

LYNCH NOW ON TRIAL

For Fighting Against Great Britain

He Took Oath of Allegiance as a Full-Fledged Burgher Citizen.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, June 14.—The Bow street police court was crowded today when the investigation was begun into the charge of high treason against Col. Arthur Lynch. Mrs. Lynch and other friends of the accused were present. Solicitor-General Sir Edward Carson opened for the prosecution. He referred briefly to Col. Lynch's Australian nationality and residence in Paris and his departure thence to the Transvaal in January, 1900.

"The case for the prosecution," said Sir Edward, "will be that on arriving in South Africa Lynch took service with the Transvaal government and raised a regiment in which he acted as commander to fight in its behalf and actively fought against General Buller's operations."

Lynch signed the field cornet's certificate, describing himself as an Irishman, British subject born in Australia, but declared his willingness to fight for the South African republic and to defend its independence. Lynch also took the oath of allegiance as a full burgher. Lynch then raised the so-called Irish brigade, joined the invading army at Natal and issued an appeal signed "Arthur Lynch, Colonel Irish Brigade," inviting Irishmen to enlist and assist the two republics.

Hon. Charles Russell, second son of the late Lord Chief Justice Baron Russell of Killowen, represented the defendant. He said Lynch faced the proceedings like a man. What he had done he had done openly, and he desired a fair inquiry.

They May Amend

in chambers this morning before

The Ladue

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

Shoff's Worm Cure

FOR DOGS

...It Never Fails...

PIONEER DRUG STORE

TENTS!

8x10
10x12
12x16

14x20
20x30
20x40

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



THE SUNDAY OUTING SEASON FOR DAWSON RESIDENTS HAS ARRIVED.

DAY WILL BE CELEBRATED

Coronation of the King to be Observed

Will be Public Holiday Enlivened by Games and a Concert in the Evening.

The day of the coronation of King Edward VII., June 26, will not be allowed to go by unobserved in Dawson, though this portion of his majesty's dominion is probably as far removed from the scenes of festivities which have never been surpassed in the world, as any other part over which he rules. The day will be a public holiday and all the offices and public buildings will be closed. During the day a rugby football match will be played between teams representing England and Canada, there will be a cricket match and also a game of lacrosse. In the evening there will be a concert of instrumental music, patriotic songs and speeches by Commissioner Ross, United States Consul Bayler and others. The celebration was decided on Saturday evening last when a number of gentlemen met at the residence of the commissioner for the purpose of taking the initiative. The following committees were named to arrange the details and make of the affair a huge success.

Arrangements—J. Newton Story, Wm. McKay and Joe Barrette. Games—H. G. Wilson, J. S. McKay, H. E. Ridley, R. P. McLennan and Ross Eckhardt. Finance—Dr. J. N. E. Brown, A. A. Jones and E. Stant. Concert—Mayor Macanlay, Major Wood, F. J. Congdon, Charles Macdonald, Hugh McKinnon and H. T. Willis.

Extended One Year

Washington, June 7.—Secretary Fry and Mr. Barnes, the Danish minister, today signed a protocol extending for twelve months the time allowed for the exchange of ratifications of the Danish West Indian treaty. This allows the adjournment of the Danish rigsdag over the summer months without final action on the treaty of union.

Annual Visit

Seattle, June 14.—Commander of the department of the Columbia, Gen. Geo. M. Randall, and Major H. L. Tuthery, inspector general of the department which includes Alaska, go north about July 25 to make their annual visit to the military posts of the district.

After Gratters

Seattle, June 14.—Things are unfavorable to bunco men and gratters generally in Seattle. Chief Sullivan has issued an edict that they must go.

Japan's Model

Washington, June 14.—Baron H. Bosawa dined with President Roosevelt Monday. He says Japan has taken the United States for a model.

ENGLISH CAPITAL

Gets Possession of Valuable Property

Near Wrangel, Alaska, and Will Erect a Large Stamp Mill.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Vancouver, June 14.—Constantine and C. M. Sofianos of London, representing English noblemen and other English capital to the amount of several millions of dollars, have purchased Elephant Snows mining claims on Weyrenkowsky island, a short distance from Wrangel. They expect to complete a deal for the purchase of the Bradfield properties in the same locality. If negotiations are consummated for the Bradfield claims on the mainland, bordering on Bradfield canal, which is opposite Wrangel island, milling machinery aggregating five hundred stamps will be introduced and development work amounting to \$1,000,000 undertaken by the new owners. With the two Sofianos is a prominent London mining engineer, Capt. T. H. Jenkins, who is associated with R. G. Frechville of Lerol.

Will Arbitrate

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, June 14.—Britain, Germany and France have accepted Japan's proposal of arbitration of the house tax question. Foreigners claim property is exempted from taxation by special treaty. A decided victory was scored by them in securing arbitration.

Ice cream and cake served at Gandolfo's. 1741

...MOVED...

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

ESCAPED CONVICTS

Have Terrorized Many Oregon Farmers

Tracked by Bloodhounds, Frequently Shot at But Still at Large.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Salem, Or., June 14.—The populace of three counties is aroused to the highest pitch over the daring break for liberty of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, convicts who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary last Monday after shooting to death three prison guards. They have been hunted with bloodhounds for five days by a posse of nearly 200 armed men; they have been shot at a dozen times and are still at large. Their daring deeds have terrorized inhabitants of the country through which they have passed and every demand of the outlaws is complied with by the terror-stricken farmers. They have eaten at least two meals each day since the flight began and upon entering a farmhouse they boldly announce that they are fugitive convicts. Thursday night the fugitives were surrounded in a stretch of woods and Sheriff Durbin, leader of the posse, believed there was no chance of escape, pickets being only 150 yards apart, but the wily convicts broke through the line in the early morning darkness. A reward of \$3,000 is offered by the governor for the capture of the two men.

Laying Down Arms

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, June 14.—Lord Kitchener reports to the war office that 1,817 Boers surrendered yesterday.

New District

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, June 14.—President Roosevelt has issued an executive order so dividing the internal revenue district of Oregon as to constitute

Washington and Alaska a separate district. He has nominated Ben D. Crocker of Walla Walla collector of the newly created district. The senate confirmed the appointment.

To Lay Cable

Special to the Daily Nugget. San Francisco, June 14.—The first actual move in the direction of establishing cable communication from San Francisco to Honolulu and Manila was made today when the Commercial Pacific Cable Company asked the supervisor's permission to use the streets for a conduit.

Lucid Intervals

The government telegraph line experienced a lucid interval Saturday and yesterday only to relapse into a state of unconsciousness this morning when the seal of one of the poles was somewhere between Dawson and Whitehorse. By hot nipper politics and grafting wax the ailment was removed but, like inflammatory rheumatism, it developed in another part of the system and this afternoon has settled at some point in the mountains between Lickeminch and Smith's garlic garden, with the result that the line is again unconscious.

Uncle Hoffman's Diamond sale is surprising experts in value, quantity and display. It is a good investment at such prices.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000. RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON, Manager.

Dawson Branch.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12 (Dawson's Honor Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 For month, by carrier in city in advance \$3.00 Single copies 95

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 Creek by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1902

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

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

A CONTEMPTIBLE ATTACK.

Yesterday's morning Sun contained a most scurrilous and contemptible attack upon this paper, in which the Nugget was charged with complicity in an alleged blackmailing scheme.

Insofar as the charges affect the Nugget we have simply to say that the whole thing is a tissue of falsehood. The man who wrote it is a low, contemptible liar, and the editor of the Sun, if he supports it, is branded with the same title.

The Nugget published the facts in connection with the dispute over No. 12 Gold Run, just as the same are contained in the affidavits now before the clerk of the court.

The authors of the affidavits are unknown to the editor or any one attached to this paper. The matter came to the attention of a representative of the Nugget in the course of his regular detail work and was published as a matter of news to which the public was entitled and from no other motive whatsoever.

TAKING BACKWARD STEPS.

The problem of public education is attracting attention and debate in two of the European nations. In England the new system contemplates, though rather in effect than by mandate, a close union between the church and state in educational matters.

In France an opposite course is threatened, which contemplates the abolition of denominational schools entirely. The followers of M. Brisson, who has great strength in the French parliament, are said to be determined to force this action.

In the United States education and the relations between church and state whether in educational or other affairs, roused no differences among the framers of our constitution and no contentions since. Public schools are established which all children

may attend, and denominational schools may grow alongside of them, but they draw no support from the state. So deeply fixed is this idea of separation of church and state, especially in educational matters, that no man with regard for his public career would advocate a change from the system.

With this experience of the United States before them and its undoubted effect in the progress of the country, it is a little strange that two of the most enlightened nations of the old world should at this time be enacting laws which in one instance brings religious denominations into relations with the affairs of state, and in the other exclude them from separate school facilities.

The Rush of Immigrants

New York, May 30.—Immigration is now at the highest point in the history of the country, and the average of the class of people coming here is regarded by some of the officials as the lowest. Counting the immigrants on board steamships due to arrive today and tomorrow, the immigration for the month will reach the record-breaking total of 88,500.

Scandal is Unearthed

Havana, June 7.—Pending an investigation of the books of the customs house here Cashier Actosa has been suspended from duty. Officials of the customs department decline to state whether or not a fraud has been committed, but the press intimates that irregularities have been discovered, and lay stress upon the statement that those alleged irregularities occurred during the American control of the islands.

Actor Kills Himself

New York, June 7.—Robert Jefferson Ferrall, an actor, said to be the son of a prominent San Francisco attorney, killed himself by taking poison tonight. His friends say he has been despondent for some time. He was 25 years of age.

A Good Opportunity.

Anyone contemplating the purchase of machinery would find it to their advantage to apply to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Whitehorse. Besides saws, belting and engineer's supplies, they have for sale: 1 Waltrath 40 Horse-power Horizontal Engine.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Opening Today

White Quilts, Towels, Prints, Gingham, Hosiery, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

BITTNER BENEFIT

Splendid House Greeted Him Last Night

Unusually Excellent Program Presented by a Host of Volunteers.

The house which greeted Manager Bittner last night at the Auditorium upon the occasion of his benefit must have been extremely gratifying to that rotund individual. Every box was taken, there was scarcely a vacant seat in the balcony and the downstairs portion was packed solidly.

Noel, the impersonator, followed in a couple of pleasing songs, giving way to Miss Winchel, always a favorite. A double barreled phonograph which is called a polyphone rendered several selections including a march, a negro laughing song, barnyard imitations, and chorus from "Trovatore" and a male quartette whose chief characteristic was the insertion of a barber shop chord held ad lib every fourth bar.

Report of Jamaica Riots.

Kingston, Jamaica, May 30.—The report of the commission appointed to inquire into the recent Montego Bay riots has been issued. After mentioning the scarcity of labor, hard times and hatred of the police as contributory causes, the report says:—Our explanation of the disturbances of April 6 is that the rabble, having felt their power on the 5th, renewed the attack on the police the next day, assisted by discontented taxpayers from surrounding villages.

The Guatemala Quake

San Francisco, Cal., May 31.—Later details of the earthquake in Guatemala only adds to its horrors. Passengers arriving here on the steamer City of Sydney say they understood that 1,400 dead were taken from the ruins of Quezaltenango. One man who was there and sided in the work of taking out the bodies says that over 1,900 had been taken out when he left there on May 13, twenty-five days after the city had been

destroyed. Reports of loss and damage on the coffee plantations are beginning to come in, and they practically double the total reported from the towns. The estimated figures run into the millions. Tapachula is a city of about 10,000, and the damage to the town is estimated at or about \$200,000. San Marcos, a town nearer Quezaltenango, was also destroyed, with great loss of life. There were 140 prisoners in the jail, and every man was killed, crushed and buried under the falling walls. In Tlachico, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, not a house was left standing.

Shah Shocks People.

Berlin, June 7.—The shah of Persia took more delight in hearing an American musical machine, of which there is one at the Persian legation, than in listening to all the crack military bands. His majesty sat in his shirt sleeves for hours enjoying the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and other airs.

The shah found the climate of Germany disagreeably hot. He spent most of his time indoors in his shirt sleeves and when he entered a special train at Leipsic on his way to Carlsbad, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and sat at an open window fanning himself and inexpressibly shocking a large military contingent which was bidding him farewell and whose ideas of propriety never admit that a gentleman may be seen in his shirt sleeves.

The shah is equipped with a letter of credit for 3,000,000 marks, which sum, since his entire retinue are the emperor's guests, has scarcely been touched. Among other gifts the shah gave 10,000 marks to the fund for the relief of the Martinique sufferers.

Mind Has Been Blank

Duluth, Minn., June 7.—Dr. T. H. Storr, a prominent Duluth physician who mysteriously disappeared several weeks ago, has been heard from in San Francisco. In a letter to his wife he says that since leaving Duluth his mind has been a perfect blank, and he does not know how he reached the California city.

The only thing he can remember is that a man by the name of Watson befriended him in Seattle, and he says that if Watson could be found much of the mystery could be explained.

To Replace Strikers

Reading, Pa., June 7.—Today the Philadelphia & Reading shophmen here were asked by their foremen whether they would go to the coal regions to take the positions of firemen, engineers and pumpmen. About thirty consented. The company wanted to secure at least 150 men from the shops here to take the places of the men on strike. They were informed they would be paid \$2.50 a day and board, and free transportation.

Trial of Boss Butler

St. Louis, June 7.—The application for a change of venue was today granted. Edward Butler, the St. Louis millionaire, who awaits trial on the charge of attempted bribery, Judge Ryan gave the attorneys until Monday to agree on a county to which they might send the case. Butler asserted that public opinion against him was so strong that he

could not get a fair trial in St. Louis.

Lincoln-McKinley Association

Springfield, Ill., June 6.—Six hundred excursionists arrived here today in attendance upon the second annual pilgrimage of the Lincoln-McKinley association to the National Lincoln monument in the Oak Ridge

cemetery. All the members of the association voted for both Lincoln and McKinley in the presidential campaigns.

FOR SALE.—Hotel and Restaurant

Good location; established business. Cheap.—Apply Nugget. Barrels of money for gold dust. Highest prices paid. Uncle Hobbs

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

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Week Day Service: GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Home, 9 a. m. GRAND FORKS, 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. HUNKER, 9:30 a. m.

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

DAWSON TRUCK & DRAY CO. FREIGHTING TO ALL CREEKS. City Drayage and Express Wagons—Day & Night Service. Phone 126. Office, Aurora Dock. T. H. HEATH, Mgr.

NORTHERN ANNEX. A. D. FIELD, PROPRIETOR

Sweller's Ever. Wines, Liquors and Cigars. THOS. CHISHOLM, Prop. FIRST AVE., COR. QUEEN ST.

Draught Beer At Bonanza Saloon

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

Townsend & Rose. YOUR FIT IS WAITING FOR YOU. If you have got to the point where you are ready to buy a new spring suit or overcoat, or both, we hope you will come here and give us a chance to show you some of the splendid things we have received from L. Adler, Bros. & Co. of Rochester, N. Y.



MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1902. Little Willie. dear, that's too bad, the Ancient Mariner, sh... "It's a pity, but I... possible would come of it... to fooling with nature... expect anything else... whaling bark Kathleen... leaving the crew... wife's parrot drift... east of Barbados. I... of personal responsibility... there calamity, though... it wasn't my fault, for... could prevent it... do you suppose that... went for that there sh... says it was revenge, ... his wife killed. ... There ain't but v... sentiment about a bull... He don't respond non... to the tender emotions... go in for chivalry like... lives is strictly practical... The whale rammed that... that was what he h... ned to do. He wasn't t... he was my long lost... Willie. ... bet if I'd been there an... to him—he'd have swum... smilin' and wagged his t... ever see a whale smil... go to the zoo and look... potamus through the... of op'ry glasses you... you can get some ide... how do I know he wa... How do you know... struck a town when y... By the results, do... I don't need no more t... my p... Of course there's some l... The mate says t... struck the Kathleen... Little Willie was... inch and three-quarter... ain't no fatal difference... You don't realize unles... a sperm whale in act... it is to take his meas... a inch or two under... stances. I've know... it by as much as... hands at the business... with sea serpents it's w... I heard a lookout rep... 450 feet long and... him aboard we packed... pork barrel, with... left for a mermaid... The discrepancy about t... was wise at first sight... about the length, but t... ain't within' in it. The... Kathleen's whale w... Little Willie we... 87 pounds 11' ounces... the last time I saw... know yourself how e... lose flesh on poor bo... As long as Willie stay... always saw that he got... but after he left us I... for himself. I d... little loss of three t... any evidence against... tion at all. Trainin' whales was J... tad. There never was... what Jim Kea... he was reckless and... anced. He got the m... the whales was to b... feature of the com... made him eloquent to...

MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1902.

Little Willie, The Whale

"Dear, dear, that's too bad," murmured the Ancient Mariner, shaking his grizzled head with melancholy. "It's a pity, but I always thought you would come of it. When you were fooling with nature you expected anything else."

"Is it? Why, this here case of whaling bark Kathleen that was rammed and sunk by a sperm whale, leaving the crew and the captain's wife parrot adrift in open sea with no tobacco a thousand miles east of Barbados. I feel a sort of personal responsibility for that calamity; though Lord knows it wasn't my fault, for I don't know how to prevent it."

"You do suppose that there was something about that ship? The captain went for that there ship? The captain says it was revenge, because his wife killed."

"There ain't but very little about a bull sperm whale. He don't respond none as a whale to the tender emotions. He goes in for chivalry like us—his lives is strictly practical."

"The whale rammed that ship because that was what he had been used to do. He wasn't no wild thing—he was my long lost pet Little Willie."

"But if I'd been there and whistled to him—he'd have swum up to me and wagged his tail. Did you ever see a whale smile? Well, I went to the zoo and look at the poppamus through the biggest of op'ry glasses you can find, you can get some idee of the thing."

"How do I know he was Little Willie? How do you know a cy-cy struck a town when you ain't there? By the results, don't you? Well, I don't need no more to identify him."

"Of course there's some little discrepancies. The mate says the whale struck the Kathleen was 110 feet long. Little Willie was 110 feet long and three-quarters. But that ain't no fatal difference."

"You don't realize unless you've seen a sperm whale in action how it is to take his measure within an inch or two under them circumstances. I've known men to be by as much as six inches hands at the business, too."

"With sea serpents it's worse yet. I heard a lookout report a sea serpent 450 feet long and when we were aboard we packed him into a pork barrel, with room enough left for a mermaid."

"The discrepancy about the weight is worse at first sight than the discrepancy about the length, but there ain't nothin' in it. The mate says the Kathleen's whale weighed 100 tons. Little Willie weighed 103 tons, 87 pounds 11 ounces and three-quarters the last time I saw him, but I know myself how even people love best on poor board."

"As long as Willie stayed with us I always saw that he got plenty to eat, but after he left us he had to live for himself. I don't count a little loss of three tons or so any evidence against his identification at all."

"Trainin' whales was Jim Kearney's fad. There never was a greater whaler than what Jim Kearney was, but he was reckless and sort of unbalanced. He got the notion that trained whales was to be the great feature of the comin' century. He made him eloquent to talk about 'em."

"The battle fleets of the future," he would say, "is cruisin' by fluke over through the tropic seas. They got no coalin' stations, no dry docks, no reserves of men and ammunition. Nature is a keepin' them inexhaustible numbers for the day that first has wit enough to them, and that nation will have mastery of the sea."

"Kearney was so possessed with this notion that he determined to be tryin' experiments himself. He got a bit of a reef in the Bahamas when nobody ever visited and he persuaded me to go down there and train him."

"I tried to get him to give the thing up, but you might as well try to get a Vanderbilt automobile with a red necktie. He was just set and he wasn't anything for it but to train him to go down there and train him."

"Kearney had a schooner, the Lady Kathleen, that used to be a pilot boat, but would sail in any kind of weather. He had a flyin' fish would live in the sea, around in the northwest corner for a while lookin' for sperm whales. For Kearney said that to get the best results from education you had to catch 'em young."

"I wouldn't bore you tellin' about the cruise, though it would make a mighty good story itself, but at last I caught our calf and h'isted him on a tank on deck. Kearney named the little Willie after a kid of his

telligent and not in the least forward in his manner or demeanor. With this record when President Harrison was elected Mr. Deveaux went among the people of Savannah, those who had known him all his life, and asked for endorsements as to his ability and general character. "What do you want to do with these endorsements?" he was asked. "Use them to be appointed collector of the Port of Brunswick," was the reply.

Brunswick is a smaller port than Savannah, but there is some little jealousy and commercial rivalry between the two. They are not many miles apart and the Savannah people thought it would be a good thing to endorse Deveaux and get him appointed to some federal office away from home, where he would not trouble the white Republicans with his ambitions.

On the strength of the endorsements of his home folks, Mr. Deveaux was made collector at Brunswick. The Brunswick people made some objection, but the appointment stood. Deveaux served four years and must have done his duty, for no serious complaint was made against him.

Deveaux gave up his place to a Cleveland appointee. When Mr. McKinley was elected for the first time Mr. Deveaux went to the people of Brunswick and asked them for recommendations based on the management of his office at Brunswick. "What do you want with these endorsements?" was the question asked by the Brunswick business men.

"To use in my application for the office of collector of the Port of Savannah," was the reply.

He received the endorsements requested from the business men of Brunswick. Putting them with those received from the business men of Savannah when he wanted to be collector at Brunswick he filed an application for the collectorship of Savannah. Savannah protested. Col. Deveaux and the Washington authorities pointed to the good things they had said of him eight years before and the appointment was made.

Deveaux did not stop getting recommendations and endorsements when he received his appointment. He had for several years been at the head of a battalion of negro troops as a colonel and his rank was later reduced to that of major. Last year he secured the passage of a special act by the legislature putting him on the retired list as a colonel. When he applied to President Roosevelt for reappointment he filed along with other evidences of how the people at home liked him this bill of the legislature. It helped him.

The fact seems to be that Col. Deveaux has played his cards so well that he was able to meet effectually every plan laid by those who did not want him appointed.—Ex.

Murder is Feared

Seattle, June 4.—What has become of Dr. Storey, a well-known citizen of Duluth, Minn.? Who is W. H. Watson, and what connection has he with the physician's disappearance?

These are questions which the police, and especially Detective Barck, who has been investigating the affair, would like to have answered. The attention of Chief of Police Sullivan was drawn to the disappearance of Storey by a telegram, followed by a letter, from Acting Chief of Police Troyer, of Duluth. The circumstances are rather peculiar, and the relatives of the missing man fear he has been murdered. Several members of the Masonic fraternity have also interested themselves in the case and are doing all they can to aid the police.

In the letter received by Chief Sullivan the information is given that Dr. Storey, who was a man of family and well known in Duluth, disappeared from home on the night of May 15. He left a note in his office, informing his wife that he had been suddenly called away on business. Nothing was heard of him until Mrs. Storey received a letter from Seattle, signed with the name of W. H. Watson. The letter was written on Rainier-Grand hotel stationery. The author said Dr. Storey had been found on a train with a through ticket for Seattle in his possession. On account of his strange actions, according to the epistle, he had been brought to Seattle and placed in a hotel, under the espionage of his brother Masons.

Watson said that at the time of writing Dr. Storey was in bed, suffering from brain fever, but was resting easily. He promised to write Mrs. Storey and keep her informed as to her husband's condition. No word has since been received from him.

Detective Barck discovered that Watson came to the Rainier-Grand on May 18 and registered from St. Paul. He left on May 20, without saying where he was going. Nothing is known of Dr. Storey at the hotel. None of the clerks remember Watson well enough to give a de-

Regarding Dogs

In the unincorporated town of Whitehorse five persons were each fined \$5 and costs one day last week for allowing unmuzzled dogs to run at large.

In the incorporated city of Dawson dogs have the right of way to such an extent as to invariably bring forth uncompromising criticism from new arrivals.

Only a few days ago the little daughter of Registrar Girouard was frightfully bitten by a savage dog and on Saturday evening a little son of F. J. Hemed was assaulted and bitten by a fierce dog on Second avenue near Duke street.

Truly there may be worse things than on sidewalks than push carts.

Col Deveaux's Strategy

Savannah, Ga., May 29.—J. H. Deveaux, the colored man who has just been reappointed collector of the Port of Savannah, was able to show an astonishing collection of letters from white business men certifying to his character and ability. Here is the current story of how he obtained them.

Mr. Deveaux comes as near to being white as any brown-skinned man can. He is a mulatto. He is in-

Peace Follows Rioting

Chicago, June 5.—Quiet reigned in the turbulent stock yards district today as a result of the settlement of the meat teamsters' strike, but the happiness of the men was marred somewhat by a report that the packers will refuse to employ leaders among the striking teamsters. The report caused much uneasiness among the men. The teamsters are to return to work tomorrow morning. A few men were given teams today, but the majority were told to report tomorrow.

Instead of another day of rioting and broken heads there were peace and laughter as the two sides to the controversy good-naturedly discussed the ending of the trouble. The agreement committee bill had to be ratified by the packers and the teamsters, and it was not until this evening that everything had been completed. Meanwhile the only teams called for were to deliver meat urgently needed. The others were told to make the remainder of the day a holiday and to report for duty tomorrow.

Soon after the agreement, which is a compromise, was ratified by the men, a report, spread that the packers had determined to take back only teamsters who had not been active in the strike. That the companies would exercise a choice in taking their former teamsters back seemed not to have occurred to the men before, and on investigation it was found that several workmen employed in the yards had recently been discharged. These men declare that they have been singled out because they were strong union men and strike sympathizers. This is denied by the packers, but the statements of the discharged men are being carefully investigated. The men who have been discharged are members of the Stock Yards Employees' union. Their organization, which was formed less than three years ago, and already has a membership of over 700, is affiliated with the butchers' union. Michael Donnelly, president of the North American Meat Cutters' union, has been asked to adjust the trouble. Late tonight a conference between Mr. Donnelly and A. W. Leonard, superintendent of the Union Stock Yards Transit Company, was arranged. Mr. Leonard will be asked to reinstate the men who have been discharged, and unless he consents to do so it is said that the five thousand butchers employed in the different packing plants will be called out on strike.

Pug Ryan Escapes

Seattle, June 4.—By the escape of "Pug" Ryan from jail at Leadville, Col., \$400 has slipped through the fingers of Detective Barbee. The amount was offered as a reward for the arrest and conviction of the noted Colorado desperado. The evidence against him on the charge of murdering a deputy sheriff of Summit county, in that state, was what the authorities term a "cinch."

It is believed by the police that sooner or later Ryan will again be captured in the vicinity of Seattle, unless he is jailed before he gets so far away from the scene of his escape. He was in the city some time before being arrested and sent back to Colorado and is believed to have considerable plunder cached here. Several burglaries occurring in the city prior to his departure are accredited to him.

"Ryan has a case of Alaska fever," said Detective Barbee. "Not only would the territory afford him a comparatively safe refuge, but he wanted to get there badly before he was captured and would have secured passage north in some way or other if he had been given a little more time. When he left I told him at the train that he had taken a chance and been landed. He answered: 'Oh, that is all right. I don't blame you, neither do I cross a bridge before reaching it. You'll see me here again before long.'"

Good for Wade

London, May 28.—Canadians are making strenuous efforts to convince British investors that they are usually interested in South African mining properties, and are neglecting opportunities for the development of British Columbia. Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., who was crown prosecutor for the Yukon, and who is the originator of a new series of schemes for opening a vast district of the northern territory, has been consulting with capitalists and engineers, and seeking to divert the interests of speculators from South Africa to the Yukon. He delivered an illustrated lecture yesterday, under the auspices of the Colonial Institute, on the resources and mineral wealth of the Yukon valley. He avoided discussion of the Alaska frontier question, but gave a

warning that Americans were displaying remarkable energy in that quarter and that British investors ought to bestir themselves.

Church—She is a Russian countess, Gotham—Indeed! Has she much in her own name?
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The Heart of the Forest

The Heart of the Forest was filled with sunshine, for it lay open to the blue sky. It was ringed around with spreading oaks, and the softest green grass grew under foot.

One morning in spring came a sweet wind, brushing the leaves as it passed them; but when it reached the Heart of the Forest, it whispered "Hush!"—laughing a little—for there in the warm sunlight, by a newly sprung sapling, sat the littlest Dryad, waiting aloud.

"Why?" sighed the wind, lifting a golden curl from her cheek.

"It's nothing but a twig, and not a tree at all!" wept the littlest Dryad. "Why couldn't I have had a big oak tree, like the others? O, it has only a tiny stem, and hardly any leaves!"

She screwed her chubby fists into the big brown eyes—for truly there were tears in them, one in each—while the wind flew away to tell the Forest.

When the Forest knew, there was a fluttering of leaves. From the nearest of the great oaks glided four slender figures, dressed in palest green tissue, which floated behind them as they ran lightly out into the sunshine and knelt around their youngest sister.

"Why do you weep, little Nephelie?" asked Maia, swiftest of all the Dryads.

"Because my tree is so very small, and because it isn't an oak, like yours, and can have no acorns in it!" sobbed the littlest Dryad, as one round tear crept down over her cheek.

"But your tree will grow," whispered Silvia. "Has no one told you that we spirits of the trees live only while they do? The water spirits live forever, but when my oak falls I shall pass away like a mist in the wind. Your tree is newly born, little sister, and if you guard it well, you will have long life in the lovely Forest."

"And besides," laughed Oenone, "our trees are all the same—with bitter acorns—while you have been given one that is quite unlike any other. See, the leaves have tiny points."

"I didn't think of that," said the littlest Dryad, brushing away the second tear, and beginning to smile.

Then Daphne, who had been watching for that, caught her sisters' hands, and together they all danced around Nephelie and her baby tree.

Now that both tears had disappeared the littlest Dryad stood up, too, and tripped about merrily on the tips of her toes.

"It's my tree, isn't it?" she asked presently.

"Surely," came the four sweet voices.

"And can I do just what I like with it?"

"If you do not harm it in any way," answered Aenone. "If you should, the harm would be to your own life as well."

"Who gave them to you?" asked Ion, laughing as he capered across the grass and pranced before her.

"They have always been mine," replied Nephelie, "just as my tree is my own. They are never afraid of me."

"Oh, your tree!" chuckled Ion. "You do not even know what kind of tree you dwell in."

"But I do," said the littlest Dryad. "It is not an oak."

"Ha, ha, ha! Not an oak? Is that its name? Has it nuts?"

"What are nuts?"

"Oh, ignorant little Nephelie! Nuts are like the acorns that fall from the oaks of Maia and her sisters, but they are sweet, instead of bitter."

"My tree shall have nuts," decided Nephelie.

"But you cannot tell what they should be like," said Ion. "Ask me. I have seen many trees with pointed leaves."

"No," said Nephelie. "This is my tree, and it shall have only the nuts that I wish. None shall be for you, because you frighten the Forest dwellers."

Ion caught up water in his palms to sprinkle over her, but the littlest Dryad only yawned a dear little yawn, leaned back against the sapling, and when Ion looked again, he saw nothing but a slender young tree waving in the evening breeze.

"If that isn't just like a Dryad!" he said, provoked that she should have eluded him so easily. He tried to catch the porcupine, to tease it, but it pricked him, and he ran away to the vineyard.

One day the littlest Dryad noticed her tree was putting out long yellow tassels—almost the same color as her own golden curls.

"They do not look like nuts," she thought, ruefully. "Little tree of mine, you must have nuts. Do you hear?"

The tree shook and quivered, and at last a gentle whisper came from the boughs.

"How? I never had any. What are they like?"

"Like acorns" said Nephelie. "They must be pale brown and shiny, like the acorns—but with a sweet white kernel."

"Yes," breathed the tree. "I'll try. But the acorns turn darker as the sun shines on them."

"Then the nuts may do it, too," returned Nephelie.

So, after the summer passed, the tassels dropped, and the littlest Dryad saw the brown, shiny nuts on her tree.

"See!" she laughed in triumph.

"See Maia, Silvia! Look, sister Daphne, at the nuts on my tree. Are they not better than acorns?" and she danced across the grass in glee.

But among the bushes was one hiding. "Yes, better than bitter acorns" said Ion, nodding his head as he ate one of the ripe kernels. He bounded away to tell all of his brother fauns, who dwell in the Forest, and when the littlest Dryad came back she found every ripe nut gone.

"Who did it?" asked the littlest Dryad ready to cry.

"Ion," sighed the tree, sadly.

Then she did cry, a very small cry—after which she felt better, and ready to find a remedy.

"You must cover all the other nuts with soft brown fur, like the rabbits," said the littlest Dryad, "and then the fauns cannot tell whether the nuts are ripe or not, and they may not take them."

"I'll try," promised the tree, and in the morning every nut was dressed in silky down, like the ears of the baby rabbits, and Nephelie tripped away to her sisters to tell them what she had done.

Alas the day! When she returned, only a few unripe nuts hung on the highest boughs. She sat down by the brook and dropped many sad tears into the running water, until Nais peeped up through the wavelets to see who was weeping so bitterly.

"What troubles you, little Nephelie?" asked the rippling voice.

"Ion, the naughty faun, has taken away my nuts. They were beautiful and brown and shiny, so I told the tree to cover them with soft fur that he might not find them; but he brought the other fauns and tore them from the branches."

"Read down and listen," said Nais. "I have seen many little fauns."

So Nephelie leaned close to the water, and the spirit of the brook whispered—just a few words, but enough to make the littlest Dryad clap her hands and run quickly back to her tree.

"Little tree, hearken," called Nephelie.

"Yes," rustled the tree.

"You shall keep the sweet white kernels, with their shining brown cover—and the soft fur shall be around to keep them warm. But outside of all you must grow little sharp spines, like the porcupine. Then

Ion and his brothers cannot touch our nuts."

"I'll try," sighed the waving branches, "but—"

It was troublesome work for so young a tree, which knew so little about nuts—but by the next morning all those that remained were concealed by a prickly coat, and the littlest Dryad nodded her sunny head, knowing that Nais was wise.

She hid behind the nearest oak—that wherein dwelt Aenone—and waited. And before many hours had passed little pattering feet were heard, and there were the fauns, ready to rob the tree of its last nuts.

"Where are they?" asked one.

"At the top," said Ion. "Throw up stones. Or wait, and I will shake the tree."

The tree cared little for what Ion could do, but at last it let one nut fall. All the fauns were on it at once—and all sprang up with pricked fingers—very angry.

"You have tricked us," they said to Ion. "You have taken the nuts away when we were far from here, and have put baby porcupines in the tree to hurt us. Soon their mother will come and shoot her sharp quills at us."

"No, no!" said Ion. "It must have been little Nephelie."

"Her hands are too soft and tender," answered the other fauns. "No, it was you. Come, brothers. Let us put Ion in the brook, and ask Nais to hold him under the water until he gives us the nuts."

Ion did not wait for that. Off he rushed, through bushes and vines and never paused until he was far down the hillside.

"If that wasn't just like a Dryad," he thought, out of breath and in a very bad temper.

But the littlest Dryad laughed happily with her sisters—and Nais laughed, too—for she had seen many little fauns.

Nigni, the Dwarf-Tells Tales.

I have told you of my battles with the grasshoppers and the bantam roosters, and I must relate yet another adventure of my childhood before I pass on.

When I was 4 years old and yet so small that I could hide in the sugar bowl, my father brought home a goat in order that we might make an experiment. Several people had told him that if I drank plenty of goat's milk I would begin to grow fat and tall, and so he paid \$3 for a goat.

I can tell you that the milk did no good at all, though I drank a quart a day for many weeks, and the folks who thought themselves so wise had to admit their mistake.

The goat and I took a dislike to each other from the start, and seeing this, my father said to me: "Nigni, you must beware of the goat. She cannot only strike a hard blow with her feet, but she can smash in the head of a barrel by butting it. If she should get in a fair blow at you with her head she would break all your bones. I have known a goat to knock a strong man down and do him a great injury."

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