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What a Time the Prince Is Having

How a Locomotive Through the Alleghany Valley and Bows to Water Tank Crowds.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Cincinnati, March 3.—Prince Henry Saturday afternoon and evening spending through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, the battlefield of Chattanooga being his objective point. In several receptions were tendered at Pittsburg, Columbus, and Cincinnati, while all along the line and until long after darkness crowds gathered to cheer the train as it sped through. The Prince made the passage of the Alleghany valley in a locomotive cab at sixty miles an hour, the train making up time lost by the Portage wreck delay. His highness dined on the train, the guests being Admiral Evans, Ambassador Von Holleben, Major General Schuler, Asst. Secretary of State Hill, Herr Carl Pollier, German consul at Cincinnati, Supt. Ralph Peters of the Pan Handle Railway, and Lieutenant Commander Von Egedy. During dinner the prince left the table to acknowledge the cheers of a water tank crowd of less than fifty on the outskirts of Xenia, Ohio.

Your clothes need pressing, cleaning or repairing see R. I. Goldberg, The Tailor, at Hirschberg's.

The Ladue Assay Office

Is prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free milling ledge. Call and talk it over with

The Ladue Co.

Whitehouse and Golden Gate Coffee At AVERY'S, 5th Ave. cor. Duke St.

REOPENED
HÖLBORN CAFE
R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR
Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m.
Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m.
OPEN ALL NIGHT
FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

The Sunset Range For home comfort.

The famous double oven Hotel Range

Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



A NATURAL QUERY.

Copped by Government

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Rome, March 3.—The Italian government by a strange quibble is retaining possession of Sassoferato's famous Madonna, stolen from the Church of St. Sabina, Rome, a few months ago. A detective posing as an art collector recovered the picture, which the government has taken over under the terms of a regulation providing that every work of art allowed to be removed from a public collection reverts to the state. The painting is valued at \$50,000.

Boer Delegates

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, March 3. — Messrs. Woolmarians and Wessels, Boer delegates, have arrived here.

Northern Re-Opened!
Quick lunch, 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. 7c.
Dinner, a la carte, 5 to 8 p. m.
WE NEVER CLOSE

THE DAWSON CLUB

E. W. PAYNE, Prop.
Membership fee \$6.00 per month, which entitles member to a \$6.00 commutation ticket for billiards, pool or bowling.
1st. Avenue, Over Monte Carlo.

W. P. & Y. R.'S LATEST DODGE

Endeavoring to Secure American Sympathy for Excessive Charges by Agitating International Boundary Question—The Schedule Is Approved.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Vancouver, March 3.—Officers of the White Pass and Yukon are endeavoring to secure American sympathy by agitating the Alaskan boundary question in connection with their rights and rates. At a meeting of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce the railroad officials stated that in the earliest history of the road rates for the section from Skagway to the United States department of the interior for revision. The head of that department had approved the rates and they had gone into force with some slight reductions. Ever since they have been continually lowered and the officials stated that there is not a class or commodity of goods at present shipped over the Skagway end of the line at as high a rate as the American government approved.

The railway people also say that at the same time they furnished a list of rates to the Canadian government for revision but got no reply for eighteen months. At the time the schedule was given, the joint high commission was in session, and the fact of the disputed boundary line was thought to be the cause of the alleged delay. It was also stated that the Dominion government in the recent arrangement of rates had provided that if the rate on the American end of the road was increased to make up for loss on the Canadian end, the rate on the latter would be very much lowered, in order to make the through rate what the government considered proper. In this the Seattle Chamber of Commerce believes the Canadian government is practically exercising control over American citizens in territory now under the American flag and members of the Chamber stated their belief that the Ottawa authorities are endeavoring to establish precedent for all the territory down to Skagway.

in this theory of the position that at the meeting there was exhibited the report of a mining suit heard at Victoria with comments by Justice Martin of the British Columbia court, who in his decision, it was claimed, had all but settled the point, naming the summit as the line of demarcation of the boundary. Just what action will result from this view of the case from an American standpoint is difficult to say. Any action taken here, either from Atlin or American suggestion, will be on the ground that the American government should insist on having the complete "say" with regard to the Skagway section.

Saturday's Canadian Official Gazette contains orders-in-council in regard to reduction of rates of the White Pass sanctioned by the company and approved by the minister of railways. Hon. Mr. Blair says the rates are now such as the company is fairly entitled to charge.

While the charges are only fixed between White Pass and Dawson, provision is made to cancel and rescind the government approval and reduce tolls should the company increase the rate on the American end. The maximum rate for the conveyance of passengers is fixed at eighteen cents per mile. Fares are to be computed according to mileage between stations, adding one mile instead of any fraction less than a mile.

Murdered in Bed
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Scottsville, Ill., March 3. — Woodford Hughes, a prominent resident, was murdered in bed by three unknown men.

Former Dawsonite
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Victoria, March 3. — William Sloan formerly of Dawson, will be Dunsmuir's candidate for the legislature.

Legislature Adjourned
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Winnipeg, March 3. — The Manitoba

legislature prorogued Saturday evening. At the eleventh hour the opposition endeavored to get a charter through for the Northern Pacific to build a new railway in the province, but failed.

For Washington State

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, March 3. — The president has sent to the senate for confirmation of the nomination of C. W. Ide to be collector of customs for the Puget Sound district, and of C. B. Hopkins to be U. S. marshal for Washington.

TILLMAN GETS BACK

At Senators In His Characteristic Way

His State Stands Up for Him by Canceling Invitation to President.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, March 1. — The Tillman-McLaurin incident has been officially closed with formal apologies to the Senate, although Tillman when his name was called added a new sensation by observing: "Among gentlemen apology for an offence committed under the heat of blood is usually considered sufficient." The feeling of the Southerners in the matter is shown, however, by a letter Lieut-Governor Tillman of South Carolina, has written President Roosevelt and which is interpreted as a counter to the president's cancellation of the dinner invitation to Senator Tillman. The senatorial letter reads: "A short while ago I had the honor to address Your Excellency a letter requesting that on the occasion of your visit to Charleston you present a sword to Major Micah Jenkins, First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, of whose gallantry you spoke so highly, your words being engraved on the scabbard. You accepted the invitation, for which I thank you. I am now requested by contributors to the sword fund to ask that you withdraw said acceptance."

PITTSBURG A LA VENICE

Rivers of Water Run In the Streets

Inundation Throws 60,000 Men out of Employment—No Fatalities as Yet.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Pittsburg, March 3. — Although no fatality has yet occurred through floods in the Alleghany Valley, the great damage done by the '84 flood has been exceeded by many thousands of dollars, and many more interests have been affected. No approximation money damage is yet possible, but it will be many millions. Upwards of sixty thousand men are temporarily unemployed through the inundation forcing suspension of mills, factories and other industries. Pittsburg streets run rivers and hundreds of families are living perforce in upper stories of houses which are alone out of water. Railways are all submerged and at the western penitentiary the basements are inundated and air-renovating and electric lighting plants are ruined. The institution is wholly without heat and has only lighted candles and lamps. The Hotel Lincoln has ten feet of water in the basement, while the Victoria and Boyer hotels are almost as bad. The Dusquesne and Alvin theatres are closed and all business in the lower sections of the city is suspended.

Family Murdered

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Welch, La., March 3.—Business is entirely suspended here owing to the murder of six members of the Earl family which at present makes the transaction of affairs impossible.

YUKON AFFAIRS

Especially Provided for In Future

By Appointment of Honorable H. J. Senkler to British Columbia Bench.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, March 3.—An order-in-council has been passed appointing Gordon to the position of Chief Justice of British Columbia. There is a very strong probability that H. J. Senkler will also be made a British Columbia judge with special jurisdiction over Yukon affairs.

Scared the Children.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Decatur, Ill., March 3.—Eva Wiseman, a teacher in the city schools, was shot dead before her class by Fletcher Barnett, whom she is said to have rejected, and who is also dead, having shot himself and then cast himself into a well.

To Oust Noyes

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, March 3. — Having received all the evidence against Judge Noyes, formerly of Nome, Attorney-General Knox has recommended his immediate dismissal.

Also Some Booze

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Louisville, Ky., March 3. — Kentucky will have a \$100,000 building at the St. Louis exposition.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$50.00 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." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

MONDAY, MARCH 3, 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 Theatre—"On the Rappahanock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE REAL CULPRIT.

Outside papers now arriving in Dawson contain the most sensational reports conceivable of the manner in which the orders-in-council affecting the Treadgold concession were received in Dawson, and the effect upon the community.

The following taken from the Seattle Star of Feb. 17 will indicate the sort of stuff with which the country has been flooded:

DAWSON BEING DEPOPULATED THROUGH A SWEEPING ORDER.

All Work is Abandoned and Miners, Prospectors and Business Men Make Preparations to Seek American Soil at Once—Dogs Go Beyond Price—Camp in State of Turmoil.

MONSTER MASS MEETING IN PROGRESS.

Concessions Granted by the Privy Council Give the Treadgold Water and Mining Syndicate Absolute Possession of All Vacant Ground and All Ground to Become Vacant in the Richest Portion of the Klondike—Canadians Join Americans in Indignation and Will Leave for Other Fields—Business Men See Ruin.

"Dawson, Y. T., Feb. 17, * * *

"Consternation followed the announcement of the sweeping order, and a mass meeting was called to take action. The first step was by the Liberal Club, which wired resolutions to Ottawa praying parliament to thwart the action of the privy council.

"The people are excited as never before and at this hour are holding a monster mass meeting where the nature of what is a real disaster can be thoroughly understood. All miners who are not already in possession of paying claims of sufficient richness to warrant their remaining in the district and paying the royalties exacted are preparing to leave for the American side, and dogs are now out of the market. By tomorrow night the trails down the river will be covered with men who are going to new fields. Business men are the ones that will suffer the greatest financial loss, as in the depopulation of the camp they see ruin confronting them.

"A large percentage of the men who are thronging the streets and making preparations to leave the camp announce their intention of making Eagle City their objective point, from where they will scatter out to the various fields that have been but slightly prospected. Many others, particularly the old-time miners, say they will go to Circle City, where they will outfit for interior work, and still others propose to head over into the Tanana and Kuskokwim districts.

"Unless action is taken at Ottawa immediately six weeks will see a deserted camp and not a prospector in this portion of the country. The

miners will make no further attempts in the Northwest territory, as they say, with good reason, that it is unprofitable to work and develop a country where they may lose all rights whenever they find anything of importance. Canadians as well as Americans are aroused and many of the former will seek American fields."

Whoever is responsible for sending a report of the above nature from Dawson should be driven from the country. If there is any person in Dawson so hostile to the interests of the community as the author of that report must be, the fact should be known, and the sooner the better.

The damage created by the publication of such an article is scarcely calculable. Every newspaper of any size in the United States and those in Canada having no knowledge of the real facts, have contained the above or similar articles and to attempt to secure an equally wide-spread denial would be impossible.

If Commissioner Ross based his remarks in referring to the Treadgold concession upon such newspaper reports it is no wonder he characterized them as "hot air." The whole thing is false and misleading in every particular and contains scarcely a single allegation which can be said to have foundation in fact.

When it is remembered, however, that the News of this city was filled for several days with matter equally false and almost as sensational—it is scarcely to be wondered at that the outside papers have gone so far astray from the facts. The News set itself to the task of persuading the community that every miner and business man was ruined and in the pursuance of that effort resorted to falsification and exaggeration of the most pronounced nature.

The results of that policy are now being seen. The sensational press all ways on the lookout for such material, seized eagerly upon the mass of fictitious statements with which the News was filled and they have now been spread to the four quarters of the globe. Thanks to the Daily News of this city, the belief prevails in the commercial centres of the world that Dawson is in its declining days.

And what has been accomplished? The case against Treadgold has not been made one whit stronger than it would have been through a recital of the unvarnished facts. The prospects of securing a cancellation of the grant are no better than they would have been by relying entirely upon the truth—and, in fact, the governments' position has been strengthened to this extent, that it is able to describe much of what has been published against the concession as false and unduly exaggerated.

In the face of existing conditions we doubt if the News, even, will have the temerity to defend the distorted statements to which it gave publication. In so far as the position of the outside press is concerned, the News is the real culprit.

Committed Suicide. Milwaukee, Feb. 14.—Word was received in Milwaukee today of the suicide by hanging of David C. Jones, a well-known railroad man, at Ottumwa, Ia. Mr. Jones formerly was division freight agent of the St. Paul road at Milwaukee, general Northwestern freight agent at Minneapolis, and later division freight agent at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Change of Base. Mr. Geo. A. Hunter, formerly with the Ames Mercantile Co., is now with Sargeant & Pinsky, and will be pleased to have his many friends call upon him at the latter place.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

Advertisement for Swell Shirts and J. P. McLennan, 233 Front Street.

Chat Cottage In Spain

I had been indulging in a grumble all to myself, and felt the better for it. Every now and then I am convinced that it is good for me to set down dispassionately and without bitterness the ill that one is heir to through being sole unwed daughter of the house. I put down the petty mortifications, the small trials, the constant pin pricks, then I add them up and look at the sum total. "That, my dear," I say, "is your little load; why make a fuss about it? Others have far more to bear; up with the bundle and carry it another stage!"

My mother and I had that morning fallen out, or, rather, gently disagreed, over the arrival of my clerical brother John's tenth child, an arrow for which there seemed absolutely no room in his over-full quiver. But my mother, dear soul, was charmed at the news; what did it matter, she said, how many there were; every baby brought so much love with it. Being a prosaic person, I suggested that a baby did not, however, bring its own boots and shoes, and that nine olive branches seemed really enough for the poor vicar of a poor parish.

My mother assured me, first, that I was hard-hearted, and secondly, that I "knew nothing at all about it." She sent John a five-pound note, and his wife an invitation to come "as soon as possible, and stay a fortnight, bringing the darling baby; "had it dear John's eyes?"

It was not so much the arrival of the tenth superfluous infant, poor little soul, that I grumbled at as the curious unfairness of things in general. In the arithmetic of this world the division sums have always seemed to me to be worked out wrongly. Why, for instance, should John have ten children, and Agnes two husbands—not together, of course—and all the others mates and offspring, while I spent three-fourths of my year looking after nephews and nieces, who wrote afterward—or their parents did—to thank "Grandmama" for a delightful visit. Grandmama also sent them cakes or hampers; but I know who made the cakes, and who packed those hampers. My mother invariably had the glory, whilst I had the trouble.

Now a model maiden aunt would no doubt have asked "nothing more, nothing more." But I had not started out with the idea of being an aunt at all; my auntship had been thrust upon me. It did not seem fair. And so I went on musing over the tablecloth that I was darning. Yes, the world needed reform; too many good and pleasant things fell into one lap. One girl got the presents, the trousseau, the love, the honeymoon, the husband, the home, the children. Another woman got—nothing, and, having nothing, she got nothing added unto it. That was the law and the prophets. Now, if I were Jove, or the father of a family, I would arrange matters differently. The girl who did not marry should have a trousseau; she should have, not exactly a honeymoon perhaps, but a jolly trip to Switzerland or Italy; she should also have some money to buy her own presents with. The less attractive she was the more I should bestow upon her, to make up for other things. Nothing, of course, could make up for the crown of life, the love that is beyond and above everything else; but, at any rate, in my proposed scheme of amendment the girl would get something.

For myself, I had not gone unwooded, and my mother was wont to declare that I had sadly neglected what she was pleased to call my "chances." It is convenient to be able to settle down soberly into any handy nest with almost any respectable male; but this faculty was denied me. Like other girls, I had dreamed of a not-impossible he, and this dream lover had seemed so far above those who presented themselves in tangible everyday flesh that I had never been able to discard him for any one of them. He was heart of my heart and soul of my soul; the others simply represented an establishment—a thing I did not crave for in the least. I wanted love—not merely a certainty of bacon and eggs in the morning and a good dinner at night.

The bees were humming and there was a warm drowsiness in the air, laden as it was with the scent of the jasmine that lovingly hung around our front door. The garden gate clicked and I looked up to see who was coming in. My work dropped and I rose smilingly, but without haste. It seemed perfectly natural to see him waiting for me by the Gloire de Dijon roses, and that I should go out to him with glad eyes and outstretched hands. For it was he, my other self, the man I had loved all my lonely years. His face—kind, resolute, strong, humorous—was quite familiar to me, yet I had never seen it before with my mortal eyes. It was

not specially handsome, but it satisfied me; I could never have been happy with a man lacking a chin or possessed of a nose like General Wolfe's. My heart was so full that I could only murmur, "You are come then?" He took both my hands into his firm clasp and smiled down into my eyes.

"Dearest, I am grieved that you have had to wait," he said; "but you will come now, will you not?" "I am quite ready," I answered, without any pretense of coyness; joyously, in fact. I did not even ask where we were going. As we left the garden and turned down a tree-shaded path I had never noticed before, all the harmonies of nature seemed to resolve themselves into a glorious wedding march to the music of which we two walked hand in hand.

What did we talk about? I hardly know; yet I felt the delight of unburdening myself to one who understood and loved me. I told him how tiresome I often found my life, how trivial and unsatisfying; he did not, being he, make the mistake of enumerating its advantages. I even confessed to him what a trial I found George's common little wife, who might have stepped into our family from behind the counter of a third-rate draper's shop.

"Yet she patronizes me because she has a husband and two children," I said pathetically. "But you have me," said my companion, smiling again, and then we stopped to kiss each other, and laughed out of sheer lightness of heart. Love was enough; it filled my empty cup to overflowing.

Time having nothing to do with the enchanted land in which we were wandering, I know not how long it was before we reached home. "I knew your simple tastes, so I did not build a castle for you," at length my companion said. "A castle?" I repeated wonderingly.

"Darling, yes. I knew you would prefer a cottage. Here it is, then; a cottage in Spain." "We are in Spain!" The idea did not exactly surprise me, but I had to get used to it. A cottage, too, in that country seemed out of the common; but how much more reasonable and comfortable than a castle in Spain, with its airy foundations!

When I saw it I was enchanted, for it was just what I had dreamed of all my life. It stood in the midst of a garden filled with roses, and dear old-fashioned flowers with honest faces; there was a porch with wide seats; and inside the walls were lined with books—the books that my soul delighted in. There was not much furniture, and there were absolutely no knick-knacks. The lightness and brightness that pervaded the whole place cannot be described. I caught sight of myself in a mirror let into the wall. Heavens! was that I, that happy youthful vision, smiling back at me? Yes, and beyond a doubt I was beautiful too; what a wonderful, delightful country was Spain!

"Why did I never know of this cottage before?" I asked. "It has been here for years waiting for you," answered my companion tenderly. "While I waited too—I have stood by your side many a time and looked into your eyes, saying to myself, 'Today she will recognize me; this time she will understand.'"

"I have been blind," I replied. "Oh, how blind!" My real life began. I realized that a period of shadows only had preceded it. Sometimes we wandered into the deep green forest that surrounded our tiny home; sometimes we read or talked; when we were silent our souls held intimate communion. I fancy we must have dined off rose leaves and quaffed pure nectar out of acorn cups. My spirit was bathed in the peace of heaven; I had no doubts, no fears.

Happiness cares nothing for such tedious divisions of eternity as days, weeks, months, and in our cottage in Spain there was not a single clock. So I do not know the exact time when a nameless terror began to assail me, a haunting dread that never left me.

This reached its climax when I saw my beloved companion fingering a small key, which he presently put into my reluctant hand. How cold that tiny key felt!

"Can I not stay here for ever?" I murmured piteously. "Dear heart, this country has one drawback; no one is allowed to reside in it continuously."

"It is a very foolish regulation," said I tearfully. "All building ground in Spain is granted under that condition," answered my companion tenderly. "You must go back to the world, dearest, and play your part in the drama people call life. But you will take the key of your real home with you, and whenever your spirit is weary and you long for rest, you can return here."

I fell sobbing upon his breast. "I thought you were a real husband and this was a real house," I cried. "but you are only a dream husband, after all!" "Why should that distress you?" he said, and kissed my lips and hair.

There is a good deal to do in the house, for John's wife is here with the new baby, also the baby before that, and the baby before that. They have come for three weeks; and then we are to have Ethel's delicate twins, and poor old fractious Miss Cross, who is so ridiculously like a very homely cow belonging to Farmer Stubbings that I always expect her

to say "Moo" in answer to my questions. Life does not, however, seem so tiresome and perplexing, because I never quite forget that I possess a cottage in Spain, to which I can return at any minute—E. Braine in London "Outlook." All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

Sun Time Always. Alex. McCarter of the Dawson Jewelry Store has completed arrangements with L. Neelad, C. E. by which he will hereafter be in a position to give the people of Dawson absolutely correct sun time. It can always be relied upon and there will be no variance whatever.

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

THE AUDITORIUM. ALL THIS WEEK, ON THE RAPPAHANOCK. LIFE MOTION PICTURES.

NEW SAVOY. A Country School. Together with a large O.L.D. introducing all the old time Favorites. Dawson's only first-class vaudeville show.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. Steamer Newport.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"-"Farallon"-"Dirigo". For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points.

Burlington Route. No matter to what point you may be bound, your ticket should read. Via the Burlington. M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WA.

Yukon Telephone Syn. By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Dawson, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can have at your ends over 200 speaking men.

Found the North Pole

Nome, Alaska, dreaming of the winter months, there is a man whose imagination that to a certain individual might be a fortune. His name is James Hartman; he is secretary of the Arctic Boys' Liar Club, and of the Klondike Club, and is a worthy and official and has evidently been in the Klondike for some time. The recent mail from Nome, Alaska, Nov. 20, 1901, contained a letter from Hartman to the Seattle Times.

The letter was published in the Seattle Times. It was a narrative by one of Nome's most successful young men; a young man who knows naught of the ways of the Klondike, neither has he ever been there, though tempted much by the constant failure of honest men to make a sale of barren claims. It should reach you about the 15th of the month. It is a story of the Klondike under the influence of the "Rubber Neck" and "Jessie Moore."

JAMES HARTMAN,
Arctic Boys' Liar Club.

The narrative referred to in the Seattle Times herewith just as it was published in the Seattle Times. It was a story of the Klondike under the influence of the "Rubber Neck" and "Jessie Moore."

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netic sand which was only with a great deal of difficulty separated from the gold. Hartman conceived the idea of a big magnet in connection with the hydraulic process of mining, the magnet to extract the magnetic sand and thus make it comparatively easy to secure the gold. Hartman spoke to his comrades about the proposed process and they thought well of it, so well, in fact, that they arranged to at once return to the Sound, taking with them some of the ore and sand. The trip was made in safety and after further tests had shown the ore and sand to be valuable a large magnet was ordered from a Seattle foundry, the largest magnet of the kind ever made in the world. It was made in the shape of a horseshoe, was 200 feet long, weighed 400 tons, was 45 feet wide between points and 65 feet at the loop.

It was impossible, of course, to keep the matter quiet, and when the day arrived upon which this immense magnet was to be loaded aboard the "Rubber Neck" thousands of people were out to witness the great undertaking. After forty-eight hours of continual work the monster piece of metal was safely lashed to the deck of the "Rubber Neck." This done, and all were ready for the journey north. The gold and iron fields were reached much quicker than any one expected, the trip being made in several days less time than that occupied on the first journey. It was a surprise to all, but none could explain it.

They anchored again in Kotzebue Sound but the anchorage seemed to be poor as the "Rubber Neck" continually drifted north. They then decided to steer over into the vicinity of Point Barrow, where they knew the anchorage to be good, and to lay off there. So they raised the anchor and started. After two hours steaming they sighted a revenue cutter and as they approached they saw that she was coming towards them. In due time both boats signalled on which side they would pass, but as they approached nearer each other it was quite evident that there had been a misunderstanding. The boats were closing in on each other as if to ram and when only 200 yards separated them the captain of the cutter was heard to shout loudly through his megaphone:

"If you don't change your course we will fire on you!"

Then the men aboard the "Rubber Neck" saw the sailor uncover the guns on the revenue cutter. As they did so, however, the cannons wrenched loose and flew aboard the "Rubber Neck," making fast to the magnet. In another moment the two boats came together with a terrible force. The "Rubber Neck" struck the cutter bow on and nearly cut her in two. In less than five minutes she went to the bottom. The "Rubber Neck" was damaged, but could float. She was rapidly drawing away from the scene of the accident and in spite of efforts to change her course she continued northward at a high rate of speed. The engines were reversed, but the steamer would not stop, despite the fact that a dead calm prevailed. A boat was lowered and in to this Hartman and Phillips pulled over to a whaler which was close at hand and asked that an effort be made to overtake the "Rubber Neck" and a line passed to her. The chase began, but the "Rubber Neck" and her immense magnet were traveling at too great a speed.

The runaway steamer was gradually nearing the ice and those aboard the whaler watched her until she struck. Instead of going to pieces she seemed to slip up onto the ice, fall over on her side and continue her headlong flight northward. After traveling this way for a distance of about half a mile she became wedged between two immense masses of ice. A great strain was on the cable which held the magnet, and the immense piece of metal threatened to pull the boat to pieces.

Capt. Reems and Edmonds, who had almost died of fright, but who had not been injured in any way, climbed out of the boat on to the ice. After taking the moon with the sextant, the captain figured that he was in latitude 88 degrees north, on the ice fields, one mile from the ice shore and broke. But the whaler was close at hand and sent a small boat to the ice shore and all who had been aboard the "Rubber Neck" were taken off the ice and aboard the whaler. And they were none too soon away from the "Rubber Neck." Up in the north was heard a terrible commotion, and while the men were gazing in that direction there came shooting through the air an immense object, the like of which none aboard the whaler had ever seen. It made straight for the "Rubber Neck" and struck it with a crash that could have been heard for miles. The timbers were shivered into splinters but the big magnet and the

strange object stuck close together. Next morning a trip was made to the burial ground of the "Rubber Neck." There was found an immense steel column, 1,000 feet long, tapering from a point to a base of fifty feet in diameter. The men realized at once that they had uprooted the North Pole. It was of solid steel and bore no marks of man's hand. They all agreed to keep the matter secret, fearing they had dislocated the base of navigation and would thereby earn the condemnation of the civilized world. Later, however, they decided to tell to the world their experience that valuable lives might not be further sacrificed in vain attempts to reach the pole, when they knew that it was not where it had previously been.

The above statement of fact is given out by one of the original party, who is at the present time chief mucker and manager of the Magnetic Iron Mine Company. It is now up to the people of Seattle to bring the fool down to prove his statement and get the honors. Feeling guilty of having sunk the cutter by drawing her into our prow and of wrecking our own expedition, we give these facts to the Seattle Times with the privilege of publishing the same. There is one proviso, however: The Times must use its influence to prevent the captain of the cutter losing his papers in case of an investigation. The writer has spent three years in Alaska and that fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of his usefulness. For further reference I would also refer you to any man in Tacoma.

With my right hand on the free lunch counter and in the presence of Billy the Mug, I will swear to the truth of the foregoing.

JAMES HARTMAN,
In Seattle Times.

Only a Lover's Quarrel

It was a gloomy ride for Lucy Penbridge — depressing enough for both of them, indeed, until they started homeward from a certain little country village, in the damp, dripping, sweet-smelling twilight of the summer day. In the first place a cloud had risen between Lucy and Tom at their last meeting, a little cloud, to be sure, but quite sufficient, considering the marvellously expansive and accumulative nature of clouds, to furnish the nucleus of a storm.

Tom had asked Lucy not to waltz with other men henceforth, feeling, in his devotingly jealous passion for her, that no masculine arm but his own ought now to encircle her waist. Lucy, not understanding the motive, still less the feeling, that prompted this request, indignantly informed him that she should waltz with whom she pleased, and that if he could not trust her now it would be better that he should be relieved at once of an uncertainty that might grow worse in the future. Tom was amazed and frightened at the way she took it. He stammered, explained, pleaded and finally backed down altogether, humbly withdrawing his request. But the lovers had parted from one another with constraint, and each felt that the next meeting might bring the crisis.

Yet Tom knew instinctively that every hour of separation would only widen the rift between them, so he had called for Lucy two days later, with a shining rig from the livery stable, and invited her for an afternoon drive. The ill-concealed coolness between them was the first dampener on their enjoyment, and then they had hardly driven two miles into the country before a veritable cloud came up over the distant hills, bringing with it sudden and unexpected rain. One heavy shower had followed another, all the afternoon. The young people had no umbrellas, and of course the rain beat under the buggytop and they both got very moist.

In this unfortunate condition, and the unfortunate mood resulting from it, they reopened the discussion of two days previous and had a real out-and-out lovers' quarrel, during which Lucy tore off her engagement ring to Tom, and Tom thrust it into his pocket with seemingly wrathful unconcern, as if it had been a nickel in change. And then, to cap the climax, one of the wheels of their carriage became set, on the outskirts of a village ten miles from home, and they performed came to a dead stop in the rain.

The horse had halted in front of a small white house with green blinds. Everything about the place looked primly and immaculately neat and Tom suggested to Lucy, in the same formal and courteous manner that he would have used toward any lady who happened to be riding with him, that she should alight and go into the house, while he obtained the necessary tools and materials for greasing the refractory wheel. Lucy—glad enough to escape from Tom for a few minutes, and get a chance to swallow the lump in her throat—assented; so they left the discouraged horse standing in the middle of the road and

walked together up the box-bordered pathway to the door of the little house.

Tom's knock brought with suspicious promptness an answering rattle of the knob. The door was flung wide open and the smiling countenance of a little, faded gentleman in a rusty black coat and white lawn-tie confronted them.

"I saw you coming, my dear young friends," the gentleman explained, beaming expectantly upon the bedraggled pair, "and hastened to welcome you. It is a bad day outside, but love, they say, has all seasons for its own, and I suppose, all weathers. Come in, young friends, come right in!"

The face of the faded little clergyman was fairly luminous, as he stood holding the door wide open, and shuffling eagerly to and fro in his carpet slippers.

Both of the young people flushed scarlet, and if the fervent gentleman at the door had been of an artistic temperament, he would surely have experienced a thrill of delight at the picture before him, so rich in coloring—the exquisitely clear flaming of those hot young cheeks against the grayish, foggy background of rain; the downcast, wholesome, handsome faces of man and maid, touched with a certain refining pain and shadow, in subtle harmony with their surroundings. But the Rev. John Albee saw only what he had seen so often before with cheerful gratitude, a well-to-do and likely young pair of lovers, who had alighted at his door and slipped up the box-bordered path to be married.

"Come in!" he reiterated, with an imperative and yet winning tone, attuned by long professional experience to the wistfully bashful mood of lovers. He shuffled seductively backwards in the carpet slippers, and waved his hand toward the little parlor, where Hymen's altar had long been established.

"There—there must be some mistake, sir," stammered Tom. "You were expecting some other parties, I dare say. We simply called to—"

"You will pardon a slight deafness, my dear young friend," said the clergyman, anxiously, but still smilingly.

"There is some mistake, I say, sir!" cried Tom, raising his voice.

"Not at all, not at all!" the beaming clergyman assured him. "You have come to the right house, sir. I am the Rev. Mr. Albee. Pray walk in. It is very damp outside."

"Confound it!" shouted Tom, now thoroughly out of patience. "I don't want your professional services, sir! I called to see if I could borrow a jack and wrench—"

"If it is the license you are troubled about, my young friend," continued the clergyman briskly, "I assure you it can be obtained just as well after the ceremony, as I have a friendly understanding with the town clerk to that effect, in view of the quite pardonable confusion and absent-mindedness of young men at such times."

"See here!" exclaimed Tom, wrathfully and very distinctly, as if he were talking to a telephone that just wouldn't understand. "I—tell—you—we—don't—want—to—get—get—married!"

"Oh, Tom!"

The voice was choked and tremulous and barely audible, but it brought Tom down off the top step, where he had perched himself to shout at the deaf clergyman, with an eager, bending swiftness that must have rejoiced the heart of Hymen's perplexed local agent.

"Do we?" demanded Tom, stooping over the blushing girl with a look in his eyes like that of a condemned criminal who sees from the gallows a horseman thundering up the hill with a possible pardon from the governor.

"Do we?" he repeated pleadingly. "It's such a chance, Tom!" faltered Lucy, with a woman's passion for a suspended and never-to-be-repeated opportunity shining in her eyes.

Tom straightened up and extended his hand impulsively to the clergyman. The latter took it, with some slight show of professional surprise, but utilized the momentary advantage by drawing the young man into the house. Then the door closed upon the radiant pair and the dripping horse looked after them in vain.

Twenty minutes elapsed before the minister came out in a rubber coat, jacked up the set wheel and, with Tom's tremulous and uncertain assistance, poured oil upon the troubled axle. The young people went on their way with faces brighter than the fitfully returning sunlight, and the Rev. Mr. Albee re-entered the house and smilingly handed to his wife two crisp \$10 bills.—"Orange Judd Farmer."

They Buy Platinum.
Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 14. — An official in the Canadian government assay office informed the Times correspondent today that there had been quantities of Klondike platinum brought to them of late. He said a recent story that vast fortunes are

being thrown away and that platinum was mined in large quantities with gold brought in was exaggerated.

It had, however, come under their notice that platinum was being bought up in the Klondike at \$4 an ounce and sold here all the way from \$15 to \$20 an ounce. On the strength of this semi-official statement, the Times' correspondent made further investigation with the result that he secured the information that a ring of gang of men had been for a long time imposing on ignorant miners throughout the Klondike, buying up the platinum on different pretexts, the principal one being that it was a metal of little use in the market, but they had made special arrangements to dispose of it at a slight profit.

The assay office authorities would not commit themselves as to the exact amount of platinum which passed over their counters. It was suggested, however, by what was said, that the swindle was a pretty extensive one. Some informants placed the amount involved at hundreds of thousands of dollars, and others at a much less figure.—Seattle Times.

Prominent Physician Dead.
Springfield, Ill., Feb. 14.—Dr. John L. Million, one of the most prominent physicians in this city, died today, aged 75 years. He was a surgeon in the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry — Gen. John A. Logan's regiment —

during the Civil War. For thirty years he was chief medical examiner of the Ancient Order of United Workmen and was a member of the board of pension examiners under Presidents Cleveland and McKinley.

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

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THIRD - NEAR A. C. STUBBS

Mystery of Jack's Wife

Twice in my life have those remarkably sharp lawyers, Messrs. Wiper and Filey, been clients of mine. I remember the first time they instructed me I was very hopeful that their case would bring me a good deal of fame. It was an action for breach of promise, and the defendant was none other than that exemplary nobleman, Lord Lampetter. He had written to my client a series of letters which certainly would have startled and shocked the Nonconformist conscience an article which was much respected by Lord Lampetter and his political friends. My client was Miss Mabel Lamont. She was as pretty a woman as it has ever been my luck to see.

I shall never forget how beautiful she looked as she sat in my chambers one day telling me, in that sweet, low voice of hers, some very awkward facts in her life which the other side would be sure to bring out in cross-examination. I must say I was much the more embarrassed at the interview. And when I assured her that the awkward facts would not prevent her recovering damages she was quite ready to face cross-examination. Bold though she was, one day after the action was put down for trial, Mr. Filey came to my chambers and told me that she, as he put it, "had chucked up the sponge."

"The fact is," he said, "they seem to have found out something about her which has frightened her out of court. I don't know what it was, but judging from what she was prepared to face, it must have been something very tall."

I thought so, too. I heard nothing more of Wiper & Filey until one day when they retained me to go to Northchester Sessions. When old Filey came on me I must say that I was rather surprised, and I told him that unfortunately, I did not belong to that circuit or to those sessions.

"That be blowed," he answered. "I send you there special," and he mentioned a fee which I thought to be highly satisfactory.

Now, it happened that I had intended to run down to Penzance to my brother Jack's wedding, and that brief would alter my plans. But ever since my call I had determined that nothing should stand in the way of business, so I went to Northchester instead of going to see Jack married.

I must admit that I did not distinguish myself at Northchester. It was a mystery to me why my client, John Bludgett, wanted my services. He was accused of housebreaking, and had been caught redhanded.

I think that the members of the sessions were quite right in the opinion, which they did not conceal, that local talent could have done all that could have been done for the prisoner, which was really nothing at all.

The bar seemed to think that it was very queer that I should have been retained, and I agreed with them. I never got any more briefs from Messrs. Wiper & Filey. If I had known that nothing would have come of the case in the way of future briefs I don't think the fee would have tempted me to desert Jack on the day of his wedding. He was not at all hurt, however, and when he returned from the continent he was very anxious that I should come and stay with them at the old home in which I was born. I knew nothing about Jack's wife—he had met her abroad, and married at Penzance, but I felt very well disposed to her, as it was clear from his letters that she had made Jack very happy.

Jack was out when I arrived, and my sister-in-law was in the drawing-room alone. I noticed how the room was altered. All the familiar bits of furniture which Jack liked from old associations were there, but they were tastefully arranged.

I never knew before what a pretty room it was, opening out into the old-fashioned garden and well-wooded park. Then suddenly I knew that I had seen my sister-in-law before. There were no two women so alike, I felt sure. That tall, slender figure and well-cut features, and even the long, thin white hand she held out, belonged to my client Mabel Lamont. I thought her the loveliest woman I had ever seen, and then, as I looked into her sweet face and watched those wonderful eyes, I remembered the awful letters of good Lord Lampetter's, and our last interview at my chambers in the Temple, when she, with so much coolness, prepared me for the astounding admissions which she would have to make.

"Of course you know me, Gilbert," she said, calling me by my Christian name, as if she wished to emphasize our relationship. "Wait and see how happy Jack is before you make up your mind to tell him anything. If you drive me away I shall take all Jack's happiness with me. How many

men hide their past from the women they marry? Why should a woman's past matter so much and a man's so little?"

My discovery was too late. If I had found her out before the wedding it would have been different. I thought of that wretched case which had taken me to Northchester Sessions, and then a suspicion crossed my mind which hardened me against her. "It was a trick of yours that prevented our meeting before the wedding," I said angrily.

A smile came into her face and her eyes laughed unpleasantly. "Surely you do not think the worse of me because I played my cards well? I will tell you how I managed. I have known those lawyers for some time, and I know they have as little scruple as any of their kind. They could trust me to pay for their services, and I could trust them to earn their money. When Jack came to me with your telegram—he was so sorry that you couldn't come and thought it unlucky—I knew they had managed it all right." So that was the explanation of my being specially retained.

"I wish I had been here to welcome you," said Jack, as he came in, "but by this time you two have made friends. I often thought how well you would get on with each other. I have never known two people more happy together than they were. She seemed to understand Jack thoroughly. There was not a cloud in his happiness. She seemed to have forgotten all about the past and the danger of her position. Looking at her I sometimes found myself wondering whether conduct, after all, matters as much as we think it does."

I began half to forget all I knew. It was glorious summer weather, and we three would spend long days on the river, as Jack and I used to years before, sailing out to the sea or up to the little village ten miles away over the marshes. She had been brought up by the sea and it was pretty to see her in a boat—she was so clever and handy in managing it. One morning Jack told me that he expected a visitor.

"He's a relation of Mabel's," he said, "one of the few she has in the world."

I asked a few questions about him and heard that his name was Gordon, and that he had lived a good deal of his life abroad, and had no regular profession. They had come across him in Switzerland during their honeymoon. My sister-in-law did not seem in very good spirits at the notion of her relation's visit. I could see a worn look in her face, and Jack for the first time, looked a little troubled. He told me that his wife was not well. It seemed to me that there was a storm in the air, and that matters might, after all, come to a crisis.

I must say that at first I was rather favorably impressed with Gordon's appearance. He was a tall, spare, light-haired man of about forty. He seemed a gentleman by birth, and had good manners. But the good impression he made soon began to wear off. When he talked to Mabel I could detect in tone and manner a suppressed brutality and a sense that he had her in his power. The troubled look in her eyes seemed to me to grow, and I believed that she was breaking under the worry of having this man in the house. One day, by mistake, I overheard a few words of conversation between them which confirmed my suspicions.

Jack had gone to sit on the bench of magistrates, and I was in the garden, near the open window of the drawing-room. Mabel and Gordon came into the room without seeing me.

"You had better come out sailing with me, and then, once and for all, we can have this talk out," she said, looking straight into his face.

"You know I hate the water," he answered.

"Well, for once you must get over your dislike, and come out with me," she answered.

He grumbled for a minute or two, but she had her way, and I saw them walk across the fields in the direction of the river. Their talk, I thought, must have taken some time, for they did not return to luncheon, and when Jack came home he did not find his wife at the tea-table waiting for him, as she generally was. He said nothing, but I could see that he was nervous and restless, and, after an hour, he could stand it no longer, but started off down to the shore. I went with him. The news he heard was not reassuring. Mabel and Gordon had gone out in the little center-board boat, without taking a boatman with them, and they had been last seen rounding the point of the river into the open sea.

Jack wondered how his wife could have been so reckless, and began to feel more and more frightened for her. After waiting for some time Jack and I and a boatman set off rowing down the river, hoping to hear tidings of them, and feeling that we could not stay there doing nothing. I can see it all now as I write. The boatman and I were rowing, and Jack was in the stern, now familiar the scene was to me. The river slowly flowing through the far-spreading marshes to the sea, and the sun setting over the old church, half hidden by trees, in the distance. I had never before thought the scene so gray and desolate. It was full of memories of my boyish holidays, when I would fish all day long for roach in the deep dykes that cut up the marshes; but now it will always recall that day and Jack's sorrow-stricken face, as he sat in the stern and stared along the river out to the sea.

After about half an hour we met a yawl sailing up the river with wind and tide in her favor. She was towing something, and as she came near we made it out as the center-board boat. We did not speak to each other but we shouted to the men in the yawl, and even now I seem to hear their voices as they shouted back to us that they found her out at sea, floating bottom upwards. Then there was no more to be done, and we turned back. Even after that I believe Jack still had some sort of half-insane hope, but two days afterward the bodies were washed up.

Days afterward, when he was able to talk about his trouble, he told me something that set me thinking.

"It seems to me," he said, "that poor Mabel must have had some sort of presentiment of her fate. I never believed in that sort of thing before, but that last day she was talking to me very strangely. She was saying that if she died first she hoped I would marry again, and she went on to say that I ought to marry someone whose people I knew all about. I didn't like her talking that way, and told her so, and thought no more about it at the time, and now it comes back to me."

I did not answer, but the thought came to me that I could, if I chose, have explained that presentiment.

Gordon and Mabel were buried in our churchyard. Of the former we heard very little more. He appeared to have no relations or belongings. For my part, I doubted the relation-

ship between him and Mabel, and fancied that he was someone who was mixed up in her past and had her in his power.

Jack's grief was terrible for a time but I fancy he will get over it, as men do get over great sorrows. Though saddened, he is not the sour, miserable man he would have been if I had told him all I knew of the woman who was his wife and my client. —Household Words.

England's Explanation.

London, Feb. 14.—The parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, Lord Cranborne, replying in the House of Commons today to a question of Henry Norman (Liberal) on the subject of the action of the British ambassador at Washington, Lord Pauncefoot, April 14, 1898, said:

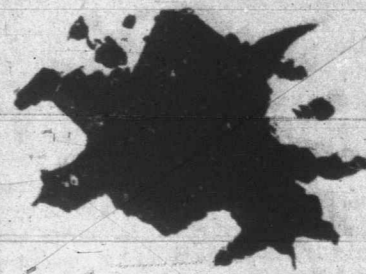
"The meeting which occurred April 14, 1898, was convened by Lord Pauncefoot, as dean of the ambassadors, at the verbal suggestion of some of his colleagues. Whatever opinions were expressed by Lord Pauncefoot during the discussion which was of an informal character, were personal to himself and not pursuant to instructions from Her Majesty's government. The discussion resulted in an agreement to forward an identical telegram to their respective governments suggesting a further communication to the United States government."

"On receipt of this message the British government immediately replied by objecting to the terms of the communication as injudicious. Two days later Lord Pauncefoot was informed that Her Majesty's government had decided to take no action. We, at that time, had no information of the attitude of the German government."

Caught Red-Handed.

Vancouver, Feb. 14.—Ed. Burns, a Tacoma crook, came from Tacoma the other day and put up at the Klondike Hotel. He located a valise with \$500 worth of jewelry and nuggets under J. Babzolia's bed and between the hours of 7 and 10 last night he sneaked it out and cached it. Babzolia notified the city detectives at 10:15 of his loss. Policemen in plain clothes shadowed the hotel premises all night. At 7 o'clock this morning a man was seen sneaking in to the lane from the hotel back yard with a grip in his hand. It was Ed. Burns. He is in jail.

Job printing at Nugget office.



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.

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Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday

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INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp. Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp, LEW CRADEN.

LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

ALL SHARE THE CLAIM

Decision of Court of Appeals

Famous Six Corned Litigation Over a Gold Run Hillside Finally Disposed of.

The six-cornered suit over a Gold Run hillside claim, which was heard last summer before Gold Commissioner Senkler and afterward appealed to the court of appeals, has at last been decided, the ruling of the court following the precedent already established when two or more stakers are found to have located a piece of ground simultaneously, being that they should hold an undivided interest in the claim in question according to the number who have staked. The appeal was heard before the court on the 27th of February, the judge rendering the decision subsequent to his trip to the Klondike. The decision of Mr. Justice Craig was received by mail some time ago and it was then intended that the remaining judges of the court should not pass upon it until they had all returned and all would again sit together, but Saturday Mr. Justice Dugas and Gold Commissioner Senkler concluded to review the decision and either concur or dissent in order that the judgment might be placed on record. The decision of Mr. Justice Craig is as follows: The case being styled H. L. Kies vs. F. X. Gowans, Fred J. Lindin, R. T. Sinclair, Fred J. King, J. H. Chute and A. E. Wills. The last two named having been parties to the suit by reason of purchasing the interest of defendant Gowans.

At the hearing of this case I expressed a view that the appeal of Kies should be dismissed with costs. I saw no reason to change my opinion formed upon the hearing. Kies went on the claim after the other parties had staked, went purposely looking for a lawsuit. He deliberately cleared away the snow from the head of the stakes of other parties to the action allowing them to fall. He could in no way claim to be an innocent staker. He went to the ground with full knowledge of all the facts and was an ordinary common claim jumper who is entitled to no consideration from the court. His argument on the hearing of this appeal was that the other parties had not driven their stakes into the ground as required by the regulations. They did drive them into the ground and it was impossible at that season of the year to drive them further. A man going to stake in this country in the winter cannot be expected to take with him a crowbar and pickaxe so long as he gives to the world notice of his staking. I think he complies with the regulations in all essentials, not only with the spirit, but the wording of the regulations. Kies' appeal should be dismissed with costs and is one of the cases where it is a great pleasure to make a man pay costs who is so anxious to incur them.

As to the other parties, it seems to me that, if not admitted, it is a fact, that they staked their claim in question simultaneously, and after the decision already given by this court that priority of record will give no priority of title and unless there is actual priority of staking, these parties should then be entitled equally, there being no reason to give it. I do not think that there are any other reasons sufficiently strong to warrant the court in dismissing the claim of any of these claimants. The only question of any importance was as to whether the staking of the parties should be allowed according to their actual staking back. Two of them, Sinclair and Lindin, staked what is known as the upper or Jephson line, while Gowans and Meyers staked on the lower line surveyed by Cote, I think. These surveyors intended to divide by their surveys the upper boundary or rimrock of the creek claim upon which this hill claim was located. We had no evidence before us to show which of these surveys was correct; in fact, both of them might have been wrong. The clear intention of the stakers was to stake the hillside. All were there together for the same purpose. It was a reverted claim open for location at 12 o'clock on the 27th of February. One set of stakers proposed that the upper line, properly surveyed rimrock, the other set proposed that the lower line was right,

but all knew the others intended to stake that particular hillside claim. "There is no section in the regulations that I can find that requires the stakers to be exactly on the upper boundary of the creek claim to entitle the staker to hold his claim as a hill claim. During the continuance of what is known as the rimrock regulations that would have been impossible in nearly every case.

"The plaintiff Meyers and the defendants Gowans, Sinclair and Lindin will share equally in the claim in question. Kies' appeal will be dismissed and the defendants Chute and Wills will take whatever benefit they may under their assignment on the Gowans claim. The question of costs in this case as between these parties is a serious one. I have already given my views as to the Kies costs. The other parties in my opinion should as against each other pay their own costs."

The opinion of Mr. Justice Dugas is as follows: "I concur as far as Kies' claim is disallowed and as to costs; but differ as to dividing the claim, which should be allowed to one of the stakers only. Lindin also should not share as he did not appeal."

Gold Commissioner Senkler also dissents as to the right of Lindin to a share in the claim. The following is his opinion: "I concur with the exception of giving grant to Lindin, who did not appeal."

A Common Slip.

Frank Graham came in from Dominion on Saturday and in the evening he laid down with his load at the side of the trail just as he would at home. The police run him in on a specific charge of obstructing a public highway and an understood but not expressed charge of rendering himself liable to be frozen to death. The defendant said he slipped and fell but was able to take care of himself. Judge Macaulay himself admitted that a Scotchman was never known to be drunk, and he therefore inflicted a fine of \$5 and costs just to remind him that the climate of the Klondike was capricious.

NEW TIME IN EFFECT

Was Made So Officially Yesterday.

Noonday Gun Fired at 12 O'Clock by the Corrected Time, a Change of 45 Minutes.

A casual observer walking down First avenue this morning at about 8 o'clock could not help but notice the unusual number of people on the street at that hour, and they all possessed a sort of blank expression on their faces which seemed to say, "what happened you that you are up so early?" The change was all due to the new time which went into effect Sunday noon, and in future years the residents of Dawson can truthfully boast of having been a living witness of the flight of time, having been arrested and the universe, or at least that little spot in which the Klondike rests, turned back some 45 minutes. When it was discovered a few days ago that the time used in Dawson was travelling too swift a pace, was 45 minutes ahead of what it should be, the question of restoring it to its proper place was one that had to be done simultaneously or all sorts of ludicrous misunderstandings and embarrassing situations would arise. A few firms and institutions adopted the new time on Saturday, notably the Electric Light and Power Company, which supplies power to the newspaper offices, and on Saturday morning when the typesetting machines began their daily grind of copy at 8 o'clock it was a quarter before 9 by the old time. Yesterday the churches held their services under the old time, but next Sunday the late risers can sleep 45 minutes longer and still be in time for the professional. The official turning back of the watches was done yesterday at noon, that is at noon by the new time or 12:45 by the old. Constable Lindblad, who has charge of the noonday gun, had a number of visitors who with watches in hand watched him as he completed the electric circuit which discharged the gun. One moment it was a quarter before 1 o'clock, the next it was only noon; the gun had been fired and Time for once had been cheated out of 45 minutes.

DAWSON'S COUNCIL

To Hold First Official Meeting Tonight.

Will Meet in Gold Commissioner Senkler's Court Room Many Aspirants.

This is the to-be memorable Third of March, upon which date Dawson's first city council holds its first official meeting. The mayor and aldermen have been holding meetings nearly every evening in the week, as there was much preliminary work to be done before the body was ready to deliberate and legislate in public. Some of these meetings have been prolonged to a late hour in the night, but what has transpired thereat has been kept secret.

The first public meeting will be held at eight o'clock this evening. It was arranged by Commissioner Ross that the council should have the use of the Gold Commissioner's court for its meetings. It will be of no particular use for the candidates for city offices to be in attendance, as only one appointment is likely to be made. This is the position of city clerk, for which there are four candidates and Mr. Shepherd is not one of them. The names are: J. T. Bethune, Dr. Edwards, Fred Ally and Major Cunningham.

The first procedure will be the passing of rules of order and procedure, and as these have already been well threshed out at the preliminary meetings there is not likely to be any discussion upon them. The council will then proceed to ballot for a city clerk and the fortunate gentleman having taken his seat the council will proceed to the appointment of committees. In all probability these appointments have already been made by the mayor, and there will be nothing to do but to read them out.

These committees will be: Ways and Means Committee. Finance Committee. Streets and Sewers Committee. Police Committee. Fire Committee. Health Committee.

These will be the standing committees, and other sub-committees will be appointed from time to time as they are needed. To these standing committees will be referred all the applications for city employment. For instance, there are two applicants for the position of fire chief—Seymour Knight and Dan McLeod. These will be referred to the committee to report upon at the next meeting of the council. It is probable, too, that the committee will be instructed to report a plan for the complete reorganization of the department.

The police committee will probably have but one candidate before it for the position of chief of police, T. W. P. Smith. But others may be put in later. It is questionable, however, if an outsider will be appointed to the position, as the council at present does not contemplate the formation of a city force, but the making of an arrangement whereby fourteen men of the town police station may be retained for the work. These fourteen men are to be sworn in as city police without resigning their present positions, and will receive a small rate of pay from the city which will be in addition to their present pay as members of the mounted police.

The position of city counsel will probably be filled this evening, as his services will be in immediate effect for the drawing up of ordinances. For this position there are three applicants: O. H. Clarke, D. Donahy and William Walsh. Alex. Macfarlane, who was the clerk of Mayor Macaulay's election committee, is now the law partner of Mr. Donahy.

The health committee will have at least two applicants to consider for the position of health officer: Dr. McArthur, who at present holds that position, and Dr. Sutherland. It will thus be seen that the proceedings tonight, outside of the customary address made by the mayor when he takes his seat, and which address is generally supposed to be a shadowing of the policy he hopes to follow, are likely to be of a very formal character.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel, March 3, 1902. — O. Ransom, Quartz Creek; Robert Anderson, Sulphur; Miss C. Zarijion, San Francisco; Miss B. Zarijion, San Francisco; A. G. Smith, city. Hotel Flannery. — A. Smallenburg, We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

San Francisco, Cal.; W. J. Daily, Chicago, Ill.; L. G. Anderson, Seattle, Wash.; J. E. Hooll, Bettles, Koyukuk; M. L. Nelson, Bettles, Koyukuk; Nelson B. Smith, Grand Forks; L. A. Jackson, Hunker; Albert Heymann, Grand Forks; Oscar Reynolds, Dawson; W. S. Lawrence, Fortymile; Geo. Chambers, Dawson; Geo. Waterson, Gold Run. Empire.—A. H. Chute, Gold Run; Malcolm MacKinnon, All Gold; J. H. Kalb, Bonanza; H. Murray, city; L. Macdonald, Gold Bottom; Cliff S. Bollong, Gold Bottom.

Where Has It Gone?

Where is the slang of yesterday? That folk to use saw fit; The classic "keep on guessing," The short, expressive "nit"; And say, "Wouldn't that jar you?" "You're it," "You simple jay," Is dead, gone and forgotten The slang of yesterday.

What has become of "off his base"? Likewise the "goo-goo eyes"? Where is he "tumbled" or was "on"? The "I'm from Missouri" prize? The good old "search me" idiom. Has passed likewise away. "Away back" to oblivion, The slang of yesterday.

Has any one seen the "marble heart"? Of the genial, gay "glad hand," The "frosty guy" that "freezes" you, Something to "beat the bard"? What was the end of "dropped to it," O, can you tell me, pray, Where are the "dopey" sayings, The slang of yesterday?

—Baltimore World.

Receive Their Sentences.

Cassel, Hesse-Nassau, Prussia, Feb. 14.—Five members of the board of supervision of the Cassel Grain Drying Company, charged with concealment of the company's affairs, were sentenced today to from three to seven months' imprisonment. In addition Herman Sumpf was fined 10,000 marks and the others were fined 5,000 marks each.

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

DUMPS WILL BE LARGE

Says John Grant, the Inspector of Mines.

Notwithstanding Fact That Big Operators Are Doing But Little Work.

John Grant, the inspector of mines, was in town this morning and in course of a conversation in regard to what was being done on the creeks said:

"During last week I spent most of my time visiting Bonanza and Eldorado, and also the claims on the White Channel. I found a great deal of mining activity among them, but by the individual miners and not by the big companies. The latter seemed to me to be doing comparatively little. Notwithstanding this, there is a great deal of ground being operated and the dumps, to my mind, will be large.

"The most serious drawback to mining just now is due to the mild weather, especially where there is pumping to be done. The water pumped, instead of freezing on the surface sweeps down into the next man's workings, and they have to construct ice ditches, one of which is 2000 feet long.

"They have been put to considerable expense making these ditches to carry the water pumped past their diggings, and if this were all it would not be so bad. But it can readily be understood that the water is practically warm when it is pumped from the diggings, and it does not proceed far before it becomes chilled, thereby choking up the ditch channel, so that to keep the ditch open requires the constant effort of several men.

"Taking it all in all, I am rather pleased with the general outlook. The more I see of the different workings of the Klondike country the more I am impressed with its great possibilities and the continuance of the present output for many years to come. One cannot expect the large sums which have been taken out by individual miners in the past to be realized by individual miners now, but taking into account the improved methods that have been adopted the result will for a long time be a fair and good return for labor."

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Steamer Ashore

Special to the Daily Nugget. Jones Inlet, Long Island, N. Y., March 1.—A large steamer is ashore here on the south shore. The seas are breaking over her and her identity cannot be established.

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

LOST.

LOST—From Dominion stage, about October 29, 1901, one Canvas Telescope, size 16 by 30 inches, marked "Knittle." Finder return to Orr & Tukey Co., Dawson. c5

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Regina Hotel

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

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

HICKS & THOMPSON.

PROPRIETORS

FLANNERY HOTEL

First Class Accommodations

Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.

BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE

HUNKER AND DOMINION

Freighting to All Creeks.

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS.

SECOND AVE.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.

FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack and Dome. 9 a. m. 9 a. m. 1 p. m. and 5 p. m.

FOR 23 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Roadhouse via Hunker Creek, 9:30 a. m.

FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND EUREKA CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sunday included.

Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

THEY ARE GOOD.

You will say so after trying them. Beef Croquettes. Can be procured nowhere in Dawson but at The Family Grocery, F. S. Dunham, proprietor, corner 2nd Avenue and Albert street.

Electric Power.....

Most Economical, Efficient and Convenient.

Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

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W. M. THORNBURN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Notary Public, Commissioner, Proctor of the Admiralty Court. Office, Bank Building, Rooms 2, 4 and 5. Telephone 118. P. O. Box 888.

SOCIETIES:

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m. U. T. WELLS, W. M. G. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

J. J. O'NEIL

MINING EXPERT

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

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Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent. Gold Dust Bought and Sold.

N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

BAY CITY MARKET

Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game.

CHAS. BOSSUYT Prop. King St., Opp. N. C. Co.

Did It Catch Your Eye?

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

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

How Are You Fixed

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

Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight.

Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery

Did It Catch Your Eye?

Have barrels complete line Dawson.

Printing Line apply you with to a blank

Our Delight.

Printer

CO.

WM. BROPHY BOUND OVER

On Evidence of His Pal, Mart Tomerlin

Who Again Gave in Detail the Story of the Dominion Holdup.

The announcement of the trial of the redoubtable Brophy caused a large gathering at the police court this morning. The whole of the clerk's office, the gangway and the particular space raised off for the general public was crowded, and in the number of people present could be counted four who wore linen collars. From the moment Brophy's name was called until he was committed, the attention was breathless.

ROAD WILL BE BUILT

Winter Overland Route a Necessity

Opinion of Mr. Bertrand, Local Superintendent of Federal Improvements.

Mr. S. A. D. Bertrand, local superintendent of federal improvements, accompanied by Mr. George Wood, returned Saturday afternoon from a six weeks' trip up the river extending as far as Whitehorse and Skagway. The return was made leisurely, the gentlemen traveling in their own conveyance and making frequent stops in order to consult with the numerous steambot captains engaged during the closed season in operating road houses as to what is most needed in the way of improvements in the Yukon river.

Her Conscience Must Ache

Wade Talks

Expanding

Sad Accident

Premier Injured.

By Acclamation

But Little Now Doing

Territorial Court Is Extremely Quiet

Motions in Only Two Cases Up Today Before Justice Dugas.

Chloroformed

Deal Is Off

Quarter Centennial

Bad for Moose

Psalm 133.

Father LaCombe

Too Much Chicken

ANOTHER OPINION

N. A. T. & T. Co's Agent And Will Go to Work on Hunker

Says Koyukuk Will Give Dawson a Close Race if Strikes Continue to Be Made.

Through the Kindness of Local Manager Te Roller of the N. A. T. & T. Co., the Nugget is enabled to publish the following encouraging news to intending Koyukuk voyagers.

The N. A. T. & T. Co., Dawson, Y. T.

Koyukuk—We have great pleasure in reporting favorably of this country and have every confidence in supposing that it will be the best camp on this side of the line outside of Nome, according to the present amount of good ground, and should strikes continue to be made as they have been during the past 7 months, it should give Dawson itself a close race.

There are now quite a number of creeks on which good pay has been located and include Emma, Union (\$600 nugget), Hammond, Vermont, Swift, Gold, and several others, the names of which have slipped us. These, however, are the principal ones on the middle fork. Then, too, Gold Bench on the south fork is a valuable piece of property, and when it is considered that the country is new and practically unprospected, it must be admitted that the prospect of its successful future is only a matter of time.

Hoping this will be of some interest, we remain, dear sirs, yours respectfully,

N. A. T. & T. CO., per H. R. Mountfield, Agent.

Now He Can Whistle

New York, March 3.—Virginia Earle has secured a divorce from Frank Lawton, the professional whistler.

DICK LOWE RETURNS

He Met All the "Boys" at San Francisco—Many Will Come In Soon.

R. R. Lowe, better known as "Dick" Lowe, arrived on the White Pass stage yesterday afternoon, and proposes to put on a force of men to operate No. 38 Hunker. He has it again prospected during the winter and says that he has now enough men to start a trip which will last for four years and think that he will have enough without getting any more of it.

He left Mrs. Lowe in San Francisco to come in at the opening of navigation. Her health has not been good during the winter, and she would have had a much easier time if it were not for the fact that she is so stout.

Down at Pasa Roubla he met Billy Moran and Jack Cramer, who were taking the baths here and enjoying life generally. In San Francisco he met whole horde of old timers who are gone out, and he said that many of those who have left will be here shortly, and a number of them will be here shortly, and a number of them will be here shortly, and a number of them will be here shortly.

The passengers out this morning were: Henry Graham, John H. Smith, Mrs. John H. Scott, who is cashier of the White Pass Co., mamma, J. Coyle and Mrs. G. Harmon.

The White Pass stage left at half-past five yesterday afternoon with seven passengers, five mail, and some express and parcels. The passengers were: R. E. Mrs. Ash, Mrs. D. Bargeon, Mrs. Leonard, A. G. of Smith & McCrae, who has the winter in Victoria, in the appeal of T. G. Wilson vs. the Co., and Mrs. Pithan, who was from Thistle.

Stages to add out.

Job Printing at Nugget Office

TIME GOES BACK

But We go Ahead With Our Discount Sales. This Month We Offer the FINEST ASSORTED STOCK OF UNDERWEAR in the City at a Discount of 20 Per Cent.

Dolge's Felts At \$5.00 Macaulay Bros. FIRST AVENUE

DAWSON HARDWARE CO. Pan-American Wheel Barrow Wood Frame, Steel Tray. Steam Fittings, Etc.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO. CHEAPER THAN EVER! FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE

GENUINE LUBECK SLICED POTATOES 28 POUNDS TO CAN, \$10.00 As good as fresh and cheaper. No freezing. No Waste. No heavy freight bills. - N. A. T. & T. COMPANY