was as likely to do harm to the camp in the capital not being intelligently expended as it was to do good. There was capital enough in Canada, and among her neighbors across the boundary, he said, to develop the whole of the territory, and if such capital was invested there was an almost certainty of its being intelligently expended.

When the successful miner, instead of sending his money earned to the outside, or seeks investment for it on the Sound or in California, with a full knowledge of the situation and conditions prevailing here, uses his earnings for re-investment in other mining ventures in the camp, the future prosperity becomes something upon which the local merchant can bank. The successful miners above mentioned have done this, but they are but one instance of many. Their deal of yesterday merely serves to call attention to the pleasing fact that during the last eighteen months nearly every one of the mining deals that have gone through have been effected through local capital.

In nearly every case, too, the investors have been of the class of men as these are; men who know absolutely what they are buying and who can be trusted to add to the prestige of the camp by working their claims intelligently and profitably. There is scarcely a merchant in Dawson who is not interested in mining claims; but in too many cases their investments are handled in too much the same manner as foreign capital, their ground is spoiled by bad handling and their expenditure adds little or nothing to the credit of the camp. What is wanted is more of these thoroughly experienced miners working on their own capital. So many of them are now in the field that the results next season will be something appreciable.

FOR SALE.—High grade, new piano, cheap. Apply Nugget office. ctf.

Coronation Decorations and Badges Just In. SUMMERS & ORRELL, Second Avenue.

For Sale. Team and Pack Mules, Horse Wagons, Sleds, Harness, Saddles and freight equipment.—B. A. DODD, Hotel Macdonald. Ice cream and cake served at G. Dolfo's. To keep healthy drink the pure liquors at the Sideboard. McDONALD'S WOOD YARD. Wood all lengths. Prompt delivery. Third avenue, near Harper. Job printing at Nugget office.

Watson Select Scotch \$18 Per Case. 5 Per Cent. Discount on 5 Cases and Over. I. Rosenthal & Co. Wholesale Liquors. Mail Orders Given Special Attention. Aurora Dock.

City Drayage and Express. DAWSON TRANSFER CO. Day and Night Service. CHANGE OF TIME TABLE—On and After May 20, 1902. Leave Dawson... 8:30 a.m. and 6 p.m. Leave Forks... 8:30 a.m. and 6 p.m. Freighting to all the Creeks. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING.

Auditorium Theatre BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 16 "A CRAZY IDEA." Prices as Usual. No Smoking Monday, Thursday, Friday.

STEAMER CLIFFORD SIFTON. WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE ON MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, 8 P. M. FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

GLASS! AT OUTSIDE PRICES. Sizes 10 x 14, at \$5.00 Per Box 10 x 16, at 5.00 12 x 14, at 5.00 12 x 16, at 5.50 12 x 18, at 5.50 14 x 16, at 6.00 14 x 18, at 6.00 Other Sizes at Low Prices. Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.

6 PAGE Vol. 3—No. 15 SHE RO CUL Daughter o E. Lee For Violating Ru Electric Com special to the Daily Washington, Ju Curtie Lee, daughter E. Lee, was arrested Va., charged with which provides for white and colored Washington, Alex on electric ra boarded a car at and without real in the portion r people. Being and encumbered she refused to n asked by the cond Another special to the Daily Chicago, June ed Chicago, Milw details are in t from Ewards, S Mont., and it is will be built th emplated exten coast by way of ho, to Seattle. is planning other test itself from a Hill merger to di line to St. Paul. merger has esta against Milwaukee Well Know Dick Fleming w ed by Patrolmen ed beating Sadie with whom he seen intimate. such assault and The La Quartz We have number of t ready to mak We have money will antice all our mill and also Assay Shoif's W -FOR -It Nev PIONEER D McLe