

JEFFRIES IS YET CHAMPION

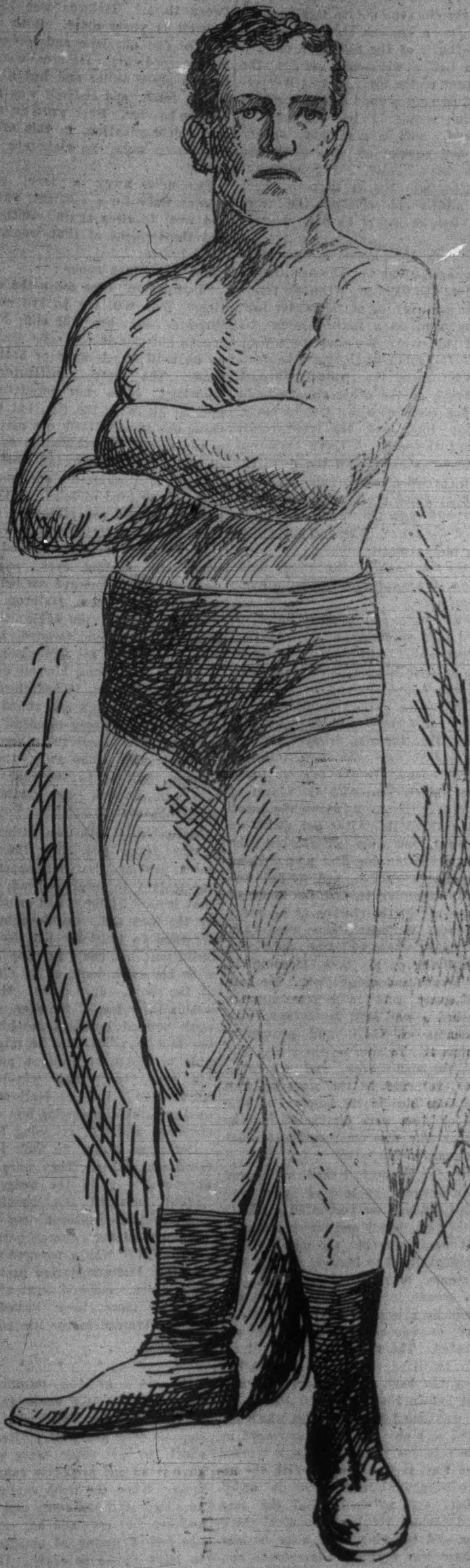
Puts the Blacksmith Pugilist, Robert Fitzsimmons out of Business in Eighth Round—Fitz Acknowledges Defeat and Announces His Retirement.

San Francisco, July 25.—Jeffries again confirmed his title of champion of the world. Fitzsimmons was knocked out in the eighth round of a pretty fight as has ever been the case in the world. The fight was a surprise in one way. It was expected that Jeffries would force the issue while he did considerable work and his aggressive nature at one time betting men were ready to hedge for he had the best of the fight up to the very time the blow was landed.

The big tented pavilion at Fourth and Valencia streets was crowded, and thousands waited outside the enclosure to hear the result. The finish was pathetic. In the eighth round the men were both on the aggressive. A clinch followed one of these mix-ups. In the break-away which followed Jeffries landed a terrific blow on Fitz's stomach, which sent him to the floor. The seconds were called off in silence, and at the sound of ten pandemonium reigned for a moment.

Fitz struggled to his feet slowly a few seconds after he was counted out. Silence followed, and Fitz announced

James J. Jeffries, Champion of the World.



\$100,000 DAMAGES CLAIMED

Joe Barrett Sues the Syndicate Lyonnaise Du Klondike and A. Tarut for Libel in the Amount Named Above—Sensation Promised.

A case has been entered in the territorial court which promises to be productive of exceedingly sensational results. The plaintiff in the case is Mr. Joe Barrett, a heavy mine owner and well known sourdough, and the defendants are the Syndicat Lyonnais du Klondike and Mr. A. Tarut, the local representative of the company.

The action is entered to recover damages for libel to the extent of \$100,000 and costs. The words objected to, which are given below, are alleged in the complaint to have been published by the defendants maliciously and without cause in connection with a law case in which both parties to the suit are named as defendants.

Mr. Barrett was accused of salting a claim in order to secure the sale of the property and he considers that the charges in addition to being false have damaged his character to the amount specified in the complaint.

The essential points in the complaint are contained in the following extract taken from the paper which was filed with the clerk of the court today.

STATEMENT OF CLAIM.
1. The plaintiff is a miner residing at Dawson in the Yukon territory. The defendant corporation is a mining corporation carrying on mining operations on Dominion creek in the Yukon territory and has an office in Dawson aforesaid and the defendant Alfred Tarut is an officer of such corporation.
2. The plaintiff has suffered damage from the defendant corporation falsely and maliciously writing and publishing and procuring to be written and published of and concerning

the plaintiff the words following, that is to say:

"17. And the defendant corporation further avers that the co-defendant Barrett acting for himself and as the agent of the plaintiffs with the intent to deceive the defendant corporation wrongfully and fraudulently put and placed on hillside claim No. 12 and on creek claim No. 33 on Dominion creek and in the gravel panned or taken therefrom, some gold which did not belong to the said claims and which was not taken from said claims and which said putting of gold is commonly known as 'salting,' and so placed and put with the intent and purpose of deceiving the defendant corporation as to the value of the ground and of making it appear of greater value than it really was and of inducing the said defendant corporation to purchase the said placer mining claims at a price far in excess of their real value and the defendant corporation further avers that they were in fact deceived and induced by reason of the said 'salting' to purchase the said placer mining claims at a price in excess of their value";

Meaning thereby that the plaintiff herein, with the intent to deceive the defendant corporation herein, wrongfully and fraudulently put and placed on the said mining claims gold which was never taken from the said claims and which did not belong to them and with the intent and purpose of deceiving the defendant corporation herein as to the value of the said claims, which said claims the defendant corporation herein had purchased from the plaintiff and of making it appear that the said claims were of greater value than they really were in order to induce the defendant corporation herein to purchase the said claims and that the plaintiff herein had thereby committed fraud.

Roberts and Cadets.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, July 25.—The long expected address of Lord Roberts to the cadets of the military academy at Sandhurst, where twenty-nine cadets were rusticated on account of supposed incendiarism, was delivered today. He conveyed scant condolence to the young men. The commander-in-chief said he had been a cadet himself, and had stayed longer in the school than any of his hearers, and they ought to know how they should act. Instead of taking their discipline in a manly and soldierly way, they had behaved in a mutinous manner. As a result he had held an investigation and was able to reinstate all but two.

Tracy on the Stage

Seattle, July 16.—Tracy is making things lively on the eastern vaudeville stage. P. Donovan, a New York drummer, came to Seattle yesterday and entertained a crowd nearly all forenoon relating side-splitting experiences of Tracy and his alleged captors on the stage.
At Koster & Bial's a skit is given entitled "The Terrible, Treacherous, Tricky, Tracy, Trailing Through the Fangled, Tortuous, Twisted, Thorny Thicket." In the skit a man comes on the stage with a wooden gun about six feet long. He is supposed to be the sheriff. Then Tracy appears. He is garbed in buckskin and carries a revolver slung to every button hole in his coat and vest and a big bowie knife in his teeth.
The sheriff fires the gun, which makes a terrific report, and fills the stage full of smoke. The gun by some trick of mechanism explodes, and when the smoke of battle clears away, Tracy is seen standing with one foot upon the prostrate sheriff and addressing himself to an imaginary waiter, thus:
"Bring on some hard boiled eggs. I'm a little short on shells today."
Donovan says that the romantic drama of "Jesse James and the Outlaws" was never in it with the thrilling "Terrible Tracy," now running in New York.

AGREEMENT REACHED

Between Great Britain and Japan

Causes Interest to be Manifested by Japanese Legation at Washington.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, July 25.—Much interest is manifested by Minui Cho, Korean minister at Washington and by the Japanese legation officials in Washington in announcement of a conclusion of agreement between Great Britain and Japan, pledging independence to Korea, and involving reciprocal concessions on the part of the Korean government. However, neither the Japanese nor Korean legation has been officially advised of conclusion of the agreement. It is pointed out that the United States already has a treaty of peace, amity, commerce, and navigation with Korea since 1882, providing that even if other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government the other will exert their good offices on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement. The new agreement is regarded as some quarters here as the aftermath to the offensive and defensive alliance entered into between Great Britain and Japan for their interests in the far east, and as a further safeguard against territorial encroachment by any great power in this part of the world.

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that he was beaten by a better man. He pulled his gloves from his hands, and throwing them out to the audience, said:
"This is my last fight."

BY ROUNDS.

Round 1—The men meet in the middle of the ring and spar. Fitz backs away. Jeff crouches low. Fitz then sent his left to the mouth. Jeff's left goes over Fitz's shoulder. Fitz then sent a hard left to Jeff's nose, and retired. Jeff rushes Fitz to the ropes but failed to land. Fitz jabbed Jeff's nose again with his left. Fitz blocks a vicious left, then leads and backs out of the way of a left swing. Fitz made a hard left swing and then sent his left to Jeff's face. Jeff puts his left to body, but gets one on the mouth, and again another one on the face. Fitz sends a solid right to the neck. Fitz jabs neck lightly. Bell. Fitz got the best of the first round.

Round 2—Jeff tries his left, but Fitz was not there. Jeff ducks a left swing and puts his left to chest. Jeff puts another left on chest. Fitz put right to ear, but got a right on body in return. Fitz put left to jaw, then dropped it to stomach. Jeff sends left to breast. Jeff is short with left swing, then follows an exchange of lefts. Jeff rushes and sends two hard lefts to body. Fitz uppercuts Jeff on the mouth with his left. Fitz jabs his left to mouth. Jeff is bleeding freely from both the mouth and nose. Jeff is backing away from Fitz at the close of the round.

Round 3—Fitz backs away and blocks a left lead. Jeff sent a stiff to neck and Fitz a straight to the

Death From Economy

It is reported that a man in Chicago took an economical streak and decided not to buy anything he could possibly dispense with, so in taking his bath he used nature's toilet articles (his hands), scratched himself, blood poison set in, death resulted. Moral: Always use only the best sponges, bath brushes and toilet soaps. You can get them at Cribbs, the Druggist, at prices that will surprise you.

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Grey Granite Tea Pots, Each	50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
Grey Granite Coffee Pots, Each	50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
White Granite Wash Bowls, Each	50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

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nose. Fitz's gloves are covered with blood. Fitz jabs Jeff's mouth again with his left. Jeff falls short with a left swing. They clinch, and as they break Fitz jabbed a cruel left to the mouth. Fitz again jabs the sore mouth. Jeff's face is a sight. He has a bad gash under his right eye. Jeff swings his left over Fitz's right shoulder. It is Fitz's round. Old Bob

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FOR DOGS
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is cheered to the echo as he goes to his corner.

Round 4—Bob ducks a wicked left lead. They spar. Jeff lands light on the face. Jeff is short with a left, but smother's a left swing from Fitz. Fitz lands his right on the jaw, and uppercuts Jeff on the chin. Jeff puts two hard lefts on Fitz's body. Fitz jabs Jeff three times on the mouth and face. They come together and each lands light on the body. Jeff lands on the breast. Fitz ducks out of the way of a fierce right. Jeff tries two left swings but is short. Fitz puts left and right on the face. Jeff ducks away from left swing as the bell rings.

Round 5—They spar and exchange light lefts on neck. Fitz backs away from Jeff's swings without much effort. Jeff crowds Fitz to the ropes and puts a left on the neck. Fitz sent a left to Jeff's eye and a right to the ribs. Fitz ducks a left swing and sends a light right to Jeff's head. Jeff swung a hard right to jaw. Jeff rushes and reaches Fitz's jaw with the left. Jeff sent a hard left to the shoulder. Fitz sent two stiff lefts to the face. Jeff sent a

(Continued on page 8.)

The Escape Was Simple

Salem, Ore., July 11. — The attempt, although unsuccessful, of some unknown man to enter the Oregon penitentiary at midnight Monday shows once more the weakness of the institution Oregon has provided for its felons. While the prison is sufficiently secure against outbreaks by prisoners, unaided, the ease with which guns may be passed over the walls at night is almost beyond belief. It is surprising that an attempt to free the prisoners was not successful before Tracy and Merrill escaped a month ago. It was learned today that Tracy and Merrill planned an escape three years ago, and that fifty prisoners were in the plot. Had the scheme been kept secret, probably fifty or more prisoners would have left the penitentiary at that time, leaving behind them more than three dead guards. One of the prisoners gave the penitentiary officials a word of warning, and while the details of the plan were not learned, the escape was prevented. Tracy and Merrill were the ring leaders and were kept in restraint for some time afterward. Profiting by experience, they took no one into their confidence in this adventure, but made their flight alone.

THE PRISON YARD.

The prison yard is enclosed by a brick wall sixteen to eighteen feet high. The prison itself forms a part of the wall on the west side. The prison lawn is enclosed with a steel paling sixteen feet high, the steel rods being bent over at the top and barbed in fishhook fashion. The gate through the paling fence is open nearly all day, but no entrance to the rear prison yard is ever open except when a steel door on the Southern Pacific sidetrack is opened to admit a car. When visitors or prisoners are admitted from the front yard to the rear yard, they are first locked in a small room and then the inner door is opened, so that locked steel bars always present a barrier against an escape through the gates or doors.

But the precaution used in arranging the gates has not been employed in guarding against such intrusions as resulted in the death of three guards and the escape of Tracy and Merrill.

EVERYTHING IN ESCAPERS' FAVOR.

To one who visits the prison yard now and examines all the conditions which were in favor of rebellious convicts, it would seem that Tracy and Merrill could not have had things more to their liking if they had ordered all the arrangements themselves. The prison yard is pentagonal in shape, with a guardhouse at each of the five corners. The longest wall is about 400 feet in length. The guards pace back and forth along a walk built on the outside of the wall about three and a half to four feet from the top. Thus a guard's body is unprotected down to the waist. Crouching down on the walk he can protect his whole body, or all but his head and shoulders, while firing over the wall. The guardhouses have wide windows and furnish little more protection than the open wall.

THE WAY TO GET INTO YARD.

On the north side of the wall is built a wagon shed, the roof of which extends up against the wall, reaching nearly to the walk on which the guards pace their beats. The lower edge of the roof comes just above the top of the wooden gate in the barn yard. A man can, therefore, climb on top of the gate, step up on the shed roof and run up the easy slant of the roof to the top of the wall. With a rope ladder he could then let himself down into the prison yard. Just inside the wall, not far from the shed, is a huge pile of molding boxes about eight to ten feet high, a pile of pig iron, and a building used for storing coke. A few feet further from the wall is the nearest of the stone foundry shops where the convicts made their break. A man entering over the north wall would have the protection of the pile of boxes almost as soon as he touched the ground.

About twenty feet from the prison wall on the east is an old barn, not now in general use. In this men could secrete themselves while arranging an ascent of the wall on that side, and by means of a ladder or rope they could ascend to the top of the wall, dropping down on the inside in the rear of the shops. A run of about fifty feet would bring them into the shelter of another pile of molding boxes, stacked up about ten feet from the shops.

On the outside of the south wall, where the strange man appeared last Monday night, there is no means of temporary concealment except a freight car standing a few feet away on the side track, and the brick buttresses which extend out two feet from the wall at intervals of about

twenty feet. A man dropping down into the yard from the south wall would find his first place of concealment in a row of blackberry vines about seventy-five feet from the wall.

NOT A HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING.

As there are no guards on the walls at night, and as there was prior to the escape only one guard in the shop yard, it is apparent that scaling the wall and hiding a rifle in the shops would not be a very hazardous undertaking. Unless discovered when ascending or descending the wall, the intruder would have almost constant concealment and could in-trench himself behind a pile of boxes, one of the buildings, or a pile of logs, in but a single bound. There can be no doubt that some ex-convict scaled the wall and secreted the rifles in the foundry, where Tracy and Merrill were accustomed to work, and that they were expecting the assistance.

Standing in the northwest corner of the shop where they worked, Tracy and Merrill could draw a bead on any three of the five wall guards, and were protected from a return fire. After killing Shop Guard Ferrell they fired at the guards at the west and northwest posts and rushed out the rear door of the shop. Here they were partly protected by a pile of boxes and began firing at two guards on the east wall. When these guards jumped from the wall Tracy and Merrill went inside the shop and brought out a ladder used by the foundry employes when oiling the high shafting. When they emerged with the ladder they came in range of the guard on the southeast corner and were exposed to a fire for the first time. A few shots from this guard made them turn their course to the north wall, where Tracy set up the ladder. While doing this they were out of range of all the guards except the one on the northwest corner, and Merrill, protected by a pile of boxes, kept firing at this guard.

As soon as he reached the top of the wall, Tracy shot Jones, the guard, at the post mentioned, and then they had no opposition to their escape. By running to the north wall they had put the shops between themselves and the guard who had fired at them from the southeast post. They were under cover nearly all the time while the guards were exposed. By a few rapid shots they drove two guards from the wall and kept the others guessing where they were. The rapidity with which they changed their positions gave the impression that the outbreak was general and that a considerable number of the convicts were armed.

After a run of about 100 yards, the convicts reached some low brush along the bank of Mill creek, and a half mile away they struck heavier brush, which afforded concealment. Not knowing how extensive the uprising might be, the prison officials could not send any of their force in immediate pursuit of the two men who had escaped.

NEED OF CHANGES APPARENT.

While all was going along peacefully at the penitentiary, there was no apparent need of changes which would afford better protection against an outbreak, but the manner of the escape of Tracy and Merrill leaves no doubt that radical changes should be made. The attempt of some unknown man to enter the prison yard Monday night, just one month after the escape of Tracy and Merrill, serves to emphasize the need of changes.

It has been stated since the escape of Tracy and Merrill that the prison guards are not properly armed. Superintendent Lee says the guards are armed with 30-30 Winchester, the same style of rifles carried by the escaped convicts. The guards were probably neither as quick nor as accurate in their use of rifles as Tracy and Merrill, but their chief disadvantage was that they were exposed to the sudden attack of a concealed enemy.

Chicken Stealing Story.

Early in the seventies, said a lawyer, I was practicing down south in a small town of about a couple of thousand inhabitants. I and a friend of my own age were fond of going to a pool in the creek near by early in the morning to have a swim. One day just about daybreak we were strolling along the side of the creek when there was a stir in the brush, and the next moment a big black dog sprang out, crossed our path and plunged into the water. In less than half a minute a tall, gaunt man came crashing through the scrub, with a gun in his hand and blood in his eye. He halted on the edge of the creek, raised his gun and fired at the dog, which had almost reached the other

side. The shot was a failure, for the dog bounded up the bank, shook himself and disappeared.

"The gal darned thing!" cried the man, resting his gun on the ground and shaking his fist toward the spot where the dog had vanished. Then he turned his eyes toward us and took stock of us.

"For a month," he said, "I've been missin', most of a mornin', one plump chicken after another and couldn't for the life of me make it out. Ye see, jest about daylight I turn the chickens out to feed around. Well, in a month six of 'em have gone—that's at the rate of a chicken and a half a week—and always the plumpest of the lot. At last I determined to keep a good watch. So this mornin', soon's I let 'em out, I watched, with a gun, and caught that dog runnin' off with a chicken in his jaws. Now, I'm goin' right away to see Squire Rigney. He's been a-losin' his chickens the same way, but he would have it it was hawks."

The man disappeared in the bush. We lounged along by the creek, laughing over the incident. When we reached the pool, we found the water low, so we went on a little farther toward the river. We came to a ford, the cart-ruts disclosing the fact. Glancing along the roadway through the brush on the other side, we saw the dog come sneaking out of cover. We lay low, and the beast coolly crossed the ford. A negro came out of the scrub and joined the dog. The negro carried a canvas sack, at which the dog sniffed every once and again. We struck into the brush and intercepted the negro. The dog shrunk into a hiding place.

"Mawin, sah," the negro said, taking off his cap and making a humble grimace.

"What have you in that bag?" I asked in a severe tone.

"Bag, sah?" he said. "Oh, sah, on'y a little o' sumfin for mah missus, sah."

"There's a little something alive inside, for I see it movin'," I said.

With that the man dropped the bag and dashed into the bush, followed by the hound. In the bag we found a fine fat chicken, with the slaver of the dog on its back, where the beast had grabbed it. After our swim we returned, and when we reached the spot where the dog first appeared we entered the scrub and pushed forward, expecting to find the house of the owner of the chicken at no great distance. We hadn't gone more than 300 yards when we came upon the man, lying on his back, bleeding in the breast and unconscious. We hurried away and in a few minutes reached a well kept homestead, with evidences of thrift and prosperity around it. To shorten the story, this was the man's home, and we got a door, returned to the wounded man and bore him to the house. His wife and children were distracted, as the doctor who was summoned said that the man couldn't live.

At the inquest I and my friend were present and told all you have heard, though we recounted the facts with more detail and circumstance.

It was clear that the man had not accidentally shot himself, for his was a single barreled shotgun, whereas the wound in the man's breast was made by a leaden bullet of large caliber, as was shown when it was extracted. The negro was easily traced. He lived with his wife in a hut near the bank of the river. It was not known that he owned a dog, but it was found that the dog which figured as a chicken thief was owned by the man for whom the negro worked and that it was always with the negro except when he drove it away. There was no doubt that the man had trained the beast to steal chickens and to bring them alive to him. There was nothing whatever to connect the negro with the killing of James Hinney — that, I remember, was the man's name—and the mystery of his taking off was undiscovered for some years.

One day I received a message from Squire Rigney's wife saying that he was dying and wanted to make a will. I went to his home and drew up the instrument, by which he left one-half of his property to the widow of James Finney.

I finished writing the will, and just at the time the doctor and a nephew of his drove to the house. It was very opportune, for I was thus enabled to see that the will was duly executed. I was about to leave when the squire motioned me to stay. After the doctor and his nephew had left the squire beckoned me close to him and said:

"I killed Finney. I was lookin' out for chicken thieves. I thought it was birds, ye know, and, seein' somethin' move in the thick bush, I let fly. I was too big a coward to go forward and tell the truth. But now I've done all I can to make up for what I did by accident and squared things up."—Brooklyn Citizen.

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How Did the Fight End?

At 3 in the morning it was already light as the two men came along the cliff path. They walked in silence until they reached a wedge shaped promontory. The path skirted the one side of it and was divided from it by a light fence; on the other two sides was nothing but the sea, roaring on spiked rocks hundreds of feet below.

Age was the chief distinction between them. Halbron was 25 and Safwell 11 years older. Both were men of fine physique and looked in perfect condition. Halbron was perhaps a shade taller and had a trifle longer reach, and Safwell was a little heavier. Both wore an air of grave determination; in this strange duel there were no elaborate courtesies.

Two miles away a lazy, pretty woman woke for a moment, yawned, and went to sleep again. Both men had the thought of that woman in their hearts.

The older man spoke: "I mention once more the conditions. You will try to kill me by throwing me over the cliff; I shall try to kill you in the same way. We go on until one is dead or both are dead. The fence constitutes the boundary. It is not permitted to kick or hit with the fist, but everything else is permitted; one may take advantage of the exhaustion or sleep of the other, supposing that the struggle is prolonged; one may resort to any kind of feint. I think I have mentioned everything."

"Now," said Halbron. For a moment they watched each other with strained eyes, and then Safwell sprang forward suddenly and tripped and threw Halbron. He caught him by the ankle to drag him, but Halbron twisted himself free and was on his feet again in a moment. He flung himself on Safwell, and the two, locked closely together, spun round and round. The struggle lasted some minutes, neither being able to get the other down. Suddenly they broke away; they had worked right up to the edge of the cliff, and another step would have sent both over.

Instinctively both men rushed back to the fence and flung themselves down, panting. Safwell happened for one instant to turn his head, and in that instant Halbron had caught him by the foot and was dragging him. He tried to twist his foot free, but could not; nor could he stop himself with his other foot or by clutching at the short, dry grass. He was within three feet of the edge, and the case seemed hopeless for him. At the best in going over he might be able to clutch at Halbron and drag him over, too; that was his only consolation. But as Halbron was on the point of swinging him over he stumbled and fell, releasing Safwell.

Both men sprang to their feet and faced each other. They were on the narrowest part of the wedge. As Safwell lowered his shoulder to charge he saw Halbron drop and let the force of the charge carry him over. There was a moment's pause, and then Halbron darted back to the fence again. Safwell went after him and once more they locked every muscle strained in the life and death struggle.

It was 7 in the morning. The woman was awake again and angry at being awake, she who usually slept so long and well. After a vain effort to get some more sleep she gave it up and presently rang for her maid. When the fresh sunlight was admitted into her room and she had got her letters and her cup of tea she had a feeling of unusual virtue in being awake so early. It seemed to herself to be good of her.

Prone on the grass by the fence lay the two men a few yards apart from each other, utterly exhausted. They had been like that for the last half hour. It looked as if it would resolve itself into a trial of endurance, that the one who first slept or swooned would be the one to die. They watched each other carefully, the least movement of the one was suspected and answered by the other. Since the duel began it had gone on in absolute silence; not a word had been spoken. Twenty times the merest chance had saved them both from destruction.

Safwell felt that his strength was giving out; he determined on a plan which would end the fight one way or the other and seemed to give him at least an equal chance with his opponent. His plan was to stand on the extreme edge of the cliff with his back to his enemy; Halbron would not risk a charge, but would creep up behind him and then push him to send him over. If just at the moment that push he dropped, Halbron would be certain to stumble over his body and over the cliff; if he dropped too soon Halbron would not stumble and would have a good chance of rolling him over the edge

if he did not slip soon enough then it was certain death.

He rose and went to the edge and looked over, with his back to Halbron. He stood there for some minutes, and then he could hear Halbron softly rise to his feet. He dared not look round. He had to go by the sound alone. It was Halbron's breathing that he heard best; on the grass the footsteps were almost inaudible. Another moment would settle it.

I am sorry that I forgot the rest of this story.—Exchange.

Seven Heats Required.

Detroit, July 16.—It took seven heats to decide the 2:17 trot at Grosse Pointe track this afternoon and the event, which was won by Alice Russell, proved to be the best race thus far seen at the Blue Ribbon meeting of the Detroit Driving Club. The weather and track were fine and the attendance was 7,000. Summary:

2:11 trot, purse \$1,500 (unfinished yesterday)—Ansell won the third and fourth heats in 2:09, 2:10; Point Dexter won the second heat in 2:09; Palm Leaf won the first heat in 2:10.

2:10 class trot amateur mile dash to wagon—Alice Barnes won in 2:12.

2:17 trot, purse \$1,500—Alice Russell won the fifth, sixth and seventh

heats in 2:14, 2:16, 2:15. New Bearer won the first and fourth heats in 2:13; Mary P. Lettwin won the second and third heats in 2:12, 2:13.

2:14 pace, purse \$1,500—Romney won the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2:04, 2:03, 2:11; Romney won the second heat in 2:11; Maudie Stratton won the first heat in 2:03.

Fresh from a stormy interview with the prima donna, who wanted a higher salary, the impresario was home.

His wife met him with the news that the cook had struck and that a cold supper awaited him. Wearily he threw himself on the lounge.

"My hired girls," he groaned, "will be the death of me yet."

Little Girl—Ma! Her Mother—Don't say "ma," dear, say "mama." What do you want?

Little Girl—Did you see my new Panama?—New York Sun.

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San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

Private L

Tom Lawson could "run a ferris wheel as straight as any other man in the world," and he kept the record for his big sturdy-limbed horses. Since he, a newcomer, did not have these paramount traditions of the community, he was well known.

The neighbors referred to him as "Dick Caldwell's horse." It didn't matter so much as his name or his antecedents. His former life in Indiana might have been a closed book unless he had it otherwise. Folk of Round Bay knew he was up with the very spring morning and they whistled songs as he trailed the dew-spangled pasture team before breakfast. All the while one of them to all appearances.

Tom Lawson was not a man who would reveal his secret. If he did not reveal his secret, he did not care for his secret. He was one of those who had a sympathy for the underdog. There is no keener sympathy than that.

He was thinking of all this as he stood and dusty on the head of the horse and looked out over the acres of brown earth. He was in the gathering twilight and he did not care for his secret. He was one of those who had a sympathy for the underdog. There is no keener sympathy than that.

They there, Lawson! who were just thinking so my answer. "It's been a Frank."

By the way, Tom, did you know news?"

Governor's called out all the men to help fight the bloody war down in Cuba. The Company's goin' to Springfield tomorrow morning and wants to make it a hundred."

That night Lawson tossed on his bed until long after midnight. He couldn't be one of the fellows who would be killed if he went to war and maybe he would be a captain. These and a hundred possibilities crowded upon him. He scanned them all as he lay against the background of the little farmhouse.

Every other soul in it was gone. He crept out of bed, got his only suit of clothes, and went to the door and passed the night. Canton was five miles away, but his footsteps were steady toward a distant glow in the sky. There he knew nothing of the city, asleep, and waiting for the reveille that would call him to war for the first time since the century.

No need here to tell of the excitement that attended the mobilization of the train already packed for Springfield. No need to picture the scenes of parting as the trains were enacted in the morning in 1898 in two towns in Illinois. It is sufficient to say that not one of the thousands gathered at the station for the band of Tom Lawson and his men.

Not a tear was shed, not a hand was waved. The train pulled out, not without the hope that the men would be back alive, and yet not a word was said by any of the party who had witnessed the departure of the Company M to the front.

As the train receded of its own volition and farmhouses and barnyards were left behind, Tom Lawson felt that he was leaving from the old life, but a spirit of comradeship had already bound him to his men and friends with a tie stronger than any he had known in his life.

He took to himself a share of the blame of the tragedy along the way. He was a man of music in his ears, and he was a man of music in his heart—that was how he felt. Maybe—how fondly he might have loved him if he had withheld in a one-sided way, a man that would have been a something more.

The train swung around a corner and a double-headed whistle blew. From the top a flag was seen in the wind. Another whistle, beckoned from a distance.

"Tom Lawson" was the cry

Private Lawson's Rose..

Lawson could "cut a furrow" as any other man in the company, and he kept the coats of the sturdy-limbed horses glistening like the iris on the raven's neck. He, a newcomer, did not know these paramount traditions of the community, he was welcome to the neighbors referred to him as "Dick Caldwell's hired man." It didn't matter so much to him as to the others, but he had a name in Indiana might recall unless he chose otherwise. Folk of Round Bay knew he was up with the sun every morning and they heard whistled songs as he tramped the dew-spangled pasture for them before breakfast. All this time one of them to all out-appearances.

Tom Lawson was not the kind of a fellow that they believed in. He did not reveal his inner self to these practical, matter-of-fact fillers of the soil it was because they did not understand him and did not care for his confidence. He was one of those souls that seemed to sympathize, for kindness and friendship and found them in the is no keener sense of isolation than that.

Thinking of all this as he walked and dusty on the beam of the sky and looked out vacantly at the acres of brown earth that were long ribbons before him. Some of the gathering twilight saddened him. Maybe it was the thought of isolation, maybe a vague longing for a different life, maybe the much more likely—the dream of a fair-haired lass he had left behind in Indiana.

There, Lawson! working late, ain't you?" shouted a voice from the road. "Better unhook your horse."

It was just thinking so myself," he answered. "It's been a long Frank."

Two sturdy fellows carried the box to Lawson's tent. Company after company fell in behind and marched along as escort. Such a bubbling up of soldier zeal never before was seen.

There was no presentation speech. Somebody reached into the tent and literally dragged Lawson out of it. Somebody else thrust into his arms a bunch of flowers big enough to start a greenhouse. Then they set the box at his side and cheered until the whole post echoed with the sound.

When Lawson saw the black letters on the box—he was still a soldier, brawny and strong and brave as any of them, but his lips trembled and a lump was in his throat, a lump that got in the way of every word he tried to utter.

"If that bunch of fellows hadn't caught me and tossed me in that blanket just then," he said, afterward, "it's a cinch that I'd have been blubbering like a schoolboy over that box."

Of course the newspapers got hold of the story and published it the next day. For a week thereafter Lawson received from half a dozen to a score of boxes every day from men and women he had never heard of. There were flowers and edible delicacies, there were books and papers, phials of medicine and articles of clothing. Bibles there were enough to stock the company. From motherly women were letters of sympathy and advice, from young girls perfumed notes, telling Lawson that their hearts went out to him because they had brothers in the service. From isolation and loneliness he suddenly became the most thought-of man in camp.

He shared with his fellows the contents of the boxes and read to them most of the letters, but there was one he kept to himself. It came from Indiana. It was signed "Lucy." With it was a faded rose. It was the rose that stood for hope—and something more.—John Howard Todd in Chicago Record-Herald.

spread from coach to coach. Ten minutes later Company M was inside the post. Hundreds of men just like themselves had preceded them. Hundreds more followed, and when taps was sounded that night 11,000 men slept the sleep of a soldier.

Lawson began the rudiments of drill in the awkward squad. The guns of the novices were sticks, their belts pieces of rope or strap, their hats a motley array of derbies and fedoras. They were awkward enough, but—men do not laugh at the stumbling volunteer when war looms above the horizon.

What a day it was—that first Sunday in camp. Fifty thousand fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts came to say another good-bye. They brought books and flowers and great boxes of sweets and poured them around, thick and redolent as the apples in grandfather's cellar.

There was something for every man—save Tom Lawson. Nobody had come to see him, nobody had thought to send or bring him a souvenir, a token of love and friendship. For an hour he looked on the joy of the others in silence, then he turned away and crept into the shadows of the tent.

The regimental captain saw him go and guessed the truth.

Significant whispers traveled from man to man, from company to company. Somebody secured a large wooden box. On it were scrawled in big black letters the words:

PRIVATE TOM LAWSON,
Company M, Fifth Regiment,
From His Comrades.

Before the last letter was in its place there was material enough on the ground to fill a half-dozen such boxes. Comrades came singly and in groups with contributions—the very choicest bits from their own packages. If a single man in the whole regiment was not represented he never had the face to own it afterward.

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THE PURSER'S WIERD STORY

Tells of Steamer Portland's Experience

Battled With Ice From May 7th Until June 30—Royally Received at Nome.

"When we set sail from San Francisco, by way of Seattle, for Nome last April, we had little idea of what was portending on the voyage," said Purser T. L. Murphy, of the steamer Portland last night.

"Everything looked fair and promising. Old time weather prophets predicted an open winter and an early break of the ice up north and we steamed out of Seattle with seventy passengers.

"On the seventh day of May, we struck our first ice, and from that day until June 30, we were never out of it. At first it was little more than a slushy scum of thin ice and the Portland steamed along, but until we made our escape from the huge floes, not many miles south of Cape Lisburne, on June 30th, it was ice, ice, all the time.

"As the steamer proceeded north her speed gradually lessened and her powerful engines were but toy mechanism as far as propelling her through the ice floes was concerned.

"On June 16 for the entire twenty-four hours of that day, the Portland only steamed at the rate of six feet a minute, and mind you, we thought we were doing pretty well at that. For the three succeeding days, after we first encountered the ice, that would be May 9, 10, and 11th, the steamer was able to steam along quite easily, but about the end of the eleventh day she began to drift.

"On the twelfth day of May, the Portland was within sixty miles of Nome. Just imagine our disappointment and chagrin; almost within reach of our destination and in the

cruel grasp of the Arctic ice-floes.

"On June 3d we saw four vessels behind the Leonide islands. One of them was the Nome City. We sighted the Jeanie for the first time on the eighth day of June. At that time, we were fast in the ice and actually drifting fourteen miles in the twenty-four hours.

"On the sixth day of June, we saw the midnight sun for the first time and never lost sight of it again until we were far to the south on our return trip.

"On June 27th we again sighted the Jeanie and attempted to steam to her. We had seen her several days before that. The first part of the day we did not gain any on the Jeanie and we saw that she was steaming too. But about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, we got near enough for the passengers to visit one another.

"Captain Mason of the Jeanie, and Captain Lindquist, of the Portland, nearly broke each other's ribs in the warmth of their embrace. Some of the Jeanie's crowd started to sing 'The Hot Time' and everybody felt cheery. It was a scene I'll always remember. From the 7th day of May until June 27th, I should judge we must have drifted in the ice fully eight hundred miles and during all that time the passengers' bill of fare was not out a single article on the steamer. It was just as complete as the day we started out from San Francisco even to the apple pie and custard pudding dessert.

"We reached Nome just five hours ahead of the Jeanie on July 3d and received a royal welcome. It seemed as if the whole town turned out to receive us."

Crown Prince Coming

New York, July 13.—It is learned from authoritative sources that the Crown Prince of Siam will come to the United States in the same simple manner that he has visited King Edward and the various continental rulers, accompanied only by his brother, the next in succession to the crown prince, and two aides-de-camp, officers in the Siamese army.

The crown prince is in his twenty-second year and for more than eight years has lived in England, speaking and writing the language. He has been educated in Oxford, is president of the Cosmopolitan Club of that university and is most simple and unaffected in his manner. He is said to

be thoroughly imbued with western civilization, as is also his father, the King of Siam. He will call on the president and secretary of state while in Washington, or such other places as the American authorities may desire.

John Bull—That war came high. Joe Chamberlain—Well, you see, John, we have been paying the expenses of both sides.—Life.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

\$50 Reward.

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

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

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

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, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30.

HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25.

Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Sept. 606 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

FOR

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Vester Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 20 California Street

Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan, China and All Asiatic Points.

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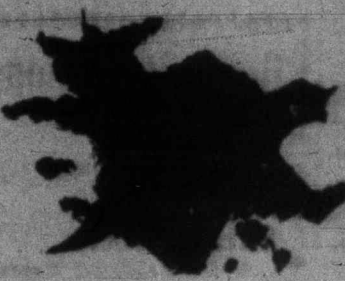
Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the

DAILY NUGGET

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

\$3.00 Per Month!

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's Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

DAY, JULY 26, 1903.

44, 2:10, 2:15. Not the first and fourth boats by F. Leyburn, was the third boats in 2:11.

purse \$1,500 — Roamer 2, fourth and fifth boats 2:11; Rosebud won heat in 2:11; Winfield the first heat in 2:08.

in a stormy interview a donna who wanted the impresario would get him with the news lady had struck andopper awaited him. He threw himself on the girls," he groaned, "will of me yet."

—Ma! —Don't say "ma," mama." What do you—Did you see anything?—New York Sun.

at Nugget office.

s, New Ties, New Belts

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RS & ORRELL

er to what eastern you may be des our ticket should e Burlington.

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The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, Daily. Yearly in advance \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 5.00 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

The strike inaugurated last night among the operators of the Dominion telegraph line indicates a lamentable condition of affairs. The statement of facts as set forth by the men involved in the strike is calculated to bring a storm of criticism upon the public works department which seems almost unanswerable.

Of certain facts, however, there is no room for doubt and a statement of these is calculated to arouse a strong public sentiment in favor of the operators.

The pay of the men has been cut down from time to time until they are at present allowed salaries which are below the average wage paid in this country to ordinary labor.

As to the ability of the men in the employ of the government telegraph, and the effectiveness of the service they have maintained, the Nugget is abundantly able to testify. In furnishing press matter to this paper the local management of the line as also the operators at the various stations, have invariably exerted themselves to the utmost, often working under the most discouraging and annoying conditions.

It seems almost incredible, therefore, that the government should expect men giving such excellent service and working under such difficult conditions to submit to repeated reductions in their pay.

More surprising, however, even than the stinginess that has been exhibited, is the fact that the beggarly salaries, small as they are, have not been paid. For more than six months the men have remained at their stations without receiving any compensation whatsoever other than the ra-

tions which constitute a portion of their pay. What private concern in Dawson could exhibit a similar record and still remain in business? Any institution which would attempt such an imposition would be thrown into the hands of a receiver instantaneously. Yet the department of public works of the great government of Canada has permitted that stigma to rest against its credit—a stigma from which, so far as the estimation of the public is concerned, it will never recover.

It is a fact which we regard as most deplorable that the government should be the first employer of labor in the Yukon to have a strike among its men. There is something decidedly wrong in the management of the telegraph system, and the public demands that such wrong be righted at once.

A subscriber has forwarded to this office a diagram of certain ground located at the confluence of Hester creek and No. 10 pup of that creek. He desires to know what portion of the Hester creek hillside if any is included within the boundaries of No. 1 of the pup. We have given the query some attention but the data furnished by our correspondent is inadequate to warrant offering a definite opinion.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Presbyterian Church. — At tomorrow evening's service the following special music will be rendered:—Mrs. J. H. Caskey will sing "Just For Today," a sacred solo by Jane Abbott, and the choir will sing "Sun of My Soul," an anthem by A. J. Holden; soprano and tenor solos by Mrs. Boyes and Mr. McMeekin.

Methodist Church. — The pastor, Rev. W. H. Barracough, B.A., will preach a sermon to children in the morning. Subject, "Lessons from a watch." The front seats will be reserved for children and all will be made welcome. Evening subject, "Our responsibility for a clean city."

To come of good stock is good; to own it is better.—Life.

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

Great Reductions In Prices! SAILOR HATS From 50 Cents Up. DRESS GOODS At Half Price. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

FOR ST. MICHAEL AND WAY POINTS Str. Will H. Isom WILL SAIL Monday, July 28th, 10:00 p. m. For Further Information Apply N. A. T. & T. CO.

At it Again. Seattle, July 16.—The Goo-Goo saloon, which was granted a new license by the city council Monday night, was the scene of another murderous assault with intent to rob yesterday morning. This time it was a stranger in the city who fell a victim to the thugs that are harbored in the notorious Main street dive.

Carter bought a drink and in paying for it, happened to display some money. The glitter of bright yellow gold caught the bartender's eye. Thus it happened that in a few minutes Kid Lewis and his gang were standing at the bar alongside of Carter. Suddenly the erstwhile prize fighter's fist shot out and struck Carter in the face.

At this stage of the hold-up Patrolman Helms came to the rescue of Carter. The officer immediately placed Lewis, Bond and Little under arrest and sent them to police headquarters. Warrants charging the three with assault, were sworn out against them yesterday afternoon.

Not Harry Tracy

Seattle, July 16.—A gentleman with the same cognomen as the celebrated outlaw, Tracy, created quite a furor of excitement in the Hillside saloon on Yesler way about 7:30 last night.

The saloon was crowded when Tracy walked in. He limped and held his hand on his hip as if it was paining him.

"My name is Tracy," said he solemnly, and immediately every one present made a rush for the doors. Such a tumultuous exodus was never seen before in that establishment.

There were a few in the back of the room who could not reach the exit without passing the newcomer, so they took the chance of him not seeing them rather than passing him face to face.

Tracy undaunted by this sudden rush, for the doors calmly faced the bar and ordered a drink. Then, noticing the few that were afraid to make a dash for safety, he ordered drinks for them. Thoroughly cowed, the unfortunates walked trembling to the bar and gulped down the liquor.

"I'm tired and want to rest a few minutes," said the supposed desperado as he seated himself at a nearby table. He remained there fully five minutes, and during that time Mr. Tracy was king.

He then got up and went out and then it was discovered he was Jim Tracy and not Harry Tracy, the escaped convict.

Tommy (struggling with newspaper article)—"Mamma, how do you pronounce 'epicurean'?"

His Mother (consulting dictionary)—"Worcester puts the accent on the 're'."

Tommy—"Look at the other one." His Mother (consulting Unabridged)—"Webster accents the 'cu.' It is strange how these authorities differ."

Tommy—"Not a bit. Worcester had to differ with Webster about some things, I guess, or there wouldn't have been any use in his getting out a dictionary."

CANADA WILL OPPOSE

Morgan's Combine on Atlantic

Feeling That England and Germany Are in Sympathy With the American.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Montreal, July 25.—A London despatch to the afternoon papers says the announcement that Canadian ministers in London for the C.P.R. have offered to establish and work a weekly fast service between Quebec and Liverpool in summer and between Halifax and Liverpool in winter with a freight service is causing considerable stir and is hailed with delight as being an offset to Pierpont Morgan's combine. The papers are placarding "English combine to fight American trust." Officials of the C.P.R. deny the report. They say as well as others believe that a Canadian fast service is finally approaching realization.

The Pall Mall Gazette sees in the Canadian Pacific proposal a guarantee against the Atlantic becoming "strictly a preserve of the American shipping trust." It adds that only because the Atlantic trust had command of the railways of the United States could it hope to rival England in carrying trade. They do not expect competition from Canada as well as England and now that it is clear they are going to have it, the prospect cannot be reassuring to Morgan and his fortune-hunting allies in England and Germany.

Brown Case Dismissed.

When the case against Richard M. Brown, charged by Harry Hamberger with threatening him with violence, was called in police court this morning Hamberger was not present and Magistrate Wroughton promptly dismissed the case.

NOTICE.

A mass meeting will be held in the Auditorium on the evening of July 28th at 8:30 to further the opposition organization in the coming political campaign.

ALEX. PRUDHOMME, Chairman.

Parke—What's the matter with your wife? She looks fagged out, and tells me she hasn't slept decently for weeks? Lane—She is forming a Don't Worry Club.—Life.

Highest in Years

North Yakima, July 14.—Local hop buyers offered 22 cents a pound, for some choice Yakima hops Saturday afternoon. When the statement became generally known a mild sensation was created in hop circles. This is the highest price paid for many years. It is estimated that at those figures there will be over \$1,000,000 brought to Yakima county for hops this season, and at least one hundred growers will make \$200 an acre profit. The figures indicate something better than a gold mine to the hop growers.

There are about 2,500 acres planted to hops in the Yakima valley. The yards are in fine condition and the estimated crop is placed at 16,000 to 20,000 bales, of an average of 200 pounds each. The best growers are expecting almost a ton to the acre. Some yards have yielded 2,200 pounds of good marketable hops per acre. Very few get less than 1,500 pounds to the acre. The cost of growing, harvesting and marketing ranges at about 2 to 8 cents a pound.

A prominent hop man states that the growers will get 15 cents net for hops, if the price paid is 23 cents a pound. This will give them \$255 an acre above all cost of producing. Men with small yards will make more than the larger commercial fields, as they have less expense and much of their work is done by the family. This brings the money in and it does not have to be paid out again. The 16,000 bales will bring at least \$700,000 to the county.

There are probably 150 hop growers in Yakima county. A few of those having small yards, contracted their hops last spring for 11 cents per

pound. The contracts in some cases extend for four years. The growers have been holding for 10 cents. When they learned of the general hop shortage they held for 12 cents. Now the last figure has been over reached and hop men are undecided what to do. In the first days of hop growing in Yakima the price ranged as high as \$1.20, but this has not been seen in the last twenty years.

The hops are baled and shipped to the brewing centers of the world. Many of the Yakima hops go to Liverpool. The quality is said to be the best, because of no mould or mildew and the absence of pests. The hop louse does little damage, as the weather of August kills it. There is no rat, the lupulin is generous and the burrs are dried in a perfect state. Many buyers are on the hop and much excited.

Chehalis, July 14.—Twenty-one per pound was the price the hop market reached at Chehalis Saturday. This is the highest price for many years. Pincus & Sons, of Chehalis, bought the balance of Dobson's crop, about fifteen tons, and William Hazzard's crop and Tramm's crop, at 30 cents a half a dozen choice lots remain sold in the Chehalis district. New York and English buyers that the crop will be tight. A known buyer here today stated he expected to see hops go to 25 cents inside of the next two weeks.

Send a copy of Goetzman's "Empire" to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike for sale at all news stands. Price 10c.

Special power of attorney for sale at the Nugget office.

Regular Service on Stewart River STR. PROSPECTOR WILL SAIL Tuesday, July 29th, 8:00 p. m. For Duncan's Landing. Apply W. MEED, Mgr., - - S.-Y. T. Dock

ESTABLISHED 1898... ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, Dawson.

The White Pass & Yukon Route (THE BRITISH YUKON NAVIGATION CO.) Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson. A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during season of 1902, connecting at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamer has been thoroughly renovated, and the stowage rooms put in first-class condition. The ship is supplied with the best of food and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget Sound and British Columbia ports. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office. J. P. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson. J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

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

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO. Week Day Service GOLD RUN via Caribou and Dome 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. GRAND FORKS 7 a.m., 1 and 5 p.m. HUNKER 7:30 a.m. Sunday Service GRAND FORKS 7 a.m. For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office. ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING.

STEAMER CLIFFORD SIFTON WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE TODAY, SATURDAY, AT 8:00 P. M. FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora

Isaac, the

Isaac, lordly ruler of the ways of his white brother... appreciate the advantages of newspaper advertising and the benefits of the personal interview. Isaac has not hesitated to call on the newspapers and asked to have their respect decreased by his remarks outside, where he was in the hands of a hero of an interview which he had almost daily. Within hours of his return Wednesday after his arrival as he conducted himself away from the current and innumerable questions of family and tribe, he made straight to the Nugget office in order to give an exclusive interview. Isaac arrived in Thursday afternoon. English that was chiefly remarkable for its unintelligibility to those who had seen the place visited and the wonders of the world he had viewed for the first time in his checkered career. It is almost impossible to conceive the various emotions that thrilled Isaac's breast when for the first time the man of civilization which to Isaac was white man are common occurrences. From the very day of his birth he had not been over a hundred miles away from the Dawson snow stands, and the men of the city, the steamer operators in the hotels, cable buildings, parks with their men of wild animals made their acquaintance, and a thousand and one objects must have seemed like a twentieth century of civilization, except that instead of responding to his every wish the lamp being rubbed to the light of the N. C. Co. and the other men whose guest he was that he was gratified but anticipated his return in such rapid succession that his brain must have been in a state of confusion during the most of his waking hours. The N. C. Co. in particular Isaac was very much in their praise, referring to them as "the men of God." From the time he came to Dawson until he left he was constantly under the care of the N. C. Co. and was connected with the N. C. Co. for the sole purpose of his life and a good time. Except when he was away he managed to keep his mind on the N. C. Co. and his dignity as a great chief. It is almost the surprise would be that he could not be so much in his element. He became a favorite with the street boys and one of whom would give him a ride they saw him, "I had seen Isaac in Dawson was six months ago. Michael where he had been for days wait before he could get to the St. Paul. The boys he says he enjoyed very much the day he was seen. Isaac a few hours was in Dawson Harbor and the third day he was in Dawson. The distinguished men that he met were all of them had to succumb. It was his experience with sea sickness that he had not understood but he had been so good a few



There May be Others But I have a full list of groceries which I am offering at prices that will meet the competition. T. W. Grennan GROCER King St., Cor. Main Ave.

Isaac, the Indian Chief.

lordly ruler of the... has so far advanced... appreciate the advantages of... advertising and the beau-... of the personal interview. In... when he has had a griev-... hesitated to call upon... and asked to have the... Nor has his modesty in... respect decreased by his recent... where he was made... of a hero and interviewed... almost daily. Within... of his return Wednesday, as... after his arrival as he could... himself away from the curious... and innumerable questions of his... and tribe, he made straight... the Nugget office in order to give... leading newspaper of the far... an exclusive interview. Isaac... in Thursday afternoon and... English that was chiefly remark-... for its unintelligibility told of... he had seen, the places he... and the wonders of the... ..

the world he had viewed for the... time in his checkered career. It... be almost impossible for one... conceive the various emotions... thrilled Isaac's breast when he... for the first time the many ad-... of civilization which to the... white man are common place... From the very date of... birth he had not been over one... red miles away from the spot... Dawson now stands, and the... ders of the city, the steam car... stors in the hotels, cable cars... buildings, parks with their col-... of wild animals made tame by... city, and a thousand and one... objects must have seemed to... like a twentieth century dream... addin, except that instead of... responding to his every wish... the lamp being rubbed it was... C. Co. and the other com-... whose guest he was that not... gratified but anticipated his de-... in such rapid succession that... must have been in a be-... zing state of confusion during... of his waking hours. For... C. Co. in particular Isaac can... enough in their praise, he... referring to them as "all... too." From the time he land-... in San Francisco until he left he... constantly under the care of... who connected with the com-... delegated for the sole purpose... showing him the sights and giving... a good time. Except when tak-... awares he managed to retain... imperturbability concomitant... his dignity as a great chief, but... usually the surprise would prove... that he could not re-... his excitement. He became a... favorite with the street gamins... of whom would yell out... when they saw him, "Hello... ..

There May be Others
But I have a full line of groceries which I am offering at prices that will meet all competitors.
T. W. Grennan
GROCER
King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

ments previous and then so suddenly he wanted to lie down and die. In describing his sensations he said: "Big ship he go way up then way down; bimeby Isaac he heap sick. No can eat, no can smoke, he think maybe he die. All time go ugh, ugh." A school of porpoises and a few whales that made their appearance were a never ending source of wonderment, his ideas of big things in the fish-line having previously been confined to the king salmon of the Yukon. Ten days were required to reach San Francisco, during all of which time there was "heap good sunshine."
When port was reached, Louis Sloss, several other members of the company and press representatives were at the dock to meet him. The noise, bustle and excitement incidental to an ocean liner's arrival was at first very confusing to the untutored child of the north, but the welcome he received soon made him believe he was among friends and he acknowledged the introductions with all the sang froid of an old time diplomat. Of Louis Sloss, Isaac said, "Mr. Sloss he heap bless to see me," meaning that he was delighted to renew the acquaintance that was begun several years ago. One thing that pleased Isaac immensely was his discovery that Mr. Sloss still retained a small kodak picture of the chief he had taken while in Dawson in '97.
The cable cars and the automobiles that had no visible means of propulsion were inexplicable, particularly the former when climbing the steep hills. One of Isaac's greatest enjoyments were the trolley parties. His description of his first experience in a fast elevator is ludicrous in the extreme. At the time it happened he was under the chaperonage of Mr. Hagencamp, of the N. C. Co., and in speaking of it, Isaac said: "Dat man he press little button and bimeby door he open. We go in, door he close, den quick like debble we go up. My legs, he come up so," and he with many pantomimic gestures told how the floor of the car forced his legs to double up at the knees.
The Sutro baths, parks and all the sideshows to be found were taken in, but there were a few of the attractions that Isaac would not go up against. Shooting the chutes seemed great fun, but he would not take a chance at it, neither would he loop the loop, though Walter, his interpreter, was not so timorous. Isaac said without any hesitancy that he was heap afraid. The theatres were done thoroughly. At the California there was a spectacular extravaganza on and the tricks of the sprite, his sudden appearance at unexpected places and his equally sudden disappearance, the ballet and the wealth of gorgeous scenery was more than he could grasp. When asked to describe it all he could say was "heap fine; no can talk."
For the first time in his life Isaac reveled in fresh fruit. Whenever he felt hungry and there was any fruit in sight he merely helped himself without asking any questions, his chaperon paying for whatever had been taken. Oranges were his choice, though he might be said to have played no favorites. One day was spent at Oakland under the care of old Jack McQuesten, the daddy of the Yukon. What made it particularly enjoyable was the fact that the tourist had met one who could talk his own language, and as the mother of Jack's children was at one time a dusky belle of the Yukon the day was made a sort of a family re-union.
The buckskin suit in which Isaac was attired when he left here he did not wear in the city, but exhibited it to the curious gaze of many different people. One of his unique experiences was his visit upon two occasions to a manicure parlor. "Purty girl, she cut um nail, dig all dirt out," he said with a smile as he held up his hands to be seen. He enjoyed having his shoes shined which he religiously attended to three times a day, and every day he was shaved and had his mustache anointed with brilliantine. "Heap smell good all same salmon."
Isaac was kept busy with the newspaper interviewers and was sketched and photographed a half dozen different times. One thing that impressed him most profoundly was the apparent cleanliness of the streets of San Francisco and the absence of any spitting on the public thoroughfares. "White man he no chew tobacco, no spit, everything clean," and he would like to see the same condition of affairs in Dawson.
The overland train was taken to Seattle and the speed at first almost took his breath away; for the first few miles he held on to the seat for dear life and wanted to get off and walk. The genuine fright of his

trip, however, was when the train dashed into a tunnel and from his inability to see in the inky darkness he thought he had suddenly lost his eyesight. At Seattle he met many old timers whose faces he knew but whose names he could not remember. Five days were spent reaching Skagway and his hair stood on end when crossing the mountains on the White Pass road. In concluding his narrative Isaac said he was glad to get back home and he hoped to make another trip outside before he died. He now claims relationship with all white people. "White man all same my brother; white girl all same my sister."

Horkan to the Rescue
L. W. Horkan of the Standard Library Cafe, has just received a heavy shipment of fresh turkeys and chickens which are being slaughtered today and which will be served to the patrons tomorrow with all kinds of fresh, home-grown vegetables for 75 cents.

Tonight the Big Thing.
Tonight at 10 o'clock in the Orpheum theatre Nick Burley and Joe Martin will meet in a ten round glove contest in which Burley agrees to stop Martin or forfeit everything in the way of interest in the stakes and receipts.
Both men are in fine form and both are confident of carrying off the money. Martin has never before appeared in a Dawson ring, but those who have seen him in training say he will make a monkey of Burley. The latter realizes that he is up against a hard proposition and one that will require all his skill and prowess to prevent, not only losing the purse, but possibly a clean put out.
As time will be called promptly at 10 o'clock tickets should be procured early in the evening in order to avoid a jam at the box office.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.
Wall Paper 15c. Per Roll
DOUBLE ROLLS
Cox's Wall Paper Store
Second Ave.,
Three Doors North Pioneer Drug Store

THE DEADLY HAND CART
Has Again Desecrated Third Avenue
Clots of Blood and Mats of Hair Not Introduced as Exhibits.
When the city council was delivered of the bylaw making it an offence to push hand carts on the sidewalks of the city of Dawson it had accomplished one of the most wonderful acts of legislation known to modern times.
The sidewalks of Dawson are no place for hand carts or for any other obstruction which prevents their monopoly by dogs, for what sight is more pleasing than to see ladies passing along the sidewalks and bounding over dogs in a way that gives them an appearance of being in a hurdle race.
Besides, if a close inspection is made of any hand cart in town clots of blood and mats of hair will be found adhering to their cruel wheels. The old war chariots of Rome never saw the day they could deal death, destruction and carnage as can a Dawson hand cart.
The car of Juggernaut was a baby carriage as compared with the bone-crushing, death-dealing hand cart of Dawson.
R. Freeman, aged 14 years, was in police court this morning charged with pushing a hand cart on the sidewalk of Third Avenue.
Think of it! Pushing a hand cart on Third Avenue, the aldermanic boulevard of Dawson.
"Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred" was not in it for immaculate nerve as compared with pushing a hand cart on Third Avenue. And yet it was done by a fourteen-year-old boy.
Casibianca done a brave thing when he stood on the burning deck and shouted "Say, father, must I stay," while the flames that lit the battle wreck shone round him o'er the dead, but he was a novice, a regular little "Willie boy" when his acts of daring are lined up along side of the Dawson boy who pushed a hand cart along Third Avenue.
As an indication of the lad's bravery he pleaded guilty and said he had nothing to offer in explanation of his act.
And yet, as this young boy stood in the box there was nothing in his frank, open countenance to indicate

the daring, a la Tracy spirit that lurked under his vest.
It was a trying moment. The magistrate was evidently much moved. The law was before him but it did not say that clemency could not be granted.
P.S.—The boy was dismissed with a warning.
The next individual to enter the box was a low-browed man named August Rocco who has reached the meridian of life. August had not pushed a hand cart on Third or Aldermanic Avenue—age and discretion having taught him more sense.
But August had pushed a hand cart along King street and for the reason that there were holes in his shoes he sought to keep his feet dry by seeping with the sidewalk. He was assessed one dollar and costs.

Growing Like a Weed.
Messrs. Gray and Jones, the Dawson Hardware Company people, are nothing if not aggressive. Their large and rapidly increasing business makes demands on their energies which are invariably met, the last one being for more space. This has been met by securing the Ben Levy store room immediately north of the present store of the Dawson Hardware Company, which they will occupy in future in addition to their former commodious quarters.
From what was a mere hole-in-the-wall business 30 months ago the Dawson Hardware Company has expanded into one of the most prosperous in the city.

Thistle Looks Good
J. M. Bloom is down from Thistle creek where he owns claim No. 10 below discovery and on which he is doing considerable work preparatory to active gold extracting operations.
Mr. Bloom brought down with him a couple of ounces or more of gold from No. 11, the claim adjoining his own, and a prettier sample of gold has never been exhibited in Dawson. Number 11 is being worked with good results. Thistle creek, Mr. Bloom says, is fully 30 miles long and is known to be gold-bearing its entire length although much of it has as yet been but superficially prospected. Some machinery is being operated on the creek with highly satisfactory results.

Six Months for Kimball.
Yesterday afternoon Magistrate Wroughton sentenced John H. Kimball, convicted of living from the avails of prostitution, to six months at hard labor. In passing sentence his honor plainly stated that Kimball's stamp need not expect leniency in his court when convicted of leading such a disreputable life.
Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.
The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Tenders.
Tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned up to 12 o'clock noon, August 6th, 1902, for the supplying of twenty-one hundred (2100) cords of dry wood according to specifications, to be seen at the company's office, McLennan & McFeely building.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
DAWSON CITY WATER & POWER CO., LTD.,
D. A. Matheson, Mgr.
Dawson, Y. T., July 23, 1902.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
LAWYERS
PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.
R. W. Shannon, M. A. W. M. McKay, B. A. MCKAY & SHANNON, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Monte Carlo Bldg., 1st Ave., Dawson.
N. F. HAGEL, K. C.—Law office, Monte Carlo building, First Avenue. Phones—Office, 129b; residence, 36c. —Dawson, Y. T.

SURVEYORS
G. WHITE-FRASER—M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 106b. Cor. Church and Third Avenue.
...J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT
Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.
Address, General Delivery, Dawson

BANK SALOON
Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c
1st Ave. and King St. Opp N. C. Co.

Regina Hotel...
Dawson's Leading Hotel
American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Re-fitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements, Rooms and Board by the day, week or month.
2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

EMIL STAUF
REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Ladus Towson Co. Harper's Addition, Minnie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.
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N. C. Office Bldg., King St.

White Pass and Yukon Route.
B. Y. N. CO.
EAGLE CITY AND FORTYMILE
...The Fast...
Str. Zealandian
For Selling Dates and Rates Apply at Ticket Office.
J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway.
J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.
J. W. Young, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

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

FLOOR COVERINGS!
NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!
Carpets
Brussels Carpets, sewed and laid with lining, per yard \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75
Art Squares
In 3 Qualities, from \$7.50 to \$30.
7½x9, 9x9, 9x10½, 9x12, 9x13½, 10½x12, 10½x13½, 10½x15, 12x12, 12x13½, 12x15.
Matting
50c, direct from Kobe, Japan
Japanese Art Rugs
From \$3.00 to \$35.00.
Exact copies of Persian and Turkish designs, 3x6, 3x9, 7-1-2x10-1-2, 9x12, 10x14, 12x15.
Linoleums
6 feet and 12 feet wide.
Wall Paper
25c. Per DOUBLE-ROLL.Shades
Ready made and made to order, any size. We use Hartshorn rollers only on all shades. We employ skilled mechanics and guarantee all work.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY
FURNITURE DEPARTMENT



contracts in some cases... four years. The... have been holding... they learned of the... mortgage they held for... the last figure has... and happy men are... to do. In the first... ing in Yakima the... high as \$200, but this... been in the last twenty... ..
are baled and shipped... centers of the world... Yakima hops go to... quality is said to be... of no mould or mill-... ence of pests. The... little damage, as the... August kills it. There... the lupulin is preserv-... buyers are on the... ..
July 14.—Twenty... was the price the... at Chehalis Satur-... highest price paid... Pincus & Sons, of... t the balance of... rop, about fifteen... rop at 20 cents... en choice lots rem-... Chehalis district... and English advi-... rop will be light. A... here today stand... d to see hops go... of the next two... ..
copy of Goetzman's... side friends. A... history of Klondike... news stands. Price 13... ..
power of attorney form... Nugget office.

Wart River
ECTOR

8:00 p. m.
nding.
S.-Y. T. Dock

IAL COMPANY
etail At Right Price.
UILDING, Eng. Staff.

ukon Route
ION CO.)

ointed Steamers
d Dawson.
ing season of 1902, scheduled... The steamers have all... lass conditions. They... ahed with the best of... ound and British Colu-... ..

A SALOON.
ISHOLM, Prop.

Beer on Tap
UKBY CO.,

DOMINION...
Sunday Service
ORKS... 9 a. m. and 12 p. m.
so Office.

RIFTON.

RSE
8:00 P. M.

APPLY
Aurora Dock

OUR YOUNG FOLKS



The Baxter's Fourth of July

BY LOUISE KOESTER ATWELL

The Baxter family sat under a dilapidated shed, talking in mournful tones of how they were going to celebrate the Fourth of July.

each and have battles like they did at Manila, Ladysmith and Santiago. "Oh, that will be splendid!" cried the children, clapping their hands.



THEY CHARGED THE FORT.

"We can't have none of those old-fashioned skyrockets or even shoot our own uncle gave us last Christmas. Oh, how could he," she continued, "after we have been saving money for weeks."

"I hadn't," said Leslie, with a look of surprise, "you know mother is going to give us a party, and she said she'd be just as patriotic as we are, except the fireworks. But she's pretty hard to be patriotic about anything exciting, unless it's something like the Fourth of July."

"I'll take a good long look at it," said Sissy, "I'll be seated with much decorum and spoke with much deliberation."

"I'll be seated with much decorum and spoke with much deliberation," said Sissy, "I'll be seated with much decorum and spoke with much deliberation."

"Then I shall be Cervera and his fleet," put in Bud, "only I am not going to be submerged this time." "What are you going to be," asked Leslie?

"First, I am going to be General Miles, and later I shall be down in South Africa, tending to things generally. Now, then, you had better get the battleground ready."

"Their caps bore the name of the country they were defending, and as they paraded with weapons of warfare they challenged attack. However, neither force seemed in a hurry for an encounter, but the inevitable finally came. 'Charge!' shouted Leslie. Every man to the front! Fight as you never fought before! Your country, your honor, your flag!"

A New Recess Game.

The primary object of a game is, of course, to give entertainment, but it is intended in most of these recess games of ours to give a little instruction with the entertainment, and that, we think, makes the game all the better, for the one is never allowed to interfere with the other. Most instructive games are restricted to one subject. For instance, one may be geographical, another historical, another botanical, another arithmetical and so on, but the one here described takes in several subjects, and the variety may be a pleasant change.

day in advance of the playing, and for that reason someone must be designated as leader, whose duty it is to do this work. You will understand what the work of preparation is as we go on with the description.

When the players are seated the leader stands in front of them and says that he is going to ask them to name certain persons, places and things from the various descriptions he will give, including the number of letters in the names. We will describe an actual game, and that will give a clear idea of how it is done.

The leader says: "I am thinking of an animal that lives in the woods of the west, and its name has four letters." The first player in the row answers "bear," and is wrong. The second player, to whom the question then goes, answers "puma," and is right.

The next question goes to the third player, and so on, in turn, all down the line and then over again, until all the questions have been answered or missed. At the close of the game the player who had answered the most questions correctly is the winner.

The other questions asked by the leader are such as follows: "I am thinking of a warrior who wept because he had no other nation to conquer, and his name has nine letters"—Alexander.

"Of a great city in the United States that was once called New Amsterdam, and its name has seven letters"—New York.

"There is only one place where an American is content to have another above him," remarked Bellingham to Gildersleeve.

How Ice Rivers are Made

By Charles Barnard.

Snow falling on top of a high mountain may accumulate into heavy drifts. More snow continually falling may press upon the old snow and it will gradually turn into ice. In time, as more snow falls, the ice slips down the mountain sides and forms in the valleys great rivers of ice called glaciers.

Get a piece of ice from the refrigerator and examine it. We can break it into irregular fragments having sharp edges. If we try to bend a piece we find it will break, but will not bend. Should we visit a glacier, or look at a good photograph of a glacier, we would observe that the valley may be very crooked and that the solid river of ice bends and twists about as if it were so much soft dough.

Presently we shall see the ice behave in the most surprising manner. Gradually the wire, pressed on the ice by the weighted pail, will sink into the ice. As it sinks deeper we feel sure it will cut the ice in two pieces, and pail, ice and all will fall.

Place the ice in a pail, and with a hammer break it into small pieces. Shake the pail to prove the lumps are loose. Then lay a plate on the broken ice and place a flatiron on the plate. In twenty minutes take the plate off, and the broken lumps of ice will be found frozen, recongealed together into an irregular mass of ice.

Place the ice in a pail, and with a hammer break it into small pieces. Shake the pail to prove the lumps are loose. Then lay a plate on the broken ice and place a flatiron on the plate. In twenty minutes take the plate off, and the broken lumps of ice will be found frozen, recongealed together into an irregular mass of ice.

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flowed down a valley. To prove that it did a man of science in Switzerland set up a row of stakes on a glacier in a straight line across the top of the ice. In a few days the line of stakes was bent down stream, proving that the solid ice did flow down, and that, like so much water, the middle moved faster than the two sides next the edge of the valley. The top of the glacier is always full of deep and dangerous cracks. Many travellers have lost their lives by falling into the cracks in the ice. The cracks tell us that the ice continually breaks in its slides down the valley and recongeals again. It is this continual breaking apart and freezing together again that enables the apparently solid and continuous stream of ice to pass around the corners of the valley. Sometimes two glaciers meet and congeal together and form a new, larger and yet solid glacier.

No Time to Lose

Panama, Columbia, July 14.—President Marroquin, of this republic, last month decided to ascertain the opinion of the isthmian residents regarding the canal question, they being most vitally interested in having the business satisfactorily settled without further obstacles.

Their Trunks Held

San Francisco, July 14.—Eight trunks, the property of Mrs. Charles Boettcher and Miss Nettie McMurtrie, of Denver, have been seized by the customs officers here. The trunks contain contraband goods valued at \$4,000.

The Ice Will Form into a Solid Lump.

over it, resting it on the middle of the block. The pail, supported by the wire, will now hang under the ice. Place a pan under it to catch the drip from the ice and put a flatiron in the pail for weight.

Place the ice in a pail, and with a hammer break it into small pieces. Shake the pail to prove the lumps are loose. Then lay a plate on the broken ice and place a flatiron on the plate. In twenty minutes take the plate off, and the broken lumps of ice will be found frozen, recongealed together into an irregular mass of ice.

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native of choosing the rical, or Nicaraguan route.

The practical or successful solution of the most important problem of the century; the report continues, has now become an indispensable necessity. Unnecessary delays and uncalled for sentiments compromised Colombia's future and the prosperity of the Isthmus of Panama, which would become the commercial route of the world.

The members of the committee believe Colombia should gratuitously permit the canal company to transfer to the United States its concession, bearing in mind not only the tremendous losses the original French shareholders already have sustained and the millions of francs paid by the company to the Bogota government at different times; but also the indisputable fact that the United States engineers have been influenced in their selection of the Panama route over all others, principally on account of the amount of practical work already done on both sides of the isthmus, especially the Culebra cut.

In the committee's opinion a very liberal and reasonable concession should be granted to the United States; provided the sovereignty and dignity of the Republic of Colombia is maintained and effectually guaranteed.

He instructed Governor Salazar, of Panama, Columbia, July 14.— President Marroquin, of this republic, last month decided to ascertain the opinion of the isthmian residents regarding the canal question, they being most vitally interested in having the business satisfactorily settled without further obstacles.



THE ICE WILL FORM INTO A SOLID LUMP.

Mrs. Boettcher, in explanation, said she regarded the contents of the trunks as "personal effects," and had not declared the contents in the usual manner for that reason. She said that no attempt had been made to evade the law, and the seizure was simply the result of her lack of knowledge of proper procedure in the matter. The matter has been submitted to the collector of the port, and it is very probable that the ladies will be permitted to pay the duty on the trunks, as it is evident that there was no intent to evade the customs officers.

"You're the light of my life," she whispered.

As he kissed her once more good night, and then from the top of the stair way.

Came a voice, "Well, put out the light!"

—June Smart Set.

WHY THEY WALKED OUT

Telegraph Operators are Scapegoats for Tarte

Whose Chief Desire is to Make a Good Showing for Line at Ottawa.

In the strike of the Dominion telegraphers which took place at 6 o'clock last night nothing new has developed save the receipt of a wire from General Superintendent Crean at Vancouver saying that the pay checks for the back salary had already been mailed at that point. Division Superintendent Clegg, who has been here a week trying to avert the inevitable, has taken charge of the local office and so far has been able to keep up with the rush of business, which has not been very great, so that there has been no interruption in the communication with the outside. Mr. Clegg received press matter last night up to 1 o'clock and was again at his desk at 8 this morning. What the outcome of the affair will be no one seems to know, at least those who are in a position to be informed do not care to express an opinion, but it is not at all improbable that the strike will result in the digging up and thorough probing of the scandal that has been connected with the telegraph line ever since its completion and even during its construction. But little has been said of the matter here, but in Ottawa it has been the subject of more than one heated argument in the house. Charges of corruption, gross mismanagement in the construction of the line and colossal expenditures that were uncalled for have been flung right and left by the opposition and it is said they have not been successfully refuted. The main reason why salaries are so far in arrears is claimed to be on account of a desire on the part of Minister Tarte to make a good showing for the line as possible in order to prove that it is self supporting. Meanwhile, the men who have been working for a mere pittance have been compelled to borrow trifling sums from their friends in order to meet little incidental expenses so that the minister of public works may submit a report showing a surplus instead of a deficit.

As to the efficiency of the service and the original cost of construction, no comment has ever been made in Dawson, as the residents of the territory so long accustomed to total neglect were only too thankful to get any sort of an old line to the outside without stopping to question whether or not the service was going to be good or bad or whether there had been jobbery in its construction. The fact remains, however, that considering its cost the line is about as poor as it well could be and the telegraphers all along have to work against such odds that any where else under the sun the line would have been cast aside as worthless long ago. It has only been under the most favorable conditions that it has worked at all as it should, it more frequently requiring from two to six relays between here and Ashcroft.

The grievances of the men are not confined solely to the fact that their salary is so far in arrears, that is the smallest part of their troubles. Always miserably paid and often 18 hours on duty, during the latter part of the winter they were seriously thinking of asking for an increase, particularly in offices such as Dawson and Whitehorse, but much to their surprise they suddenly one day received a notification that the measly pittance they were supposed to get was to be reduced 33 1-3 per cent. That was like adding insult to injury and the men would have walked out then had it not been for the earnest solicitation of Governor Ross who prevailed upon them to remain for the time being. At the time the notification of the reduction was received a committee waited upon the commissioner and stated their grievances to him. He was astounded at the state of affairs existing and used language both vigorous and emphatic in his denunciation of such methods, promising his callers to do all in his power to rectify the wrongs that were being inflicted upon them. That the commissioner did do all that he could in the matter is positively known and his failure to meet with success can only be attributed to the well known anti-union Mr. Tarte has for the chief executive of the Yukon. Then, again,

three weeks ago a strike was only averted through the friendship of the operators for Mr. A. B. Clegg, division superintendent of the Dawson end of the line and who was formerly in charge of the city office at this point. Mr. Clegg has the friendship of every man on the line and was in hopes that he could do something toward straightening out the tangle, but his efforts have also been of no avail. On the question of salary the minister simply says so much has been appropriated for salaries in the Yukon and no more will be paid. The cut reduced the \$100 men to \$75 a month and the \$150 men to \$100, not as much as a dishwasher or a waiter is paid or a Swede with a pick and shovel. Another matter which the Dawson force complains of is the quality of the board which the government has been furnishing them and which is said to be scarcely on a par with the days of '27. All the mess house supplies are forwarded from the outside and consist wholly of bacon, beans and canned goods. Nothing whatever is purchased here, nor is the mess allowed to exchange anything from the stores for fresh supplies. Fresh meat and vegetables are unheard of luxuries. The same condition exists in the stations up the river. Not long ago a new man was dispatched to one of the stations between here and Selkirk and upon his arrival at his destination he did not find enough grub in the cache to keep a sparrow alive a day, yet he was compelled to get along as best he could until a little bunch of stuff was sent up from Dawson. The fare in the mess house of the Dominion board of public works is the poorest of any habitation in the city of Dawson.

The strike so far as is known affects only the Dawson division extending from the boundary to Telegraph creek. How many of the men have gone out can not be told as no business has been received today for any of the way points and there has been no opportunity for any of the operators to refuse to take a message. The men are still at their stations as there has been no chance for them to get away. Stewart and Selkirk were both spoken with this morning. The back salaries are not confined alone to the operators but also extends to the linemen, repairmen and even the messengers. The Dawson messenger has not received a cent of salary in eight months. Not a man in the entire service has less than six months due him and some have drawn scarcely nothing since the line first went into operation, nearly two years ago. The sympathy of the entire community is with the men. Mr. Brownlow, who has been in charge of the city office, and all his assistants have the highest esteem of everyone who has ever had any dealings with the telegraph line. Affable and courteous to a rare degree, it is a matter of sincere regret that circumstances have forced them to take the stand they have.

WATER FRONT NOTES.

The Dawson which left yesterday afternoon carried the following passengers: C. A. Renouf, Mrs. Renouf, Mr. F. Renouf, Sister Mary Evariste, Sister Mary Jane, Lulu Johnson, W. L. B. Young, Ben Levy, Mrs. Levy, Sam Duck, Frank E. Sims, Mrs. D. A. Shindler and child, Dr. P. D. Carper, D. E. Mulligan, Robt. Cahill, R. P. McLennan, Cassie Carter, Myrtle McKee, J. T. Shaw, E. Payment, Dominic Burns, Mrs. B. S. Goss, G. C. Mellott, Mrs. Mellott, Mrs. J. H. Rogers and daughter and Frank Ahite.

The Victorian arrived yesterday at 4 o'clock with 30 sacks of mail and the following on her passenger list: Mrs. Maud Bishop, Miss Smart, L. Dodsan, Phil Abraham, C. W. Russell, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. C. J. Brown, R. Dooley, A. J. Baudette, Mrs. A. C. Fossil, D. J. Givint, C. W. Hackett, W. Little, J. E. French.

The Prospector leaves Tuesday next on her regular trip to Stewart river points.

The Zealandian returned last night from Fortymile.

The Sifton leaves this evening at 8 o'clock for Whitehorse.

The Yukoner is expected tomorrow morning.

For Cameron Boy.

The Yukon and Commercial baseball teams will play a game this evening on the barracks ground when a collection will be taken up for the benefit of Richfield Cameron, the unfortunate boy who recently lost his right leg.

"They seem to be happy in their married life, with such perfect confidence in each other."

"Yes, they live in a flat and there isn't room for doubt."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

UNCLE SAM'S LATE MOVE

Large Military Post at Haines Mission

Presumably to Protect International Boundary Line From Invasion.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, July 26.—A Washington special says the deepest significance is attached to the action of the war department in designating Haines Mission, Alaska, as the site of a new army post accommodating a one-third regiment of infantry. Carrying out of the plan makes Haines Mission by far the most important military post in Alaska. The importance of this step lies in the fact that the designated site is within a few miles of Skagway and in the very center of the territory in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. It is in the immediate vicinity of where all friction between Americans and Canadians on account of the disputed international boundary has occurred. Also that in the event of war between the United States and England, an attempt would naturally be made by the British to seize the territory, especially since proprietorship of that territory has been for many years the subject of controversy between these two governments. Loyalty of Canada to the mother country during the war in South Africa leads easily to the presumption that in case of hostilities with that country, English and Canadian troops would join in armed contest against the United States, and the Dominion contingent might naturally be expected in that event to strike at our interests in the far northwest. It requires no extraordinary foresight to perceive that with the establishment of settled conditions in northwestern Alaska, large garrisons of United States troops will not be needed among the American people and the largest permanent force will be needed, not in the interior of the territory, but along the international boundary, that is in the Skagway district and on the upper Yukon adjacent to British Columbia and the Northwest territory. Authority for the statement that military experts of the government which represented Secretary Root and a special board of officers on army posts have deliberated and intend to provide in a permanent and adequate way defense of the international boundary of Alaska. The order for the establishment of a large post at Haines Mission is part of a carefully studied plan. The present coast artillery post at Skagway will also be maintained.

Overheated.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Victoria, July 25.—Allen, caretaker of Ross Bay cemetery, died of heart disease while fighting a grass fire. But for the timely arrival of some ladies he would have been incinerated.

Much Cholera.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Cairo, July 26.—There have been three hundred and seven cases of cholera at Cairo and Moucha, Egypt, since July 15th, of which two hundred and twenty-two were fatal.

For the Cameron Family

Several efforts are on foot having for their object the relief of the Cameron family. A subscription list is being circulated among the business men of the town and it is expected that a sum approximating \$1,000 will be raised in that manner.

On Monday evening the stock company now playing at the Auditorium will present "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the A. B. hall. The players have all volunteered their services and the performance promises to be an excellent one.

The public generally has manifested a great deal of interest in the case and a big house is guaranteed.

SHIRT SPECIAL

FINE SILK FRONT SHIRTS FOR \$1.00 REGULAR \$2.50 VALUES

SEE THEM IN OUR WINDOW

FIRST AVENUE Opposite White Pass Dock

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Clothing 1st Ave.

McMILLAN EXPLORED

La France Returns From Voyage of Discovery

Ascends the Pelly Twelve Miles Above Ross River—Strawberries in Abundance.

The intrepid explorer, La France, returned this morning from her first trip up the McMillan river and the second up the Pelly. The ascent of the McMillan was made for a distance of 170 miles to Slate creek where an outfit and five men were taken for the Alcyon concession. It was Captain Martineau's first experience on the McMillan and he describes it as a splendid stream to navigate, though one requiring considerable care. An excellent stage of water was found on the lower end of the river but in the upper reaches it was quite shallow. Since the trip of the Prospector to the head of the McMillan last season there have been a number of slides that have fallen into the river choking up the channel to a considerable extent in several places. In one instance it was necessary for the La France to hitch on to a snag and pull it out before she could proceed. On their way up a party was overtaken in a poling boat who had spent the previous winter on the McMillan, had come to Dawson for another year's supply of provisions and were on their way back. They were taken aboard and carried on to their destination and will spend another winter there. While tied up at Slate creek a couple of ladies aboard went ashore and found an abundance of the most luscious wild strawberries. Plenty of wild game was seen and countless numbers of young geese. Captain Martineau describes the head of the McMillan as being very hilly but of low altitude. After discharging the freight at Slate creek the steamer returned to the confluence of the Pelly and went up the latter to a point twelve miles above Ross river where fifteen passengers and their outfits were left. Fifty miles up the Pelly Captain Martineau shot a bear from the pilot house as it was swimming the river. On the return trip a raft 265 feet long for the N. C. Co. was picked up at the mouth of the river and towed to the city. Manager Calderhead announces another trip to the McMillan and Pelly rivers about the middle of August. The La France leaves this evening with a load of freight for the N. C. Co. for Fortymile.

Daughter of Pharo Sold

J. C. Stevens sold recently at his auction rooms in London a large number of curiosities, including an Egyptian mummy, said to be that of the daughter of Rameses II., about 1333 B.C., in the original sarcophagus, together with Röntgen ray photographs showing the perfect preservation of the remains. The outfit fetched 9 guineas. There was also sold the pair of breeches worn by George II. at the battle of Dettingen, which realized 15 guineas.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

WE have added a Special Department for Family Trade. We are prepared to fill your orders from one bottle up. Our prices are the lowest and our stock the best. Give us a small trial order.

I. Rosenthal & Co.

Wholesale Liquors. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. AURORA

Have You Sampled A. B. C. Beer?

DAWSON TRANSFER CO.

City Drayage and Express. CHANGE OF TIME TABLE—On and After May 20, 1913. STAGES—Leave Dawson... 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Leave Forts... 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Phone—Office, No. 5; Night Phone No. 3. Freighting to all the Creeks. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING

JEFFRIES IS YET CHAMPION

(Continued from page 1.)

left to nose and just missed Fitz's chin with a right swing at the close of the round. Fitz keeps Jeff bleeding freely. Jeff has landed some hard blows on Fitz's body. Round 6—They spar. Fitz breaks ground. Jeff landed left under Bob's guard. Fitz sent a stiff right to Jeff's good eye. Fitz put a hard left to the wind and right to the mouth. Jeff got out of Fitz's way of another. Fitz sent two lefts to the face. Fitz narrowly escapes a savage left swing for the jaw. Fitz jabbed mouth with left. Jeff puts right on the body. Fitz swings a left to the mouth and again uppercut Jeff with his left. Jeff's eyes both seem to be in trouble. Jeff seems as strong as when he stepped into the ring. As the bell rang Jeff lands right on the chin. Round 7—Jeff puts a left to Fitz's neck. Jeff then forced matters, and lands another in the same place. Fitz jabbed Jeff's face with his left and right. Fitz straightened Jeff up with a left on the mouth. Jeff put a hard left on the stomach. Jeff blocked a right swing. Jeff rushed and drives Fitz to the ropes with a left and right on the face. Fitz put another light one on the mouth. They clinch.

Jeff ducks Fitz's right and his shoulder into Fitz. Fitz right on the jaw. They clinch. Fitz lands as the bell rings. Round 8—Jeff follows Bob to the ring. Is short with a left. Fitz sent a straight left to the mouth. Jeff puts a left on then a left on the chest. change lefts on the body. Fitz left to the face. Bob missed upper, that would have done had he landed. They exchange rights on the body. The jab each other in the face. Jeff sends Fitz down. The clinch at the ropes. Fitz jabbed away Jeff swung a right to stomach. Fitz swung a left and not able to come to his feet.

His Location

Wheeling, W. Va., July 26.—View of several hundred men Theodore McGrane, a manager has jumped from the bridge over the Ohio River. A distance of 150 feet, for a party of professional high divers had appear, whereupon young McGrane who was one of the spectators, quietly announced he would take the leap, mounted on a dropped off. He distanced that hurried to him and caught fifty yards to shore, landing a bruise.

FOR WHITEHORSE

STR. LA FRANCE

Sunday, July 27, 8:00 P. M.

Connecting at Skagway with Steamers Dalmeny and Princess May. Close Connection—No Delay

Merchants' Transportation Co. R. W. Calderhead, Mgr. L. & C. DOCK

Put a New Coat On YOUR HOUSE

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.

We Will Supply You With the Paint Any Color You Wish at Lowest Prices SEE OUR WINDOW.

SECOND AVENUE TELEPHONE

6 PAGES

NIXON MADE MESS OF IT

Variety Actress Was Tracy

Was Clubbed Nearly to Death Before He Could Explain His Joke.

Accept Terms... Cholera in Manila

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 they will buy and guarantee all our work in the mill and also in the Assay Office

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MINERS:—We Offer

20% DISCOUNT

A FEW OF OUR PRICES

White Enamel Chamber Pots, Grey Granite Tea Pots, Grey Granite Coffee Pots, White Granite Wash Bowls

McLennan, M