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THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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6 PAGES

Vol. 3—No. 40

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Land'ord Harkin.
Mr. Bud Harkin, the well known member, arrived in Dawson last night from Ogilvie, where this winter he is engaged in the roadhouse business. Mr. Harkin said that up to the present through travel has been very light, although the numerous stampedes to Henderson, Thistle and other creeks in the Stewart river district have made business very good. He is looking forward to increased traveling from now until the opening of navigation. Good reports, he says, are coming from Henderson and Thistle creeks, where considerable work is being done. On 19 below discovery Henderson Messrs. Semple and Madison recently found fine prospects and are greatly encouraged in their work. Good prospects are being found in other parts of the creeks and also in Thistle creek. This spring will, he says, determine the value of both creeks.

False Alarm.
The fire department was called out last night for a short run to the Washington bakery on King street. The small blaze was extinguished without the use of the chemical.

Hockey This Afternoon.
A match game of hockey is being played on the Police rink this afternoon between the Police and Bank of Commerce teams.

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.

Four-roomed furnished. Three price; cheap. In

ORDER NOW
Reserve Your Order!
SPRING SUITS
I have just arrived with the most complete line of samples ever brought to the Territory
Scotch, Irish, English and French Mfg.
ORDER NOW Melbourne Hotel-Room 6 **ROBINSON** From Vancouver

EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr.
Well Heated. Bar Attached.
SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.
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.

Avery's Grocery
REOPENED
HOLBORN 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

FAIRVIEW HOTEL
GILMAN BLAKER, PROP.
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN
The largest, has the best accommodations, lowest rates than any other hotel in Dawson.
First Ave. and First St. Phone No. 4

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.

YUKON COUNCIL

May Take Action Regarding Infamous Treadgold Concession.

COUNCILMAN PRUDHOMME INTERESTED

Requests Acting Commissioner Newlands to Call Meeting.

AT EARLIEST CONVENIENCE

"The Most Monstrous Iniquity Thrust Upon the People of the Yukon," Says Mr. Prudhomme.

Councilman A. J. Prudhomme this morning directed a communication to Acting Commissioner Newlands asking that he call a special meeting of the Yukon Council at once to take some action on the infamous Treadgold concession. If the gentleman's views are in accord with those of the acting commissioner the council will meet at the earliest possible moment and there will be a resolution offered denouncing the recent order-in-council granting to Treadgold and his associates the greatest monopoly of modern times, as the greatest outrage ever perpetrated on the Yukon territory.

"This Treadgold concession is the most monstrous iniquity we have yet had thrust upon us," said Mr. Prudhomme, "and if it is allowed to stand it will prove a detriment to the territory in general and Dawson in particular for the next five years to come so great and so far-reaching that it is difficult to contemplate what the ultimate effect will be. I believe it my duty as one of the elected representatives of the people to protest against it with all my might and main, and I feel that the council should meet in session and



TREADGOLD'S CONCESSION—THE YUKON EVIL GENIUS.

wire a unanimous sentiment to Ottawa against this the most flagrant robbery the miners of the Klondike were ever the victims of. I am glad to see that a mass meeting has been called for Monday evening and also that the Liberal association is taking the matter up tonight. I am in strong hopes that by a united and concerted action we may yet escape this blight that has been visited upon us.

Mr. Newlands could not be seen up to a late hour this afternoon so it is not known what disposition he will make of the councilman's request.

Mr. Patullo's Talks.
In regard to what seems to be a general impression that all the claims staked or relocated since the first of this year within the boundaries of the Treadgold concession would be disallowed, Assistant Gold Commissioner Patullo said this afternoon:—"You may state publicly that all such claims will be protected by this office. As I understand the Treadgold concession it only applies to claims that have been abandoned, and I think that a careful reading of the terms of the concession will show that."

Macaulay All Right.
"I was much surprised to hear when I got to Whitehorse that Dawson had elected a town council," said Frank Mortimer after his arrival here this morning, "and I was altogether surprised at the enthusiasm all along the line about Macaulay as mayor."
"What Macaulay?" I asked.
"Why, Henry Macaulay, they said."
"Oh, he's all right," I casually remarked, and then everybody asked me to drink at the same moment. That accounts for the extreme abstinence I am playing now. If I had been delayed at Whitehorse for several days they would have killed me with kindness for that chance remark. It was the same all along the line."
Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

FRANK MORTIMER

Returns From the Outside With Large Stock of Cheering News.

IS NOW WITH PACIFIC COAST CO.

R. W. Calderhead Buys Steamers Ora, Nora and Flora.

CREEKS RAILROAD CERTAIN

Work on Dawson Forks Division Will Begin Very Soon—Manager Weeks Coming.

Frank Mortimer is back. This is important from the fact that Frank was always an optimist so far as Dawson is concerned; now he comes back to us with cheering news. He returns with additional honors as a matter of course. He is now able to present a card with a flag on the top of it, showing that he is the accredited agent of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company that carries most of the passengers to and from Dawson and is determined to carry the whole of them. Frank has a song to sing of the palatial steamers they are going to put on for the Dawson trade, but of this more anon.

But the most important of the gossip that Frank brought back with him was in regard to his meeting with R. W. Calderhead in Seattle. He says that Mr. Calderhead has bought all the boats of the Klondike Corporation Limited Company, including the famous little boats the Ora, Nora and Flora, and will this season run them himself.

"I met Percy Palmer in Seattle. He's laying in a big, big stock. And I also saw Captain Ritchie and Captain Sanborn and—oh, ask me something else. I saw hundreds of Dawsonites in Seattle. Just think up all the names you can and say I met them."

"By the way, I met Hawkins. The creek railroad is a sure thing. Mr. Hawkins, to my certain knowledge, has already bought most of the equipment, and part of it, I believe, is to be shipped in over the ice." Mr. Weeks, who has been appointed his chief clerk, will be here in about two weeks.

"As far as I can find out the railroad will go up to the Forks and from there to Stewart river. But it will have branches on all the creeks and I should not wonder if there was an intention to form an alliance with the road from Edmonton."

"I met Tom O'Frien at Skagway, and I left 'Black' Sullivan at Seattle waiting for Tom's arrival. I expect that both will return over the ice in a few days, and I guess they have something good up their sleeves even if it takes money to carry it out."

"The outlook for Dawson this season? Why, it could not possibly be better. I went east as far as New York, and my wife went with me and enjoyed every mile of it. She comes in when navigation opens. Why, whenever we registered as from Dawson there were hundreds of earnest men to see me and make enquiries—and well, you know me as a transportation man. I had to think of that sometimes during my vacation."

"I met Mr. Coffee, the manager of the great English syndicate. In fact, I travelled with him as far as Whitehorse, and he invited me to ride with him to Dawson. He has a big out-

fit, lots of horses and a gang of men with him. I guess he will be here in a couple of days.

"But I must say that since I left here on October 8, most of my time has been spent at my home at Niles, Cal. Still, I met on my way most of the Dawsonites. I met the accomplished John A. Christie just back from Ottawa, and I have no doubt the creek railroad company owes much to his exertions on their behalf."

"I cannot remember offhand whom I met, but I can safely say, and for publication, that nine-tenths of the Dawsonites are coming back as soon as they can get here, and that there are hundreds—say hundreds because that's safe, I believe in thousands—of others who will come here this summer. Whether they stay or not is another thing. I am simply interested in the transportation business for two of the best companies between here and Seattle."

"How do, Frank," was the earnest greeting wherever he appeared, and instantly it seemed as if the whole inhabitants of Dawson had conspired to cut off this interesting interview.

Will Expand.

Among the other enterprises of Mr. Calderhead, in addition to his purchase of the boats of the Klondike Corporation Company, Mr. Frank Mortimer, who saw him in Seattle, says that he will make large improvements to his wharf property here, and will in all probability purchase other boats for the traffic between here and Whitehorse, relying upon the popular antipathy to the White Pass boats for a bounteous patronage.

New Wrinkle in Burglary.

Cincinnati, Jan. 27.—The show window of Wm. Fink's jewellery store on Main, near 13th street, was broken last night and a tray containing 60 diamond rings, valued at \$2,500, was stolen. The robbers escaped after firing several shots at Mr. Fink, who pursued them. Before breaking the window the robbers carefully barred the door from the outside by fastening a rope from the door to the awning. A gas pipe was used and three blows were necessary to break the thick window glass. Mr. Fink immediately rushed to the door and got out only after breaking the rope which held the door fast. The thoroughfare was crowded at the time, but the robbers escaped.

A. B.'s in Skagway.

"I was surprised to see how Skagway keeps up its Arctic Brotherhood lodge," said Frank Mortimer. "They have a fine building, as you know, but I had the opportunity of attending their usual lodge meeting and I found all the town there; everyone I knew, in fact. And they tell me that the lodge is in an excellent financial condition."

Stick to Him.

Casper Elinger, of No. 2 below upper on Dominion, came in yesterday from Whitehorse and this morning left with a gang of men to start work on his claim. Mrs. Elinger took the stage with him. She has had a good time with him during the winter at their old home near Chicago, and she now cheerfully comes back to wash dirt with him.

Confession of a Murderer.

Elkhart, Ind., Jan. 27.—James Mather, formerly a well-known business man here, has confessed to the murder of Peter Olsen, near Muskegon, Mich., twenty years ago. The murder was the result of a quarrel. Olsen's body was not found until the following spring. Mather is a patient at the state hospital, in Logansport. He declares he was driven mad by the memory of the crime.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

IS JENSEN AN ALIAS?

Whitehorse Wire Says Enlund Missing.

Passenger Named Jensen Answers to the Description of the Man Wanted.

Returns from the capias wired to Whitehorse yesterday asking for the arrest of John Enlund for a debt of \$189 due J. L. Sale & Co., are to the effect that no such person as that named is aboard the stage, though one of the passengers answering Enlund's description is traveling under the name of L. Jensen. From investigations made here today it is believed that when Enlund took his departure for the outside he did so under an alias in order to keep his trip a secret. An accurate and complete description of the man has been wired Whitehorse and if it tallies with that of Jensen he will be brought back to Dawson unless he settles the account forthwith, which it would look as though he is trying to evade. Enlund it is said is on his way outside for the purpose of completing the sale of a block of claims in which he is interested, and if successful it will net him quite a sum of money. He is not a Swede, as is commonly supposed, but is an Icelander.

For Sale.

THREE-QUARTER interest on lower half left limit hillside, 27 Gold Run, at a bargain. Apply R. N. Robertson, Log Cabin Hotel, South Dawson.

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

HAVE A HOT TIME!
Heaters and Cook Stoves Below Cost.
AMES MERCANTILE CO.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 11 (DAWSON'S PUBLIC SQUARE) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

Subscription Rates table with columns for Yearly, Six months, Three months, and Single copies, with sub-headers for Daily and Semi-Weekly.

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 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.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"Moths." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN.

The public meeting which has been called for the purpose of discussing the Treadgold concession may be productive of good or it may be productive of harm, depending very largely upon the manner in which it is handled.

In granting the rights which the Treadgold people enjoy under the terms of their charter, the government has inflicted a grievous injustice upon the community which by all means should be resented. There is no doubt of the fact that the concessionaires will be given, through the natural workings of their grant, title to a vast amount of placer ground which by every right should belong to the individual miners of the district.

Large tracts of gold bearing ground have been blanketed by concessions, only to remain idle and without a dollar being expended for their development. A number of them have already been thrown open to staking as a result of the failure on the part of the concessionaires to comply with the government requirements.

In brief, it may be said that every experiment which the government has made with concessions in this country has proven a total failure and there is no reason to hope or expect that this last colossal concession will prove any exception to the rule.

It is in line therefore with proper public policy that a strong and forcible protest should be filed at Ottawa against the injurious measure which is known as the Treadgold concession. But that protest should be made in the light of a knowledge of all the facts and not come as a mere expression of rage at an unjust act.

The community is entitled to a feeling of the very strongest indignation over the wanton sacrifice of public rights that has been made, but that indignation should be expressed in a dignified manner. There need be no unnecessary excitement involved, neither should the slightest indication of politics appear in the matter. The whole people are interested in the outcome of this affair and what

ever is done should come as the calm, judicial, second thought of the people, which cannot under any circumstances be far astray from what is right.

The News has sought to create the impression that the Treadgold concession will ruin every business man in Dawson. The News knows, or should know, that in making such statements it is not only uttering falsehoods but it is tending to create unnecessary alarm.

HISTORY IS REPEATED

Claims Twice Reverted Turning Out Well.

Fourteen Pup on Eureka the Scene of the Latest Placer Discovery.

During the past week more than the usual number of re-locations have been made and recorded of claims that have been allowed to revert to the crown. Several filings have been made on the right limit hillside of Dominion between the discoveries, a locality which has previously been located and abandoned.

Another spot which has been the scene of a small stampede is Fourteen pup on Eureka which comes in at 14 above discovery. The claims are staked up to 22 from the mouth, many of them being original locations. Fourteen pup has a peculiar history, no different, however, from many other pups and gulches which have been staked, abandoned as worthless, relocated and eventually good pay been found.

On 1, 2 and 3 good pay has been located and dumps are being taken out for the spring washup. Jas. F. L. Shand relocated No. 8 yesterday and seemed delighted when his application for record was accepted.

"Fourteen pup is being pretty thoroughly prospected this year and we are pretty well satisfied with the indications. On the first three claims from the mouth they have pay and there is no reason for believing that it don't extend up the creek. No, there are no steam plants yet on the pup as we are doing all our thawing by wood fires, but if further prospecting should warrant it, you will doubtless see a half dozen outfits there next winter."

VENEERED HOOSIER

Right in the heart of the whooping Metropolis there lived a Proud Man. He was too good for the ratty old United States and the only Reason he stuck was that he needed some more of the Rhino-Dino—say another Million. He lived in a large stone Mansoleum. People tiptoed and talked in Whispers as they passed through the cold shadow of his stately Shack.

By years of Practice this haughty Haymaker of the Financial World had learned to look at the Middle Classes and not see them at all. He had a glassy Welsbach that burned into the very Soul of a Social Aspirant. He reserved his Conversation for the few Choice Spirits of Parvenu Avenue whose names appear in Small Caps every time Mr. Vogner comes to Town.

This very exclusive Monarch of the Mighty Mazuma had a Private Office, to enter which the Caller had to pass through four Ante-Rooms and tell the Story of his Life to a couple of St. Vitus Secretaries. A protective Arrangement of his character saved the Main Squeeze from many Annoyances as the Poor who came to Touch him usually starved to death while waiting to get in.

Those patient Individuals who took a Day off and persevered until at last they stood in the awful Presence of His Nobs were permitted to kneel on a Smyrna Rug and state their Business as briefly as possible, after which they were given a cold Douche and a Funny Fall through the Trap-Door.

This plutocratic Potentate belonged to a Club where no one dared to speak for fear of arousing a Charter Member from his Daily Nap. He went to Dinner Parties at which they put Ice into the Claret in order to keep it at the Temperature of the Room. The Church in which he was a Stockholder was a Dazmaraz. They had a full Chorus and Ballet and introduced Moving Pictures during the Offertory.

It will be gathered from the foregoing that Mr. Rocks had every Inducement to be a Happy Man. But he was not. Quite the Reverse English. He had a secret that was gnawing large irregular Holes in his Department of the Interior.

When any one began to talk about Family History he changed the Subject.

As a matter of cold, icy Truth this Blue-Fish Aristocrat had spent his Boyhood in the Corned-Beef and Cabbage Belt, up where the Baled Hay comes from. He had never seen an individual Butter Dish until he was past nineteen. When a Child he had picked Potato Bugs, brought in the Kindling and turned the Wringer for his Mother. His Crest should have been a Family Cow rampant on a Patch of Turnips.

It is little Wonder that the Poor Man shuddered to think that his Youth had been tainted by an Association with his Parents. He was afraid some one would find it out.

He never asked Time to turn backward in his Flight and make him a Boy again. He was dead willing to Forget. But he could not Blue Pen-

cil the Pages of Memory. Such is the Irony of Fate. He who absolutely fails to recall the Last Name of the Lady he met at Saratoga in the Summer can remember all the Obscure Acquaintances who knew him thirty years before, when he drove a Delivery Wagon. And he is always expecting something with Whiskers to rise up out of the balmy past and call him by his old Nickname.

When this austere Magnate was a Boy in a dizzy little County Seat, he had a Playmate whose name was Alonzo. He was one of the Satellites of Alonzo, for Alonzo was a Superior Being who could lick any of the Kids and could Swim Dog-Fashion and carried a Barlow Knife. Alonzo was a kind of Gaugle Shanks, and as he grew up he began to resemble the Running-Gears of a Katy-Did, and he had a long, mournful Face, like that of a Horse.

Every one in Town said that Alonzo was the sharpest Scholar in the Graded School and would surely make his Mark. They were right, for after he went up to the City he advanced in his chosen Profession until he was Assistant Head Waiter. He was the first and only Waiter born in this Country.

Now it came about in the Process of merging large Industries that the Millionaire with the Shameful Secret was elected President of some hold-up Combination that they kept on Capitalizing until they ran out of 's. The Directors gave him a Testimonial Dinner and urged the Caterer to make it cost as much as possible even if he had to break some of the China and burn up a few Napkins. It was a very swell dinner, such as leads one on and on toward the Turkish Bath.

The High Guy of the Occasion sat behind a large Window of American Beauties at 80 cents per Petal, and he was wearing a Chilled-Steel Front that seemed to tell of forty generations to the Manor Born. After all present had cut into the Grape for a few Splashes and were beaming more or less Spiffed, the Honored Guest was invited to make a few Remarks. He hastily adjusted his English Accent and arose from the Floral Decorations like Venus arising from the Sea, and there on the opposite side of the Table stood Alonzo with the Horse Face, the Boy who used to lick him and who knew him for what he really was.

It was supposed to be an Attack of Emotion, for no one dared to suspect that a humble Assistant Head Waiter could scare the mighty Mogul of the Syndicate. And he couldn't have done it, had he not been a member of the I-know-him-when Club. MORAL: You can Fool any one who doesn't come from the same Town.—George Ade.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Mary's Church—Low mass at 9 a. m. High mass at 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7:30 p. m. The choir will render Leonard's 3rd mass in B flat.

This solos, duets and quartets will be rendered by Mesdames James, McCann, Mullen, Parker and by Mr. F. Clayton and Mr. Reily. At the offertory an "Ave Maria" by Lambillotte (Duo) will be sung by Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Parker. Mr. G. Pepin will preside at the organ.

At tomorrow evening's service at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church the following special music will be rendered:—Mr. Chas. W. MacPherson will sing F. H. Cowan's sacred solo, entitled "The Promise of Life," and the choir will sing P. A. Schaecker's anthem, entitled "Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing."

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.

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read—

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

NEW TIES

Just Received the Newest Patterns

Bow Ties, String Ties, Puff Ties, Four-in-Hand Ties.

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

THE AUDITORIUM W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER. BITTNER STOCK CO. Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 17. "IN OLD KENTUCKY" LADIES' NIGHT Monday - Thursday - Friday NO SHOWS

NEW SAVOY Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 17. Nat. G. Goodwin's FARCE COMEDY "CONFUSION"

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

The Northwestern Line Chicago And All Eastern Points. All through trains from the North Pacific Coast meet with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

The Great Northern "FLYER" LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M. A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin" - "Farallon" - "Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska

Wordless Duel's Result

ment was encamped in the obscure village of Yalins, to the frontier of Austria. The duel was over, and we officers were talking and laughing before the work of the day. A little apart from the others, sat Platel, moodily watching the fall of a tall, strongly-built man with a fallow face and restless cold character repelled without inspiring respect. He feared no loved him; we were simply indifferent.

"The bye," said he, suddenly, "I have just seen what the colonel was saying with you this morning. The officer is coming in place of the present captain, who goes elsewhere. Do you hear his name?"

"He was formerly a lieutenant of the guards."

"Is the officer who is engaged to the lady of the chateau yonder?"

"I was not aware that you had arrived yesterday."

"I was presented to him at the lady's house. He is anxious to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, and I have accordingly invited him to come over at once. And that is the name of the lieutenant," he continued, "that you and he were in the same regiment some five years ago."

"I answered; "I remember him well. He was then a handsome youth, of a rather stumpy, but a general favorite of all that."

"He broke in upon me with a sympathetic smile."

"He said he, 'your friend will welcome me, but he must be careful of my temper, or I shall be obliged to cool it.'"

"I answered, which was broken off by the orderly announcing: 'Captain Broc.'"

The captain himself stood in the doorway, and bowed to the company. He was a fair-complexioned, with a countenance open as a summer day, and the very ideal of a cavalry officer."

"Gentlemen," said he, advancing, "I am proud and happy to have joined your regiment." He bowed again, and seeing me, held out his hand. "What, you, lieutenant! You have forgotten me, I hope?"

"I have willingly uttered these words," he said, "but I have slowly up to him."

"I told you practice shooting—practice shooting, too?" said he, in a strange voice that we stared at in astonishment.

"It is my custom for an hour every day," the captain answered curtly, after a slight pause.

"You must be very fond of that amusement," returned the other, with a perceptible sneer. "In my opinion practice shooting is only another way of wasting time."

"Captain Broc seemed even paler than usual, but he quietly replied: 'I think, sir, you are wrong in wasting it as lost time to learn to shoot with a pistol. In garrison life the word often leads to a fatal ending, unless the knowledge of one is a good shot inspires respect among indiscreet persons who are asking stupid questions.'"

"That is no reason, captain," said he, "as in everything else, something should be left to chance. I will make my explanation clear."

"One who knows there are certain persons who, while shuffling the pack, abstract the winning card. I see no difference between the man who robs his neighbor of his money and the man who robs him of his life."

"Enough, sir," said Broc. "Your words are an impertinence, and, I must turn to me, 'I must see my friend Lieutenant Victor to settle the affair with you in the sitting room.'"

"He rejoined Platel. 'How dare you practice shooting every day, and I do not, I shall claim the right to equalize the chances. They are equal and I will settle details.'"

"He bowed and went out."

"A word had been spoken by any man during this altercation, but as Platel disappeared, Major Broc, an old officer, appealed to the captain not let them fight, gentlemen," said he.

"The captain touched him gently on the arm."

"I am a newcomer, remember, make use of you know me, and it is impossible for me to let this quarrel pass. I do not know what I have done to annoy the sub-lieutenant but I am certain he has a grudge against me. The truth is, he is an admirer, to

say the least, of Mlle. Lucie. Jealously, captain."

"So! Well, there is no more to be said," returned Broc.

"You will let us know the hour and the rendezvous?" cried several voices.

"Certainly, gentlemen. Come and bid one of us a last farewell."

We all parted at the door, every officer in turn shaking hands with Captain Broc as with an old friend.

II.

Platel was waiting for me when I arrived at his house.

"Here are my conditions," he said, with formal civility. "Two sabers—to be driven into the ground at one pace apart; I and my opponent to be placed behind each saber, with arm extended at full length, and to fire at the word 'Three.' Only one pistol will be loaded."

"Why, that is murder!" I exclaimed.

"Ta, ta, my dear sir, I do not offer the captain a victim, but an adversary. We will fight as I propose, or we will not fight at all, and in that eventually I shall prove that Captain Broc is only brave when sure of his own safety."

"I knew that my friend would insist on my accepting any and every condition, and that it would be useless to consult him further. None the less I tried to minimize the danger by suggesting that there should be a greater distance between the combatants, and I failed."

"I went back to the captain with a heart as heavy as lead. He put down the book which he was reading as I entered, I told him what had passed in my interview with Platel."

"When I had ended, his face changed; he drew his hand across his forehead, and his eyes glistened with feverish luster."

"Suddenly the door opened, and a woman, wrapped in a long mantle, with the hood drawn over her face, stole swiftly and quietly in. She threw back her hood, and I recognized Mlle. Lucie."

Broc sprang forward to greet her. "What has happened?" he cried.

"Why are you here?"

"Why am I here, do you ask me that, when this day is perhaps the last of your life? Why am I here? To say adieu; it is only three hours since I saw you, and you never told me!"

"She broke down-sobbing, and could say no more."

"I got up to leave the room."

"Stay, sir," she said, struggling with her emotion. "One of your soldiers, the brother of my maid, called on her a little while back and said it was rumored in the regiment that Lieutenant Platel and Albert had quarreled and mischief would certainly follow. I heard and came at once." She paused, and stretched out her arms imploringly. "Albert, I pray, I command you, not to fight this duel. You will not end two lives thus! Your life belongs to me—it is no longer yours. You will not do this!"

"Lucie, Lucie, do not torture me. Can I refuse to fight? I should be dishonored—lost, if I could act so cowardly. Shame would kill me, not the pistol of Platel."

"I came forward; I took her hand and raised it respectfully to my lips. 'Heaven knows how gladly I would spare you any sorrow, mademoiselle,' I said in a trembling voice, 'but Albert is so situated that the duel is absolutely necessary.'"

"She had fallen into a chair, from which she now rose, pale as a corpse, and with faltering hands drew the hood over her face again."

"You are right, Albert; we must resign ourselves to our fate. Perhaps we shall never see each other more. Tomorrow! My love, my love!"

"She laid her head upon his breast, silent, tearless, in a despair too deep for words. He put his arm tenderly around her and led her away."

III.

I awoke early the next morning. Already the shadows of night were gone; the sun was shining in my eyes, the cool air stirred the curtains as I opened the window. I passed into the breakfast room, where Broc presently joined me. His face was pale and serene. Half an hour later we set out for the rendezvous. We had to pass the chateau on our way, and I saw Mlle. Lucie on the balcony outside, motionless as a statue. She did not even return our bow."

"There was no one but ourselves in the sheltered glade where the duel was to take place; but the major and his friends arrived immediately after us. And in a few minutes we formed a group of nearly twenty officers. Then Platel advanced and ceremoniously saluted us."

"Who gives the word to fire, gentlemen?" he asked.

No one stirred. The fate of a comrade was at stake, and even the bravest shrank from the ordeal.

"Major," said Broc, "will you do me this favor?"

"The major could not refuse; he made a sign of assent."

"Be good enough to place us," continued the captain, giving me the saber. "Then load."

"You need not trouble about that," said Platel, "I have brought the pistols; one is charged, the other has only a gun cap."

"Do you know which is which?" said I.

"He frowned darkly on me."

"It does not signify in the least, sir. Captain Broc shall take which he pleases."

The major drew the captain's saber from its sheath and drove the point of it in the ground till it stood upright; then he drew his own and set it in the same way before the first. One pace alone separated the two blades. Each adversary was to stand behind a saber with extended arm, so that each had the muzzle of the other's pistol 6 inches from his heart. While these preparations were being made Platel took off his coat. His second produced a box in which were two pistols, and Broc, selecting the first his hand touched, stepped quickly back and stood erect at his post. Platel eyes him closely. Not a muscle moved in the captain's face; he was like a figure of granite.

"Major Clement stepped forward."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"There was a silence of death. Only the leaves rustled on the trees. In this dread hush the major's ringing voice made us tremble."

"One."

"Two."

"Three!"

A click—a flash; but no sound from the captain's pistol. Platel had not fired, and still held his arm rigid.

"Shoot," said Broc, calmly.

"It is mine to command, sir," retorted Platel. "I am not here to kill you, but to give you a lesson. You are young—you are beloved—you have all that makes life dear. Yet it is you who must die. Well, sir, give me your word that in future you will not be so prompt to fight duels, and I will be merciful."

"Thanks. Now fire, and be done with it. I have nothing more to say."

"My terms can not wound your honor," insisted Platel. "Let the major decide."

Major Clement was quick to grasp the opportunity.

"I assert that Captain Broc has behaved throughout like a brave and true soldier, and can accept the condition without any stain on his honor," said he. He stopped a moment, and then added: "That is the opinion of us all."

"Then I consent," murmured Broc, in a voice that was hardly audible. Platel lowered his arm.

"I am delighted that all has ended as I desired," he said. "I had no wish in any case to kill you, captain. I was merely curious to see your courage tested. Neither weapon was loaded."

He pulled the trigger of his own pistol as he spoke. The hammer fell smartly on the cap without flash or report.

Broc cried out like a wounded lion.

"By my father's soul, but this is another insult, more flagrant even than the last! Ah! it is ended, say you? No; it shall begin again, and this time the pistols shall be loaded, if I have to load them myself!"

"No, sir," replied Platel. "Insult me if you like, but I will not fight you again."

"Then you shall fight with me," I said. "You have acted like a scoundrel; you have deceived Captain Broc and his second as well."

Platel was visibly confused; he had not bargained for this.

"And if our comrade does not kill you, I will," said another officer.

"Or I! Or I!" cried the others.

"The devil! I cannot fight you all!" growled Platel. "Choose one among you, and I will fight him, though it will not be a duel, but an assassination."

"Silence, gentlemen!" said the major, sharply.

We all fell back. The major strode into our midst with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and quietly surveyed us—master of the strange position in which we were placed, as he was master in the barrack and the camp.

"Lieutenant Platel," he said, with a contemptuous pity which seemed to be addressed to the lieutenant's forlorn situation instead of to him personally. "You have evidently lost all sense of decency and self-respect. You made Captain Broc pass through the sensation of a man doomed to death, while you stood by at your ease, knowing you could come to no harm. You have disgraced your uniform and dishonored the army. You shall not fight with any of us. I now order you to resign your commission; but

I will not be harsh with you. And it shall go forth to the world that you have retired in consequence of bad health. The surgeon will sign the necessary certificate. Now go!"

Platel rolled his eyes menacingly like a wild beast at bay; and his hands closed and clinched convulsively; he opened his mouth as if to speak, but speech failed him. In silence he turned and disappeared among the trees.

We drew a long breath of relief and pressed around the captain. He looked sad and dejected.

"I know not what presentiment haunts me, but I wish the villain's pistol had been loaded," he said.

We returned slowly, arm in arm. There was a strange stir at the chateau as we drew near; servants were talking on the doorsteps, and all at once the old white-haired gardener came tremblingly up to us.

Broc shuddered and grew pale to the very lips.

"Something has happened," he muttered hoarsely.

"Ah, sir! hasten if you would see my dear young lady alive. She was at the window when Lieutenant Platel passed on his way back, and knowing you two were to fight she feared for your safety. We found her stretched fainting on the floor, and she has never opened her eyes since."

Broc left me without a word: The doctor was descending the steps as he reached them.

The doctor looked inexpressively shocked.

"I am sorry, but it would be cruel kindness to hide the truth from you," he said, kindly. "Be brave, sir; you will need all your courage now. Mademoiselle had a weak heart and I always told her to avoid any strong emotion."

But the captain had ceased to listen; he rushed past him into the house.

On a couch in the saloon lay Lucie, placidly, as if she was sleeping. He threw himself on his knees beside her and touched the hand that never again would return his pressure. Clasp in her hand was a slender curl of her own hair.—New Orleans Picayune.

of himself and wife—

"All our friends are persons of wealth, and of high social standing, and we are compelled to spend money in entertaining the many friends who entertained us. My friends and associates of my life have been persons of wealth and high social standing. I am a member of many clubs. I have absolutely no income except the allowance I receive from my father's estate, and the same is barely sufficient to support myself and family."

A more contemptible plea to avoid paying an honest debt was never made. But after all, we are disposed to blame the father as much as the son. Had he put the boy to work in the grocery store when he left the high school, the family might have been spared the humiliation of having such an unmanly plea made by one of its members. One of the first duties a parent owes a child is to enable him to earn his living and to contribute his part to the ongoing of society. Old Mr. Tilford was so intent on making a fortune that he neglected to teach his boy how to work and now it may be too late for him to learn. He is evidently not ashamed of living an idle, useless life and has not even ambition enough to buy an "abandoned farm" where he could live comfortably on \$6,000 a year and gain a "high social position" by paying his debts and saving part of his income.—New York Sun.

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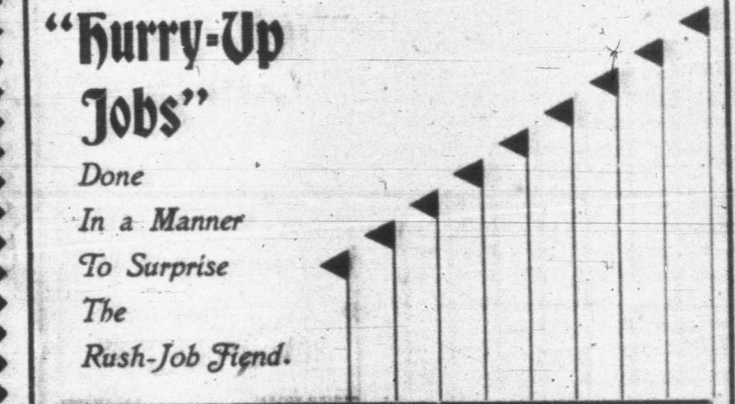
There is something at once pathetic and absurd in the affidavit George E. Tilford of New York presented to the supreme court October 15. Mr. Tilford is the son of the late Charles Tilford of the firm of Park & Tilford, the well known New York grocers. The father began life by sweeping out the store and died two years ago leaving an estate of \$1,000,000. His son had displaced him by marrying an actress, so Tilford, senior, left him an annuity of \$6,000 and a right to be buried in the family vault and nothing more in "having or in expectation." A George Lara obtained a judgment of \$556.41 against young Tilford and now asks the court to order the trustees to pay him his judgment out of the \$6,000 income. To this Mr. Tilford seriously objects, testifying that his social station is such that he must spend at least \$6,000 per annum or be lost. His affidavit concluded—

"I have received no technical or scientific education fitting me for any business or profession, and should I be deprived of any portion of my income I will be plunged in debt anew."

The creditor will no doubt be disposed to scoff at this, and will say that if the judgment is paid Mr. Tilford will be "plunged" out of debt for the time being and that he will find it very difficult to "plunge in" again since nobody will trust him, and further that if his social position is so expensive he should move somewhere where he would have no social position; to Philadelphia for instance where no one without the right kind of grandparents has any social position at all. To us, it seems infinitely pathetic that a young American should be willing to stand up and swear that he was absolutely useless. We have heard of such persons in Europe who were obliged to marry American heiresses for a living, but young American men are supposed to be able to do something. Mr. Tilford takes it for granted that his social standing would be lost should he do a stroke of honest work. He says

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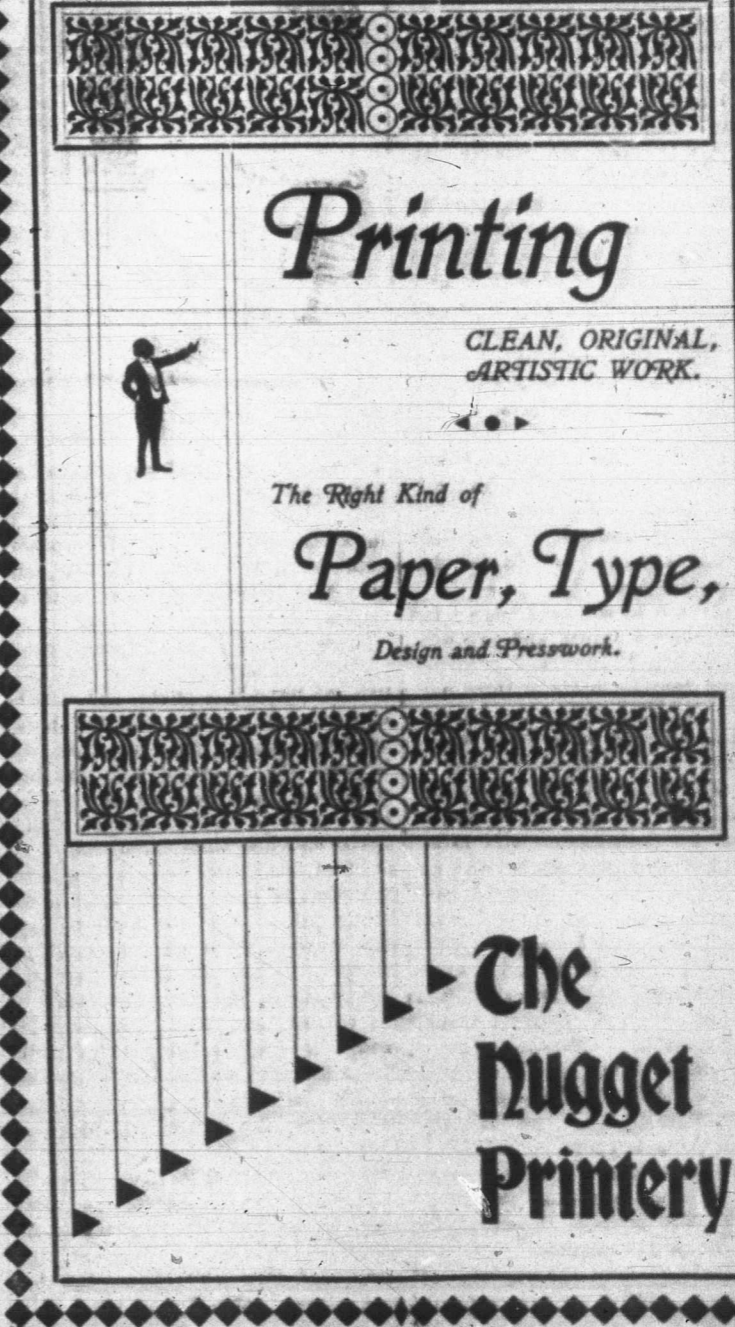


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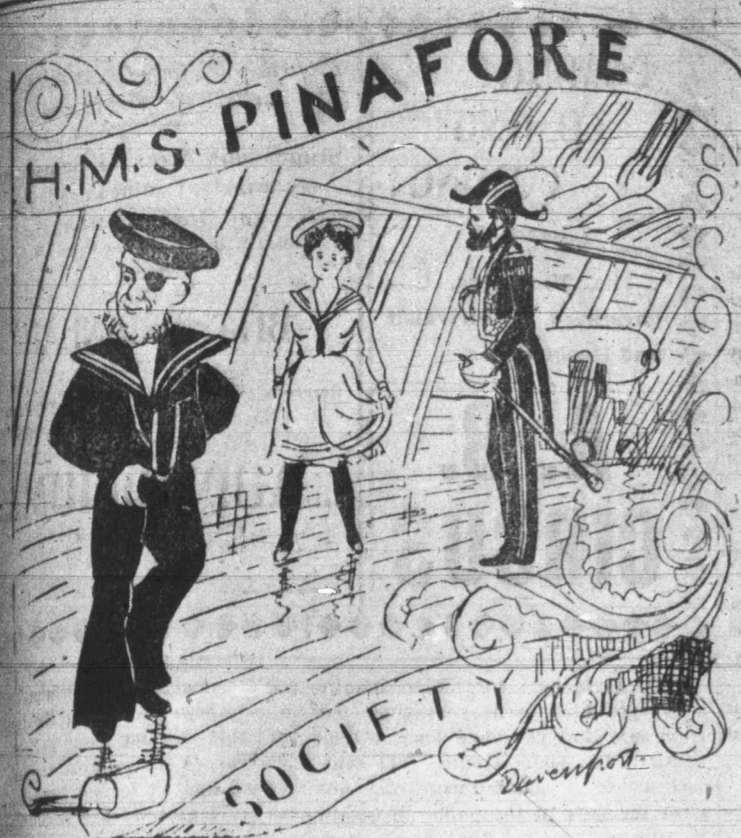
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Through the present week marks the beginning of Lent, a season of repentance, of sackcloth and ashes during which worldly frivolities are supposed to be intermitted, yet in this little world which has Dawson for its hub there seems to be but little diminution of social amusements either present or prospective. Next week occurs the A. B. circus and possibly a dance by the St. Andrew's Society; the week following there is nothing definitely slated, but the week after that the A. B.'s will be due for another of their enjoyable affairs. Then shortly afterward will occur the three nights production of "Pinafore" by the amateur opera company, to be followed closely by the celebration in honor of St. Patrick's day. Not a bad outlook for March, certainly with plenty of time yet in which to arrange other functions. The Bachelors will not dance during the Lenten season, but the first week in April will doubtless see a resumption of their pleasant parties. Easter Sunday this year falls on March 30.

The production of the comic opera "H. M. S. Pinafore" which will be given by the Dawson Amateur Operatic Society on the 13th, 14th and 15th of next month, is being awaited expectantly by everyone in Dawson. This will be the first opera ever given in Dawson and the fact of its being a study amateur performance and that the proceeds go to charitable purposes will insure its being given a hearty reception. The principals and chorus include the best talent obtainable and the excellent work being done by all members of the cast at the rehearsals is in itself a guarantee that the performance will have reached a state of perfection seldom equalled but never excelled by any amateur organization by the time set for its production. The cast of characters is as follows:

Josephine, Capt. Corcoran's daughter—Mrs. A. R. Boyes.
 Little Buttercup, Bum-boat woman—Mrs. George M. Allen.
 Hebe, cousin to Sir Joseph, K. C. B.—Mrs. Dr. Thompson.
 Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. F. N. Atwood.
 Capt. Corcoran, captain H. M. S. Pinafore—Mr. C. S. W. Barwell.
 Ralph Ratchstraw, able seaman—Mr. R. L. Cowan.
 Sick Deadeye, able seaman—Mr. C. W. MacPherson.
 Boatwain—Mr. W. Sheridan.
 Boatwain's Mate—Mr. Tilletson.
 Midshipman—Master W. Pratt.
 Chorus—Sopranos and Altos—Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Dugay, Mrs. Davis-Colley, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Eckhardt, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. McLennan, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. Maltby, Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Hanwell, Miss Freeman, Miss F. Freeman, Miss Lätimer, Miss Richardson. Tenors and Basses—Messrs. Arnold, Allen, Cowan, Fawcett, Hewitt, Jones, Lecke, Miracle, Miller, Povah, W. Povah, Raymond, Riley, Sproule, Thornburg, Turnbull, Weiss, Walton, Weld.
 Mr. A. R. Thorne, the well-known and popular dramatist, has been engaged to act as stage manager and under his skilful direction the action of the opera will go off smoothly and properly.

Mr. Ernest Searelle, the musical director, is making excellent progress with the music and both principals and chorus will be in perfect training. The opera will be given at the Auditorium theatre and it is to be received with approbation by everyone.

On Wednesday evening the boys of the Bank of Commerce extended a farewell banquet to Alderman T. G. Wilson, who left yesterday for a short trip to the coast cities. The officers of the Bank of Commerce mess

were prettily decorated for the occasion and the table was bountifully supplied with all varieties of edibles and drinkables and the entire evening was one continual round of enjoyment. Those present were: Mr. T. G. Wilson, Mr. Geo. Travers, Mr. Robert Bogle, Mr. J. L. Bowan, Mr. Thos. Trotter, Mr. Warlock, Mr. F. C. Stacpoole, Dr. Barrett, Mr. Chas. Piatt, Mr. P. C. Stevenson, Mr. T. B. May, Mr. A. C. Mofat, Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mr. A. E. Maynard, Mr. H. E. P. Jemmett, Mr. E. E. Tiffin, Mr. R. A. Rumsey, Mr. J. D. Bell, Mr. J. B. Adams, Mr. A. W. Complin, Mr. H. E. Hanwell, Mr. W. L. Gibson, and Mr. G. V. Howard.

A most successful surprise party was given to Miss Mamie Te Roller on Thursday evening by a number of her friends. The merry party marched en masse to her home and was greeted by a look of genuine surprise when she came to the door to greet them. The evening was one of enjoyment throughout and was pleasantly passed with unique games and music and at a late hour an excellent luncheon was enjoyed. Mr. H. D. Saylor, the U. S. Consul, was the special guest of the occasion and assisted in the entertainment of the evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Te Roller, Mr. and Mrs. Cohnson, Mrs. Mutch, Mr. H. D. Saylor, Miss Marie Te Roller, Miss Nellie Mutch, Miss Connie James, Miss Connie McDonald, Miss Eliza McLennan, Miss Helen Beede, Miss Lucille Lätimer, Miss Myrtle Turner, Miss Madeline Sherman, Miss Lily Thompson, Miss Marie Thompson, Miss Marguerite Thompson, Miss Marguerite Wissell, Miss Estella Mason, Master Chart Maltby, Master Allie Beede, Master Percy Mutch, Master Carl Gilbert, Master Jack Arnold, Master Don, Bozorth, Master Leander James, Master Chas. Thompson, Master Ray Te Roller, Master Louis Te Roller, and Master Wallace Mutch.

One of the pleasant events of the week was the first "At Home" of Dawson Lodge, No. 1, I.O.O.F., given on Wednesday evening. About 100 ladies and gentlemen were present and were all very much pleased with the entertainment provided, which, in fact, is considered only a foretaste of what this popular organization will do in the way of entertaining in the near future.

Last evening the Y.P.S.C.E. of St. Andrew's Church gave a St. Valentine's pie social, at the hall back of the church, which was largely attended. An excellent program was rendered and the distribution of the contents of the Valentine box created a great deal of merriment. The pie-eating contest was a leading feature and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. G. Ian MacLean entertained a few friends at their residence on Turner street. Those present were: Mr. F. M. Shepard, Mr. C. V. Shannon, Mr. F. Warrington and Mr. Raymond.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Chas. Macdonald, assisted by Mrs. T. D. Green, gave a ladies' euchre party at which a large number of the society ladies of Dawson were present. The affair was undoubtedly one of the largest and most enjoyable of the season and the hostesses added new lustre to their title of charming entertainers. Nine games were played, after which the prizes were distributed to the most skilful players. Mrs. Bruce received first prize for the largest number of points, which was a handsome souvenir spoon. For the greatest number of games Mrs. Boyes received a beautiful gold heart. Mrs.

J. P. McLennan and Mrs. Clayton each received a jumping jack as a consolation for the ill-luck which attended them throughout the game. An excellent luncheon was served by the hostesses, after which solos by Mrs. Boyes and Mrs. Davison and a piano solo by Miss Florence Freeman were greatly enjoyed. Those present were: Madame Dugas, Madame Girouard, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Ridley, Mrs. McLennan, Mrs. Steinhoff, Mrs. Wroughton, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Davis-Colley, Mrs. Starnes, Mrs. French, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. Renouf, Mrs. Rinfret, Mrs. Congdon, Mrs. Pattullo, Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Seddon, Mrs. MacPherson, Mrs. Odell, Mrs. Hagel, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Fulda, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. White-Fraser, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Te Roller, Mrs. Ward-Smith, Mrs. Gibbon, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Chataway, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. McDonnell, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Thomas, Miss Freeman, Miss F. Freeman, Miss Hanwell and Miss Richardson.

The bal poudre given Monday evening by the Bachelors is still the talk of the town in social circles and it is doubtful if any similar entertainment was ever given in the city at which more genuine enjoyment was experienced or a desired end more successfully attained. The ladies in their quaint gowns looked delicious and the men did the best they could. By the way, was there ever anything more grotesque than the average twentieth century gentleman in an eighteenth century costume? There are a few, it is true, upon whom velvet and satin knickers, brocaded coats with filmy lace and ruffles, and a powdered peruke are becoming, but with the majority the transition from the habiliments of every day is so great that one's risible faculties are often aroused to a dangerous degree. But it's all jolly good fun, so what's the use? If another were given a couple of months hence it would be just as great a success as that of Monday evening.

An event which is being talked of by the descendants of Brian Boru located in and about Dawson is the celebration of St. Patrick's day, the 17th of next month, by a grand ball to be given in the A. B. hall, making it to the sons and daughters of old

Ireland what St. Andrew's ball is to the Scots. St. Patrick's day has never been observed in such fashion in Dawson, yet on the outside a similar neglect to pay the homage due Ireland's patron saint would be considered almost a sacrilege. Several gentlemen are at present agitating the matter and it will doubtless materialize into something definite before the end of another week.

Those bon vivants comprising St. Andrew's society are preparing to give another dance in the near future, probably next week, but it will be different from the annual St. Andrew's ball in that invitations will be limited and correspondingly hard to procure. Upon other occasions the society has played the role of entertainers, but at the ball it is now proposed to give their energies will be principally devoted to entertaining themselves, a most commendable determination.

Theatre parties have been quite the fad all winter and it will next week be up to some of the society folk to give a circus party upon the occasion of the A. B. circus. In order to be thoroughly en rapport the host or hostess must take along an adequate amount of small change in order that they may regale their guests with copious draughts of pink lemonade and endless quantities of peanuts.

At the Auditorium Thursday evening there were more than the usual number of box parties enjoyed the production of "Moths." In the large center box in the upper tier, Mr. Russell Palmer was the host, his guests being Alderman and Mrs. George Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Tukey, Miss Van Camp, Miss Robinson, Miss Beede, Mr. Sam Taggart, Mr. George Coleman and Mr. H. Fitzsimmons. In another of the large boxes Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ridley entertained Mrs. Henry Macaulay, Mrs. Capt. Starnes, Mrs. French, Mr. A. J. Beaudette, Mr. O. S. Finnie and Mr. Herbert E. A Robertson. Alderman Peter Vachon had as guests in his box Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay and Mr. Joseph Noel.

Mr. F. M. Shepard and Mr. C. V. Shannon were the hosts at a box party Thursday evening at the Auditorium, Mr. Shepard entertaining the ladies and gentlemen at luncheon at his residence on Mission street and

Fifth avenue after the play. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macdonald and Mr. and Mrs. G. Ian MacLean.

The date for the next fortnightly dance of the A. B.'s has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be on March 7.

Mrs. F. T. Congdon was the charming hostess at a box party Thursday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. George White-Fraser, Mrs. Captain Wroughton, Mrs. E. Ward-Smith, Mr. H. S. Congdon and Captain Cosby.

An event being arranged for next week that will prove of unusual interest is a hockey match between a team of ladies and one of gentlemen, the latter being handicapped by being compelled to use but one hand. As several of the ladies are not particularly expert on the steel runners the suggestion is offered that rather than go down in ignominious defeat the question of "seeing" the referee prior to beginning the game is one of ultra importance. At the conclusion of the first half should things look disastrous for the ladies it might be well to insist upon an additional handicap of the gentlemen. Blindfold them, for instance. The date of the game, which will be played on the Police rink, has not been fixed, but it will occur the latter part of the week. The line-up will be as follows:

Ladies—Mrs. F. T. Congdon, Mrs. D. W. Davis, Mrs. Charles Macdonald, Mrs. Arthur Davey, Mrs. French, Miss Richardson and Miss Hanwell. Gentlemen—Captain Cosby, Captain McDonnell, Mr. E. C. Senkler, Mr. P. C. Stevenson, Mr. Dick Cowan, Mr. Marks and Mr. Hanwell.

Gold Run News.

The wedding of O. Roberts of Dawson and Mrs. Essie Potter of Tacoma took place Tuesday evening, Feb. 4th at the Gold Run Hotel, Rev. John Pringle of Grand Forks officiating. Mr. Roberts is the popular book-keeper of the firm of Chute & Wills at 27 Gold Run. The ceremony was very quiet, only the immediate friends of the couple being present.

The Literary Society of Gold Run gave a very interesting program last Saturday evening, music, recitations and readings being the order. On the

evening of the 15th the society will give an entertainment and serve refreshments; proceeds to go to the organ fund. The ladies are making very elaborate preparations and a good time is assured to all.

The men of Gold Run all seem to have the stampede fever, and each of them has a fortune in sight.

Rich King has been negotiating with McLellan & McFeely's agent and will have the machinery on the ground in a short time, and expects to put on a large force of men.

Dr. Rystrom has opened dental parlors on 29 Gold Run.

W. Baptist and Mining Inspector Reid made a short visit to Dawson last week.

Through Wire Still Down.

Whether the through wire is still down or down still, the fact remains that it is still still. However, there is a belief based on nothing in particular that by Monday, possibly before and possibly a week, maybe two weeks, after, the wire will be in working order and once again will Dawson readers be regaled with news of the world's doings. It is highly probable that until the wire is again up it will continue down.

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HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel, Feb. 15, 1902.—Carl Jepson, Gold Hill; E. N. Ranson, Adams Hill; G. Berg, Dawson; Jas. Hood, Grand Forks.

Hotel Flannery.—J. R. Gilker, Upper Klondike; Frank Laque, Gananoque, Ontario; D. A. Cunningham, Last Chance; D. R. Ferris, Gananoque, Ontario; L. C. Mann, Ford, Kansas; M. McEntee, Hunker creek; E. Alexon, Whitehorse, Y. T.

Empire Hotel.—M. Stein, city; Geo. Fraser, Hunker; W. Thibedeau, J. P. Mason, Grand Forks.

King Charles the First.

London, Jan. 30.—The statue of King Charles the First at Charing Cross was decorated with wreaths in the customary manner today, this being the anniversary of the beheading of that monarch. The most noticeable wreath, which was sent from Edinburgh, was inscribed "Sacred to the memory of King Charles the First, beheaded by his rebellious subjects at Whitehall, January 30th, 1649."

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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.

er great enough to human life. acilli demand the most delicate different kind of bacilli likes to dine another of broth touch nothing but a list of diseases lucky for the establishment in having very

Rosebery Favor. Jan. 30.—Lord Secretary of Aberdeen intimating, according to the condition of his position, compelled to offer himself for radical students in the name of Lord Rosebery and rector in succession.

er Wants the C. E. n. 30.—John Willis Secretary of the Endeavor Union, who yesterday, will go enthusiastic invitation of Denver to its national Work will be \$15,000 at the expenses.

RE GOOD FRUITS. so if you try S. & W. brand. F. S. DUNBAR corner Second avenue

J. O'NEIL. ING EXPERT. nes examined and n. Correspondence solicited. General Delivery, lene

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SOCIETIES. AR COMMUNICATION. No. 79, A. F. & A. M. at Masonic hall, lene. Thursday, lene, at 8:00 p. m. C. H. WELLS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, lene

CITY MARKET. st Meats, Poul- Fresh Fish and Game.

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& THOMPSON. PROPRIETORS. VERY HOTEL. lene Accommodations lene comfortable and lene Rooms. lene Meals. lene BY DAY OR MONTH. Thompson STAGE LINE lene AND DOMINION lene to All Creeks.

BITTNER'S NEW PLAY

At the Auditorium Monday Night.

'In Old Kentucky,' With Miss Lovell as Jockey Riding a Thoroughbred.

Since Mr. Bittner took the management of the Auditorium he has proved what none before his time was able to do...

In the latter regard what Mr. Bittner would like to do and what he does are two different things, for in the presentation of any modern drama a manager in Dawson is confronted with so many limitations to the proper display of his natural ability...

Miss Lovell, too, in the costume of a jockey, will be a revelation, and will fill the part just as sweetly as if she was born in old Kentucky where the meadow grass is blue...

Mail Due Monday.

A mail-laden stage passed Selkirk at four o'clock yesterday afternoon and should reach Dawson sometime Monday.

No mail left here this morning, nor will a consignment be dispatched before Tuesday morning, the mail contractors not having any horses to take a stage out before that time.

Seeks Statehood.

Washington, Jan. 17.—At a special meeting of the House Committee on Territories today a hearing was given to a committee of prominent non-partisan citizens of New Mexico...

gate, made the opening argument. He said that New Mexico had been asking admission to the United States for many years and several times had secured favorable action by one or the other House.

Elevator Boy a Hero.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—The La Strain Hotel, a seven-story apartment hotel at 3535 Ellis street, was practically destroyed by fire today.

The fire originated in a shed at the rear of the building. One fireman was slightly injured by falling glass.

Wild Man in Woods.

Eureka, Jan. 18.—In the vicinity of Orick a wild man of the woods has been seen. Sunday Will Babcock, who resides on the Hayes place, hearing an unfamiliar noise in the brush, and thinking it was a bear, fired one shot.

That night the wild man attempted to force an entrance into Babcock's house. The wild man has twice been seen in that vicinity but who he is no one knows.

DOG THIEVES NUMEROUS

Many Complaints Being Made to Police.

Probable Intent is to Sell Stolen Dogs to Koyukuk-Bound Voyagers.

Within the past two weeks upwards of a dozen complaints have been made to the police by persons who have lost valuable dogs and although diligent search has been and is being made around town by both the owners and police, none of the animals have been recovered.

The supposition is that the dogs are being stolen for the Koyukuk trip which many people will make within the next six weeks. It is possible that no intending voyagers to Koyukuk are stealing dogs, but they may be made the victims of arrest through buying dogs of those who are stealing them.

South African Hero.

Captain Pellétier, an officer of the N. W. M. P. stationed at Whitehorse, arrived last night on a short visit and is a guest at the officers' mess.

Will Soon Return

Mr. Justice Craig was heard from on the last mail. Unless his present plans are altered his lordship will arrive in Dawson the first week in March.

WANTED—Solicitor who has had experience in directory work. Address M. care box 967, city.

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

SETTLED BY HIS HONOR

Small Debts Procedures Heard Yesterday

Judge Macaulay Renders Judgment in a Number of Petty Territorial Cases.

Nearly the entire day yesterday was devoted in Judge Macaulay's court to the hearing of a number of small debts procedures.

The case of King & Co. vs. C. W. Higgins and E. Ogilvie and that of Donaghy & Fortin vs. E. H. Myers were adjourned.

Dan McDonald vs. Joseph Wintestate, George Murphy vs. H. L. Hedger and Evereste Denoncourt et al vs. W. H. Mendham were settled out of court.

Estelle Lemere had two cases up, one against W. S. Anderson and the other against one Leblanc, both of which were dismissed. The latter was a suit for a balance alleged to be due plaintiff's husband on a wood deal in which defendant was interested.

J. Bucci recovered judgment against Charles A. Scurry in the sum of \$86.66.

Fred P. Freeman vs. H. Finesilver was adjourned until Tuesday.

James Tate was given judgment against John Vennie for \$98, the amount prayed for in his complaint.

In the case of James E. Case vs. W. W. Webb and William Maechter judgment was given against the defendant Webb and dismissed as to Waechter.

John K. Condi vs. P. W. Seddon was non-suited with costs, plaintiff not appearing.

The suit of Barrett & Hull vs. S. G. McLennan was tried, the judgment given being a compromise. The claim sued upon was for \$56.65 said to be due for two crates of potatoes purchased from plaintiffs by defendants. One of the crates it is alleged was slightly frost-bitten and defendant demanded a rebate, tendering in payment 2.62 ounces of gold dust, a difference of but \$14.70. His honor gave judgment for half the amount, \$7.35.

Sudden Death of an Editor.

Iroquois, Jan. 17.—Mr. Wm. A. Whitney, editor and proprietor of the St. Lawrence News, died at 9 o'clock this evening. His press was being run by a water power, when a nut loosened, flooding the office. Having no means of stopping the water at the office, he ran towards the power house, but the shock and exertion were too much for his strength. He had gone about twenty rods when he met his son, who had given the word and was returning. He turned with him and walked a few yards, when he sank on the sidewalk and when carried into an adjacent shop life was extinct. Mr. Whitney was born in Grenville county in 1834, was for twenty-five years headmaster of the Iroquois high school, several years classical master of the Morrisburg collegiate institute, and had been publishing the St. Lawrence News about four years.

Skeleton Found.

Tacoma, Wash., Jan. 18.—On the grounds at the Puyallup reservation school the skeleton of an Indian has just been found by Superintendent Terry. For more than 200 years the skeleton must have lain in the place of its discovery. A large tree had grown over it and the rings indicate that it was of great age. The skeleton was found on the top of a great pile of clam shells. As the ground thereabouts is the only high land in the vicinity these shells must have been deposited there when the sea washed over the lower part of the valley. Over the bones about two feet of fine soil had accumulated and then the roots of the tree took hold and hid them from sight for two centuries.

Last Night's Stage.

Robertson's stage arrived shortly after last midnight from Whitehorse with Frank Mortimer, D. R. Fenis, L. C. Mann and Frank Lague as passengers and 1000 pounds of baggage and freight.

For Mr. Saylor.

The reception to be held by members of the Zero Club in honor of Mr. Henry D. Saylor, recently arrived United States consul, is all arranged for and will be, it is hoped, as enjoyable to Mr. Saylor as it is certain to be to his many hosts. Ad-

gresses suitable to the occasion will be delivered, followed by an interesting and highly entertaining program. Sociability and general good-fellowship will characterize the latter part of the evening or early part of the succeeding day.

Still on the Creeks.

Mayor-elect Henry C. Macaulay is still engaged in making a tour of the creeks. An effort was made by those having the meeting on Monday night in charge to find Mr. Macaulay by 'phone this morning but proved unsuccessful. It is the intention to ask the mayor-elect to preside at the meeting on Monday if he returns in time.

Notice of Meeting.

A meeting of the Liberal Association will be held at Pioneer hall this Saturday evening at 8 o'clock to discuss the Treadgold Concession and make such representation to the government as may be deemed proper.

All Liberals, whether members of the association or not, are invited to attend.

J. T. BETHUNE, Secretary.

Meeting Called.

In pursuance of a request by a number of resident miners of the territory, a mass meeting is hereby called to take place in the A. B. hall on Monday night at 8 o'clock to protest against the closing of a large portion of the district to the individual prospector by the Treadgold concession. All are invited. The gallery will be reserved for the ladies.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

Reception to U. S. Consul.

Members of the Zero Club are notified that a reception will be tendered United States Consul Saylor at the Zero Club tonight. All members are entitled to invite guests.

E. J. FITZPATRICK, Honorary Secretary.

E. B. CONGDON, Chairman Reception Committee

THREE YEARS FOR MURDER

Is Sentence Given Badgeley of Ottawa.

He Interfered in a Fight and Killed Charles Murray Five Years Ago.

Ottawa, Jan. 18.—Harry Badgeley, charged with having killed Charles Murray in 1896, was convicted of manslaughter in the winter assizes yesterday, and was sentenced to three years in Kingston by Chief Justice Meredith. The evidence was reviewed by Mr. T. C. Robinette for Badgeley and Mr. H. H. Dewart, K. C., Crown Prosecutor, at the morning session, and the Chief Justice delivered a very fair and impartial charge. The jury returned a verdict of guilty after deliberating for about an hour.

The Judge passed sentence at the opening of the court in the afternoon. Badgeley said that he was innocent and asked for mercy, but the Chief Justice expressed grave doubts of the prisoner's innocence. His lordship said, in part—

"The jury has most properly convicted you. They could have come to no other conclusion on the evidence. You not only persisted in denying your guilt, but went into the witness box and made statements which, if you were guilty, must tell against you. Human life is not to be lightly taken; if the person who takes it is allowed to escape there is no punishment for the crime. In looking at your case I find that you behaved in a most cowardly manner. You had nothing to do with the struggle which was going on, but you interfered and struck this man down from behind. The blow killed him, and you have the responsibility of taking the life of another."

"Since this affair occurred you have been a wanderer on the face of the

COMING! COMING! COMING! The Matchless, Unparalleled, Unrivalled and Unequaled. A. B. CIRCUS. Stupendous Array of Samboian Gymnasts, Equine Paradoxes, and Oriental Jesters. Combined With the Gigantic Eques...

earth. It is not for me to inquire where you have spent your time, but I am sure that you have done nothing which is to your credit. The sentence which I shall impose may not meet the view of the public in regard to this matter, but that is no concern of mine. I shall satisfy my own conscience, and I hope that the leniency which I am about to show you will do you good."

Badgeley was then sentenced to three years at hard labor in the Kingston penitentiary.

New Publication. "The Miners' Guide" is the title of a neat little vest pocket publication of 96 pages recently gotten out by Malcolm Scarth for circulation in the city and on the creeks.

The book contains a world of information of particular use to the miner and prospector and is of a size so convenient that it can be carried about at all times. Mr. Scarth is on the creeks this week taking orders for his publication.

Frost in California.

San Francisco, Jan. 26.—The cold wave continues and the temperature in California tonight is about ten degrees below the normal. Heavy to killing frosts occurred generally this morning and are predicted for tomorrow morning. Reports from Los Angeles say the

coldest weather of the winter season in Southern California, the temperature this morning going as low as degrees. A heavy frost covered ground and ice formed in places. Rus fruit growers had ample warning of the approaching cold snap and the necessary steps to prevent damage have come in at last. Reports have been sent out of still other weather tonight, which it is expected will be accompanied by killing frosts.

Notice of Meeting.

A meeting of the Licensed Prospectors Association will be held in Annex Club rooms at 4 p. m. on Saturday, February 16, 1902. GEO. BUTLER, President. E. A. PORT, Secretary.

FOUND—Lady's belt Purse.

Nugget office.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or flawed diamonds can not be sold at J. L. Sale & Co.'s. They are only the best.

Fine Tailoring. SPRING GOODS. First-Class Work. FIT Guaranteed. GEO. BREWITT.

Growing Like a Snowball Rolling Down Hill!

That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to

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The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper.

Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of \$3.00 per month.

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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