

VOL. 6 NO. 84

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

BUTCHERS WILL STAND PAT

On the Resolution Passed at Their Meeting Last Night That After Monday Next Gold Dust Will Only Be Taken at \$15 per Ounce—Foxy Restauranters.

From Friday's Daily. aggregates no small amount. Our principal customers, the restaurants and creek men, pay as in dust and when the importer demands currency, the loss falls upon us in making the exchange at the banks. It would not be so had if the restaurants in town only gave us a fair deal. I venture the statement that there is not a restaurant in the city doing a business of \$50 a day or over whose receipts are not 90 per cent. in currency. But do they pay their meat bills in currency? No, indeed; they take it and buy up all the dirty old cheap dust they can find and palm it off on us at \$15 an ounce, and if we run a magnet through any of it they set up such a wall that they can be heard clear to Fortymile, so we have come to the conclusion to not take dust at all in payment for meat except at \$15 an ounce.

Practically every market, both large and small, was represented at the meeting and each has pledged himself to stand by the other in keeping the agreements made. Next Monday the new order goes into effect. The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that on and after Monday, October 21, all meats will be sold for currency only, or gold dust at \$15."

Sunday Night Lecture. Mrs. Blake, who came here some weeks ago in the interest of a miners' home and hospital, will lecture Sunday evening next at half-past 8 in Pioneer hall, her subject being "Woman's Duty to Woman." Mrs. Blake is an entertaining speaker, one who is well known among the lecture bureaus of Canada. An excellent musical program will be rendered in conjunction with the lecture.

DAWSON TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE. Stages Leave Dawson 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Stages Leave Grand Forks 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Office Phone 4. Stable 3. Grand Forks 21

When on Dominion STOP AT THE Gold Run Hotel. J. R. FOWLER, Prop. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. EMPIRE HOTEL The Finest House in Dawson. All Modern Improvements. J. F. MORGAN J. F. MACDONALD

AMMUNITION Shot Gun, Rifle, Pistol. Rember, Cleveland, Monarch. SHINDLER, THE HARDWARE MAN

SCHOOL SUPPLIES Cox & Cloes, Cor. 2nd and 2nd. Telephone 179.

MILNE Has \$100,000 Worth of New Goods FAVOR US WITH YOUR OUTFIT. GROCE First Avenue. GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Decorate Your Homes We Have a Nice Selection of Palms in Jardines, Flowers and Ferns, Cut Glass Vases and Bric-a-brac.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED

Gold From Alaska. Seattle, Sept. 21.—Eighty thousand dollars worth of placer gold from the new Chetochens district, in the Copper river valley, and the first large consignment ever received from that section arrived today on the steamer Excelsior. Two men, H. Miller and E. Sandberg, had \$25,000 in dust, their winnings for this season. The summer's output of the Chetochens is estimated by to-day's arrivals from the camp at \$500,000. More or less Cook inlet gold came on the Excelsior. The Polly mine, a placer property on Resurrection creek, yielded \$70,000 this summer, swelling the total output of the claim since its discovery five years ago to \$400,000. It was owned by four men, one of whom, Wallace W. Price, sold his interest in it two weeks ago. Five years ago Price was a Seattle policeman, practically penniless. He retires from Cook inlet today worth \$150,000.

DOG DAYS IN DAWSON

Are Practically Over, the Stock Being Much Decreased.

A member of the police force who keeps posted in canine lore, says there are not over one-half the dogs in Dawson at present there were one year ago. Many dogs were killed last winter and spring during the prevalence of rabies and many others were killed later on, and when a law was passed requiring dogs to be provided with muzzles in addition to license tags, as the owners of many curs decided they were not worth the amounts demanded. At the pound a large number of unclaimed dogs have been killed, as no one was willing to purchase them at any price. Many others have been taken down the river to be used in freighting to the new camps. On the whole it is estimated that there will be fully 500 less dogs in Dawson this winter than last. To a great extent the Dawson dog has had his day.

NO RAISE FOR N. A. T. & T. CO.

Will Continue to Sell Hay and Oats at Former Prices.

"How are oats this morning?" said the Nugget man to Mr. TeReller, the manager of the N. A. T. & T. Co. "Oats are just as they have been so far as we are concerned," was the reply, "but I noticed that the Nugget made quite a feature of the raise in prices yesterday. Our prices for both hay and oats, however, remain the same as they were when several firms were selling out at 7c and 5c. We fixed the price for hay at 7c and oats at 9c, and we shall keep them there all winter, or as long as our stock lasts. "It seems to have gone abroad that there is an oat famine in Dawson, for Mr. Isom, our vice president, wired me today from Whitehorse, where he is waiting for the railroad to open up again, this telegram: "Whitehorse, Oct. 18 "To H. TeReller:— "It is reported here that oats at Dawson are \$260 per ton. As long as our large stock lasts keep prices down. Fair profit only to consumers. Our policy is this: We do not believe in cutting prices during summer and then making heavy advances at the close of navigation. This discourages development of the country. "W. H. ISOM."

HE WANTS PROTECTION C. Geo. Johansson's Road is Private Property.

The heavy consumption of wood on Hunker in the vicinity of discovery during the past few years is beginning to make itself felt, and this season claim owners find themselves compelled to go farther back into the hills for their supply than ever before. A few weeks ago C. Geo. Johansson completed a road several miles in length which leads from his claims, 5 to 8 below, back toward the Flat creek divide. All the grading and excavating was done at Johansson's expense, and in view of that fact he has asked for protection against wood choppers who cut for the general market. L. Burwash, connected with the crown timber and land office, has recently returned from a tour of inspection of the tract in question where he Johansson has expended a large sum of money in making the timber available and will doubtless receive the protection to which he is entitled.



"High on a throne of royal state, Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, Arizona exalted sat."

MAIL DUE TOMORROW

The Next Departs Monday at 2 p. m. on the Nora.

Water frontiers have figured out that the Nora will be the last boat to leave for up river points this year, and have placed the date at Saturday, October 26. She is due to arrive at Whitehorse today and should leave on her following trip for Dawson tomorrow. Allowing five or six days for the voyage down she would arrive here on the 24th or 25th, and would be ready to return the next day—the 26th. The manager of the Calderhead boats has announced that there is little likelihood of the Flora, which left here Wednesday afternoon, returning, and as the Nora is certain to not make another trip the honor of bringing the season to a close will doubtless fall upon the Nora. All the other up river boats are now out of commission excepting the Wilbur Crimmons and the Clara-Monarch. The latter has not been in port for some time, and as the Crimmons leaves tomorrow for Whitehorse it is scarcely possible that she would be able to make another round trip and again return to Whitehorse before the river closes. The Nora passed Selkirk at 9:30 this morning with three scows in tow. She is expected tomorrow afternoon and will leave on her last trip at 2 p. m. Monday. The Wilbur Crimmons leaves tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock for Whitehorse. She will not return unless a fleet of scows should be ready to be conveyed down. The Prospector has arrived at Whitehorse and is safe in winter quarters. No word has been received today from any of the steamers now en route to Whitehorse and the presumption is they are all adrift and making progress. Those yet on the river headed south are the Flora, Zealandia, Clifford Sifton and Casca. The Anglian, the last boat which will leave Whitehorse this season, will not be dispatched until the ice is running. Jury Disagreed. Davenport, Oct. 5.—The jury which tried Sheriff J. H. Gardner, of this city, for an alleged detaining of Mrs. Dora Yates in a hotel in Spokane, disagreed. C. G. May, P. W. Dillon, Deputy Sheriff J. J. Inkster, Judge Neal and Judge Caton were witnesses for the defendant. A damage suit for \$25,000 has been instituted against the Northern Pacific Railway Company by John Riley who fell from his wagon and fractured his leg while driving over a crossing in this city some time ago. The complaint states that the crossing was dangerous to travel and that the railway company had been previously notified of the fact.

THE LAST UP-RIVER STEAMER

Will Be the Little Ora Leaving on the 26th.

Which Will Be One Week From Tomorrow—River Men Prognosticate the Future.

Now that the Yukon river is about to retire from business for some time, the clerks in the postoffice are besieged every hour in the day by people inquiring when the next mail will arrive and when it will depart. It may be safely said that as long as steamboats are running the mails will leave and arrive with their accustomed regularity. A large mail is expected on the Nora due tomorrow, and the next one to be dispatched will leave Monday afternoon on the same boat. The Ora, which is expected on the 24th or 25th, will also bring mail and likewise take it on her return about the 26th. After that there may be an interval of two weeks or more when mail will neither arrive nor depart. Through mail for down river points is also expected on the Nora, and should it arrive it will be dispatched in a canoe by Mail Carrier Downing the following morning. His run extends to the Tanana, 728 miles, and by fast-traveling he would be able to reach that point, probably, before the close of navigation.

FUTURE AT STANDARD

Manager Eads Prepares to Entertain Patrons. Murray Eads, of the Standard, received a telegram yesterday from J. W. Bittner at Skagway saying he would arrive in Whitehorse last night, and might be expected in Dawson early next week. Mr. Bittner is known throughout the States and particularly on the coast, as being one of the cleverest and most capable producers now before the public. His repertoire is extensive and embraces many of the latest eastern successes. Mrs. Bittner, likewise an accomplished player, is not accompanying her husband, as was originally intended, she having recently been taken seriously ill in Spokane, Washington, where at last advice she was still confined in the hospital.

Barely Escaped Lynching

Pendleton, Or., Oct. 5.—A blacksmith named McWilliams, of Alba, barely escaped being lynched by an infuriated mob at Pilot Rock yesterday. McWilliams attacked the late President McKinley, using vile language and saying that he was glad of his death and that he should have been murdered long ago. A mob of men and boys secured a rope and started to look for the blacksmith. McWilliams took alarm and fled toward Pendleton. He arrived there this morning, having run and walked during the entire night.

Pioneer Loses His Life

Walla Walla, Oct. 5.—C. N. Babcock a pioneer of 46 years, was accidentally killed in the woods 20 miles from here yesterday. With a load of wood he left the mountains for home, when a log broke away, rolling on him and pinning him to the ground. He was alone at the time. His son, a Northern Minnesota conference (today) the horse having stood by the dead body all night. The funeral will be held at Watsburg tomorrow. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Adverse to Women

Brainerd, Minn., Oct. 5.—The Northern Minnesota conference today voted 74 to 6 against changing the constitution to make women eligible as delegates to the general conference.

KING CHARLES OF ARIZONA

Will Organize Expedition of Cowboys to Capture Tiberon Island and Bring Native Tribe of Savages Into Subjection—Great Scheme of "Arizona Charley's."

From Friday's Daily. Arizona Charley is about to start on an adventure which will make the world ring with his name if he accomplishes the enterprise upon which his mind is now bent. He proposes to do no less than capture from a savage tribe the Island of Tiberon in the Gulf of California. This island is about 80 miles long by eight miles wide and is inhabited with a fierce race of aborigines, the Seri Indians. Charlie Meadows has no love for an Indian, his father and brother having been cowardly killed by the Apaches, and to his hatred for all Indians, together with his well known love of adventure and the possibility of immense gain is ascribed his reason for entering upon his latest venture. Should he accomplish the task he will occupy an enviable position for he will be a potentate of no small magnitude over a territory larger than many of the kingdoms of the old world, and his fame will live when the name of many a king has been erased from the memory of man or the records of history. The Island of Tiberon is part of the republic of Mexico but no force of the Mexican government has been able to subdue the fierce tribe which peoples it. In fact they are the aggressors and have frequently visited the mainland some 30 miles away in their war canoes and slaughtered the Mexicans for miles along the shore, devastating the villages and carrying back to the island many prisoners of war which were afterward roasted and eaten. This awful fate befell two representatives of the San Francisco Examiner, Robinson and Logan, in 1893, they visiting the island in the interest of their paper, but were captured and killed with rocks by the Seri. One of the party escaped and the news was subsequently published in detail. Since that time no one has visited the place. Mr. Meadows' plan is to gather a force of cowboys and give the natives battle with modern rifles, the fire of which he says no savage can withstand. "That is the easiest part of the whole scheme," said Meadows, in answer to a question. "I can find any number of men who would go with me just for the deviltry of it, men who are trained to the use of fire arms and who are not afraid of anything on earth. I intend first to get a grant of the island from the Mexican government on condition that I capture it from the natives and pay for it a reasonable price. Should that work out all right I intend colonizing the place, and I have no doubt whatever but that there will be found both placer and quartz mines there. The location is exactly in the mineral belt and the natives are known to wear golden ornaments, anklets and bracelets as well as using the precious metal for ornamenting their crude implements. This gold was undoubtedly found on the island. John Bradbury of Los Angeles, in 1893, offered to back me with all the necessary funds if I would gather a force of cowboys and take the island, but owing to complications with the Mexican authorities I had to give it up for the time being. I now have sufficient ready money to get up an expedition of my own, and if I am successful I shall reap all the reward. "A line of small steamers could be put on the Colorado river connecting with the Southern Pacific railway at

Yuma, Arizona, and making regular trips to the island a distance of but 135 miles from that city. The place would be a Mecca for sportsmen and globe trotters as it abounds in game, and along the shores the best fishing in the world is obtainable. My idea is to make the Island of Tiberon another Monte Carlo. There is no reason why this country cannot support another such place as is on the Island of Montevideo in the Mediterranean. "I am serious in this matter and have put in many an hour in mapping the scheme out. I have sent representatives to Mexico and have their reports at hand. Just as soon as I complete my business affairs here I start for Mexico. Besides this from a mining standpoint there is the neighboring mainland which is rich in possibilities, for there is no question of doubt but that paying mines can be located in that district. Professor W. J. McGee of the U. S. geodetic survey visited the island with a party of scientists in 1895, but did not penetrate into the interior. His reports show the island to be some 80 miles long by from one to eight miles wide. Whether or no Mr. Meadows will accomplish the task of subduing the natives remains to be seen, but that he has dreamed and dreamed for many years of the possibilities of conquest, and that he means the attempt there is no question of doubt.

AGAIN IN LITIGATION The now famous Fred. Creese claims Nos. 1 and 2 on discovery pup, Last Chance, which were so long in litigation with Fleischman, are again before the public. The half interest in the claims sold by Creese to W. N. Campbell has been seized by the former under a writ of execution secured in satisfaction of a judgment, being for money yet due upon the original purchase, and the sheriff is advertising the interests for sale to the highest bidder on Friday October 25, at 2 p. m. It is not thought the sale will ever take place, as Campbell will undoubtedly pay up before the date arrives. The claims are among the best on Last Chance, and when Fred Creese sold them for a song he little knew he was allowing a fortune to slip through his fingers.

To Carry Hop Growers. Salem, Or., Oct. 5.—The board of directors of the Oregon Hop Growers' Association met today to consider an offer of capitalists to furnish \$500,000 to carry the growers for six months, until the market advances. The proposition was considered favorably, and the growers are to be canvassed by the association to ascertain the amount required. A committee was appointed to organize a pool for shipping hops to London by the all-water route.

Struck by a Train. Salt Lake, Sept. 21.—A man, supposed to be Frank Mitchell, was struck and instantly killed by a Rio Grande train in this city last Tuesday night. There was nothing about the man by which to identify him, except a note book bearing the name "Frank Mitchell" and the advertisement of a Grass Valley (Cal.) book store. The body was buried Wednesday by the county officials.

GOOD ENOUGH! TO MAKE OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT THE BUSIEST SPOT IN THE STORE Your Choice of 300 Men's Scotch, Cassimere and Worsted SUITS, beautiful fitting, strictly up-to-date garments. Only \$15.00 Men's Cheviot, Beaver, Melton, Kersey and Chinchilla DRESS OVERCOATS and STORM ULSTERS, plaid worsted and silk lined. Choice, \$15.00

AMES MERCANTILE CO. We Will Keep Them Guessing

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The Klondike Nugget

Published Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$2.00. For month by express in city in advance .50. Single copies 12.00.

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 credit of our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

\$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.

From Friday's Daily.

A MOST IMPORTANT PROJECT.

A railroad to the Forks seems to be one of a number of long contemplated projects which will reach fruition during the coming year.

Upon this entire amount freight charges have been collected which would aggregate a tremendous sum—a sum entirely out of proportion to the distance over which the freight has been transported.

It appears at length that the possibilities of the situation have been realized and that active measures will soon be taken to place such a road in active operation.

Whenever a long period of storm is experienced here we may understand it has been preceded by a storm on the coast of Alaska.

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.

FOR SALE—Latest improved coal heater. Apply Nugget office.

New Waists. French Flannel, Eider-Down, Gashmere, Lustre, Etc., Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.

Another breakdown at the electric powerhouse threw the local newspaper offices temporarily out of joint today.

for the production of the paper. Accidents occur occasionally which delay issuing the Nugget on the streets at the regular time, but as we have remarked before, it must be a more important emergency than a mere break down at the electric power house, which will force this paper to throw up its hands.

An excellent name for our genial contemporary the Sun, would be the "Yukon Newspaper Review." You can almost always read in the Sun practically everything that appeared in the Nugget and the News of the previous evening.

In yesterday's issue of the Nugget, approximately seven columns of space were devoted to the publication of the details of President McKinley's funeral.

A Storm Center.

Alaska is a storm-breeding point. The records of the weather bureau show that a vast majority of the great storms that pass over the West have their origin on the northern coast.

The lines showing the tracks of these storms are very interesting. They show that the entire northern portion of the country is indebted to the frozen seas that wash the shores of Northern Alaska for all their storms.

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Stroller's Column.

The season for corners is upon us and from now until far into next spring attempts at cornering some article or another will probably be frequent occurrence.

An example of the way corners work has been given in Dawson within the past few days. A certain obliging little campaign story that can be told on any party, in any locality and at any season of the year.



PUPS GIVEN AS PREMIUMS WITH DRINKS.

saloon keeper through a natural and honest process became the proud owner of a half dozen or more fine fox terrier pups.

The delegates were too much wrapped up in thought of the affairs of state to be interested in the boy's stock and the result was that none were sold.

A week later the Liberals held a convention in the same hall, and as the delegates filed out in the afternoon the same boy was there with his basket crying: "Here is the place



"LAIKE A FOOL I DONE TUCK DE BET AN' SWALLY'D DE AIG."

ers were reported in another part of town and the stock was quoted at \$25 each, every pup guaranteed.

For Sale—A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs.

However, it is in keeping with an advertisement in a certain Dawson paper regarding a horse that has been found and for which an owner is desired.

The diet which men were forced to eat in the pioneer days of the Yukon was not conducive to health growth; on the contrary, there were few men who, in the early days of Fortymile and Circle City, did not lose nearly all the hair from their heads by staying two winters in succession in the country.

One night one of the blindest men in the locality had occasion to look under his bunk, in which he had a candle was required.

I've done made a fool ob myself an' use a tin de quesecones." Asked for a detailed statement of his trouble, he said: "Hit an dis way: Las Sat'day night as I was gwine home Gwage Washington wot keeps a stor on Frog alley hef me forty cents dat I couldn't swally a aig widout breakin' ob de shell.



"THEY PLASTERED THEIR HEADS WITH FLAP JACK BATTER."

silken black hair as he had ever worn in his life, and from that day to this the man has never been troubled by indications of baldness.

The Stroller never tires of referring to his old time handy man, Beautiful Zion, who alternated between supreme happiness and heart-breaking woe to a greater extent than any other known being.

The Stroller solicits correspondence and suggestions for his department for the reason that the work of preparing a half dozen or more columns every week is no short waltz picnic.

No attention will be paid to "Little Willie" articles signed "Fond Mother." Send postage for return of manuscript, and if it is neither printed or returned you will know it has joined the everlasting through in the waste basket where this would go were it not for the fact that the Stroller is required to fill so much space or lose his job.

Necessities First. On account of the scarcity of bricks in a Texas town the congregation of the local church allowed their new edifice to remain unfinished while a saloon was being erected.

DEL ADELPHA THE GREAT MAGICIAN IS PERFORMING NEW AND STARTLING TRICKS AT THE NEW SAVOY THIS WEEK.

Make a Guess When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

- A Flee Coat, Value \$60.00
A Beaver Cap, Value 20.00
A Pair of Dolge Shoes, Value 7.00
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves 3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00

Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

This is a Bad One.

An Irishman was once observed closely buttoning his sweater and upon being questioned as to the reason for dressing in that manner replied, "Begob, I'm keepin' the hot air out." He can even up now by keeping the hot air in, for cold days are upon us and warm clothing is a necessity.

HERSHBERG CLOTHIER

The Standard Theatre

Silver King. The Greatest Cast Ever Put in Dawson. 50 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE. GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS.

Portland, Or., Weather. It must have been dry weather in little while beautiful carriage Portland, Or., for a week prior to last Saturday, for on that day in a kind of ecstasy, the Oregonian broke out as follows:

There is sometimes as much as a week in midsummer when it does not rain in Portland. Then a fugor is upon the people, they mope, so to speak; in their business houses the proprietors yawn and the clerks lounge about.

Iowa Creamery Butter. L. A. MASON, Agent, Second Avenue.

STANDARD FREE READING, WRITING, SMOKING, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOMS. LIBRARY WORKINGMAN'S LUNCH, DINNER AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd.

C. G. Wilson, Importer. FEED, PROVISIONS, FOOD PRODUCTS.

Wall Paper. Anderson Bros. 50 Cents Up.

STAGE LINES. THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. Yukon Telephone Sys. Co.

If You Want to Save Money

And Are Particular About Quality. TRY.

SECOND AVENUE Opposite S-Y. T. Co. SARGENT & PINSKA THE OUTFITTERS.

The Klondike Nugget

Published weekly by GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Wed. and Thursday's Daily. MUST BE KEPT UP.

The season of open navigation is practically at an end, and it is possible to view with a more perfect knowledge than has been possible in the past, the results of the policy which has been pursued by the White Pass route toward this territory.

There is no mistaking the fact that thousands of tons of freight have been brought to Dawson via St. Michaels which under other and different circumstances would have been shipped by the railroad and down the river.

No matter what statements to the contrary are made by newspapers in the pay of the railroad, the fact remains the company was compelled to tie up the larger portion of its fleet almost at the beginning of the season, and with one-third the boats which it expected to use has been able to meet all the demands which have been made upon it both for passenger and freight accommodation.

The Nugget asks the attention of every firm or individual who has shipped by the White Pass, to the following proposition: COMMODITIES OF ALL CLASSES ARE BEING SOLD IN DAWSON AT THE PRESENT TIME MORE CHEAPLY THAN WOULD BE POSSIBLE IF PRICES WERE BASED UPON THE FREIGHT RATES CHARGED BY THE WHITE PASS COMPANY.

In other words, while the cost of living has been greatly reduced, and comforts and luxuries are now within the reach of many of our people who previously could not afford them, an exactly opposite condition would prevail if the transportation business were exclusively in the hands of the White Pass.

Under the present situation the merchant who ships his goods via the White Pass is clearly at a disadvantage when he is forced to bid for patronage against his more fortunate competitors whose stocks have been brought to the Dawson market by the lower river route.

This situation demands immediate and serious consideration. Concerted measures should be taken straightway to effect a remedy. Before the opening of navigation next spring, every influence possible should be brought to bear upon the various governments from which the White Pass railroad has secured charters to secure an investigation of the freight tariffs imposed by the company upon the consumers of this territory. Every merchant, every miner, whether an operator or employe, and every resident of Dawson, is equally interested.

The fight for justice at the hands of the White Pass must be kept up until it is won. Sooner or later results will be accomplished.

If the railroad company is not able to realize that its present policy will ultimately ruin its own business, it remains with the people of this territory to come to their own rescue.

A LATE SEASON

It would not be surprising to see boats leaving Dawson for Whitehorse as late as the fifth of November. On the 12th of October, 1898, a fire occurred in Dawson which destroyed a large portion of the city. On that day as will be well remembered by all old timers, the thermometer registered somewhere in the neighborhood of 25 degrees below zero and ice had formed in the river from the shore out a distance of 25 yards. Nevertheless a boat left Dawson five days later, when the river was filled with running ice, and succeeded in reaching Whitehorse.

It hardly seems possible now that the small boats will be forced to tie up earlier than the date mentioned. There is as yet scarcely a trace of ice in the river, and in fact there has not been enough cold weather to thoroughly chill the water. The season is easily two weeks behind when compared with the past three years, and unless a protracted cold spell begins very soon, the Yukon is liable to remain open for navigation later even than the date mentioned above.

THE TURKISH BRIGANDS.

The case of Miss Stone, the American missionary who has been held captive for ransom by Turkish brigands has attracted widespread attention. The young lady was taken prisoner and carried off to the mountains, where she has been concealed. A demand for a ransom of \$100,000 was made upon her friends and this sum the American missionary society is endeavoring to raise.

In the letter which reached the

demand for the ransom, the brigands also stated that unless the sum named should be forthcoming within a specified time, Miss Stone would be forced to marry one of the chiefs of the band which holds her prisoner.

The United States government has called upon the Turkish authorities for assistance, and a late report stated that the brigands were surrounded by Turkish and Bulgarian troops.

This latest outrage may have the effect of drawing the attention of the civilized powers to the fact that the "sick man of Europe" needs a doctor's care. There is reason to believe that the kidnapping industry is pursued in Turkey, with the tacit consent of the sultan himself. The fear of complicating the eastern situation has prevented decisive action which should have been taken in similar cases long ago.

In the present case the results may be somewhat different. The American missionary society of which Miss Stone is a representative, is a most potential organization. In its membership are included many important government officials and men who exercise great influence in social and commercial affairs. The organization has unlimited financial resources at its command and undoubtedly will have the support of the government in the demands for redress which will be made.

If it becomes necessary to pay the ransom demanded by the brigands in order to secure Miss Stone's release the Turkish government will be called upon to settle the account later on. It is not improbable that an ironclad or two will be sent along to accentuate the diplomatic exchanges.

THE TREADGOLD CONCESSION.

As was indicated in an article treating on the subject, published in this paper yesterday, the effects of the Treadgold concession bid for to be farther reaching than has heretofore been supposed. According to the present interpretation of the concessionaire's rights, he has access to all unlocated or abandoned property on the richest creeks in the district.

He has the advantage over the ordinary miner in that he is compelled to pay no recording fees, and will not be held responsible for representation work as is the case with the individual applicant for ground.

That the concessionaire intends taking full advantage of the special privileges which he enjoys is fully demonstrated by the fact as brought out in our article of yesterday. It was shown in that article that a representative of the concessionaire is busily engaged in the gold commissioner's office taking a transcript of the records covering all unlocated ground, as well as claims which are likely to lapse to the crown by reason of failure to perform representation work.

The only course now open to the miners of the district to protect themselves against this colossal is to post themselves with reference to the ground available for location and head the Treadgold people off in the effort now being made by them to curral the portion of the district yet remaining unworked.

Every miner who desires to secure a claim within the district covered by the concession should make all possible haste and present his application to the gold commissioner's office, otherwise the holders of the Treadgold concession will shortly be in possession of everything worth having.

THE OAT CORNER.

The full details of the washout on the White Pass road as published in yesterday's Nugget confirm the first reports received. The railroad has been washed out in a number of places, and traffic in all probability will be suspended a matter of ten days yet.

The first effect of this news on the local market was witnessed yesterday when the price of oats advanced a matter of \$60 per ton. The speculators who manipulated the corner undoubtedly figured that the washout on the railroad will prevent further shipments, as it is altogether probable that navigation will be over before cars are again moving on the White Pass tracks.

It is a well known fact that a good many hundreds of tons of oats were ordered by wire within the past week. If delivery of orders which are probably in transit between the Sound and Skagway could be guaranteed in Dawson, the corner manipulators would yet find themselves in a tight place. As conditions now are, fortune

seems to have favored them. The disaster which has overtaken the White Pass road bids fair to prove a means of lining the pockets of the speculators.

It certainly is an ill wind that blows good to no one.

The enterprise exhibited by the Seattle newspapers in handling the reports of the International yacht races is worthy of mention. The Times of that city arranged to follow the movements of the yachts by means of toy boats suspended from wires strung across the streets in front of the Times building. Bulletins announcing the positions of Columbia and Shamrock were received at the Times office every few minutes, and the toy yachts were maintained in the same relative positions as the big racers throughout the entire contest. The idea was an exceedingly novel one and its success is attested by the fact that thousands of people crowded the street to watch the progress of the race. The Times is not up-to-date.

A Selkirk merchant has been in Dawson for the past few days making purchases for his store. He finds it cheaper to buy his goods in Dawson and transport them to Selkirk rather than purchase on the outside and ship direct via the White Pass route notwithstanding the fact that Selkirk is 180 miles nearer the coast than Dawson. In other words, by purchasing goods shipped from Vancouver or Seattle via St. Michael to Dawson he is enabled to save money as against shipping direct to Selkirk over the White Pass. Here is an object lesson which even he who runs may read.

Letters are still being received by the police and the local newspapers calling for information in regard to the whereabouts of lost people. Inquiry often develops the fact that parties presumed by their families to have disappeared entirely or to be dead, have merely neglected to write to their homes. Such carelessness is little less than criminal. Failure to realize expectations from a financial standpoint is usually advanced as an excuse by men who neglect their obligations in the manner noted. Such an excuse is worse than none at all. In fact there is none which can be advanced. As has been truthfully said, the man who neglects his own, is worse than an infidel.

The many congratulations which have been showered upon the Nugget by reason of its increased size and generally improved appearance are gratefully appreciated. It is the constant aim of this paper to meet every demand of the local reading public, and results tell how successfully our purpose has been carried out.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

It will be remembered that one year ago today, October 17th, 1900, was election day in the Yukon, the occasion being the selecting of two members to serve on the Yukon council for a period of two years. It will also be remembered that the day was very cold and stormy, a hard wind driving the light snow hither and thither; that the Yukon was nearly full of running ice and that it was on that day that the steamer Ora, the last boat of the season to leave Dawson, pulled out for up the river, picking her course and dodging large pieces of ice all the way between Dawson and the mouth of the Peley river. The Ora carried the last mail sent by steamer, and notwithstanding the fact that the ice had been running for fully two weeks, made her way safely to Hootalinga, where she tied up for the winter, her cargo of mail being carried around thither, across Lake Lebarge and on up to Whitehorse in a boat, and two succeeding mails sent out later over the ice reaching Skagway on the same day.

That this season is more than two weeks later than last is evidenced by the fact that no ice is yet running in the Peley river nor has the water of the Yukon become so chilled as to not melt ice even if it came from another stream.

There is no telling yet what the date of the sailing of the last boat will be, but so long as the river remains open with no more signs of closing than at present, the smaller boats will doubtless be kept in commission, although the fact that the railroad is not now in operation, owing to recent washouts, will preclude the arrival of both freight and passengers at Whitehorse, therefore, there is no possibility of any business for the boats between Whitehorse and Dawson.

From the present outlook it is not improbable that steamers will leave Dawson for the upper rivers this year as late as November 1st, and if such is the case another record will be broken and a precedent established which may not be again attained in a score of years.

Along the rail of the McKinley pew was draped a scarf of ermine bound with ribbons, nothing else. The sliding partitions dividing the auditorium from the sabbath school room were raised, giving the fullest possible space to accommodate those who had the melancholy pleasure of holding cards of admission.

THE LAST RITES PERFORMED

Touching Ceremonies With Which the Remains of the Dead President Were Consigned to Their Final Resting Place--Service Was Conducted in Canton, Ohio.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 19.—The nation has said its farewell, the state has sobbed its good-bye, the captains of the sea and of the land have paid their parting respects with flags and belching cannon, and tonight William McKinley rests in the tomb on the hill overlooking his beloved home. The pomp of peace and the panoply of war are gone and his life partner, the fair bride of his youth and the sweet sharer in his glory, sits alone in the desolation of widowhood. Alone, because, although ministering hands gird her about and sympathetic souls endeavor to soothe and sustain her, the only voice that could lull her fears is forever silent, and the only hand that could give her strengthening aid, is cold and still. As she passed from fretful slumber of poppy and mandragora, and from painful awakening into induced sleep, her lips ever breathe that pathetic query: "Has the Major come?"

Thus will her remaining tenure of life be, a patient waiting for the dawn of that happy day in a fairer land when the Major will have, indeed, come, and tribulation and sorrow will be no more. Until then must she bear the burden alone, since none may share it with her.

The payment of the last public tribute was grandly yet sadly imposing, but no part of it so truly impressive as that within the walls of the church where for years he worshipped. It was here that nation, state and city took their last farewell of President, Governor, citizen and friend. Here were sung the hymns he loved, and here recited the Scriptures to which he took delight. Next to the last sad scene of all, in the bleak air of the autumnal afternoon at the tomb of God's acre, was the most vivid of the series of sad tableaux of the national tragedy, grand in its sombre coloring and striking in its simplicity. It was the veritable apotheosis of woe, the climax of sorrow, thrilling and depressing as the human emotions were played upon by the entranced senses.

Yet with all the outward insignia of sorrow appealing to the sympathies, nothing so clutched at the heartstrings as a gap in the scene—the absence of a slender woman in the habiliments of mourning and the emptiness of a draped pew. For the widow of the dead President was not there to join in the prayers, and the seats that they occupied were left vacant as a reminder of the loss that not only the nation but the little congregation had sustained.

The eyes of the multitude sought out this blank, and its sympathy went out to the poignantly bereaved little woman who is lying within the shadow of the valley through which her husband has passed. The eloquent appeal that meant chair could not be resisted by even the meekest of mortals.

The church, the First Methodist, was surrounded at dawn by thousands and as the day spent itself thousands more augmented the throng, until at noon its proportions were vast. They were patient, these watchers, oh, so patient, as they stood for hour after hour in the chill air without food or drink, that they might see the casket inclosing their beloved leader's body as it passed within the church.

Encircling the edifice was a double line of soldiers to protect the entrances, but so gentle was the multitude that it seemed that a card affixed to the doors would have restrained it.

For days the loving hands of the congregation have been at work preparing the trappings of the funeral day, and when their labor ended this morning it was pronounced a masterpiece. Delicate, filmy Chinese crepe swathed the gallery rails and pillars, picked out here and there with silver white tassels. From the arched nave above the organ swung an American flag, caught up in the middle with a single band of somber satin. Screens of black crepe hid the walls of the chancel. Piled up in artistic confusion from the very floor to the choir loft were the floral tributes that had been offered from over the ends of the earth and by sovereign and citizens alike.

In the very centre stood an immense vase of white carnations upon a bed of maidenhair ferns. Below it in a great circle of ferns and orchids was a life-size picture of McKinley, the gift of well-beloved friends in old Kentucky. At the very lowest was the catalogue, covered simply with the national flag. Throughout the color scheme was purple and heitroppe, with pure white and vivid green to furnish the delicate contrasts.

His Pew Simply Draped. From the present outlook it is not improbable that steamers will leave Dawson for the upper rivers this year as late as November 1st, and if such is the case another record will be broken and a precedent established which may not be again attained in a score of years.

ly the scenes preceding the service carried with them much interest. The side portals were opened first to the loyal Legion of the State of Ohio, the brother officers of the dead President during the war of rebellion and their descendants. Almost at their very head walked Harry Garfield, son of the martyred President, a grave, dignified young man with his father's serious look in his deep-set eyes. He had come to pay the debt contracted when McKinley, then a young Congressman, presided with deep feeling at the memorial to his slain father. Farther back was another son, James Rudolph Garfield, whose budding political career the dead President nurtured and watched while he was Governor.

Behind the loyal Legion came the Cuban delegation, headed by Senor Quesada, and made up of officers of the Provisional Government of the island. With the inherited punctiliousness of the Spaniard, they wore black from head to foot. The long wait outside in the chilly air was a trying ordeal to them, and they entered and took their seats with evident relief.

A rattling of scabbards and the presenting of arms announced the entrance of Governor George K. Nash, of Ohio, with his personal military staff. The Governor looked weak and fatigued, the contrast with his brilliantly caparisoned carpet knights being striking. Scarce had they taken their seats before Colonel James Kilbourne, the Democratic nominee for Governor, was ushered in at a side door by John Welfy. The spare built, gray little man, was instantly recognized, and he was conducted to a seat near the Governor, with whom he exchanged greetings. Later he joined the ranks of the loyal Legion, of which he is a member.

Next in order of admission came the members of the Supreme Court of Ohio, headed by Acting Chief Justice Marshall J. Williams. With them came Dr. E. J. Wilson, of Columbus, the physician in charge of Governor Nash. A stir in the sanctuary gave notice of the arrival of the invited clergymen, a company of 50 sad-looking men in conventional clerical attire. At 1:35 o'clock the front doors swung open to admit the United States Senators present. With the big-framed Allison, of Iowa, himself an Ohioan, and the courtly Bate, of Tennessee, at their head and preceded by Sergeant-at-Arms Layton, they advanced with the solemn tread befitting their station across the church and down the right aisle. Those within looked in vain for Senators until later.

The doors remained closed for five minutes, and then reopened to admit the members of the House of Representatives. They came in with shuffling tread to the number of 175. At the head of the column was Speaker David B. Henderson, of Iowa, gray and painful of step and leaning on the arm of Congressman John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania. Directly behind them were Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Payne, of Wisconsin, men whose influence with the dead President had made them strong in the halls of politics and legislation.

Here and there in the line were notable figures, the giant Sulloway, of Vermont; the clerical Taylor, of Ohio, the wearer of McKinley's congressional mantle; White, the last colored Congressman from the South; and Watson, of Ohio, now a member of one of the many commissions created by his administration.

As they were rapidly ushered into their places, softly disturbing the silence at first, and then gradually swelling into a plaintive moaning, came the tender notes of Beethoven's "Funeral March," the sweet signal that the casket was approaching. Mingling with the minor pleadings were the harsher, shriller, yet subdued notes of a military band outside, and as the doors swung open one could catch a glimpse of the brilliant uniforms of a troop of husars, Troop A, of Cleveland. They had on many occasions in the bright past formed the personal escort of the dead man, and were now riding upon their last assignment with him to the tomb.

As their fluttering guidons disappeared a horse military command rang through the church, and the guards in the aisles and doors stood as rigid statues. Then, with a swaying motion, entered the detail of soldiers and sailors appointed to the sad office of pallbearers. At their head, walking backward, was an officer in glittering uniform, and upon their shoulders was the casket. McKinley had come to take his last visit to his church.

In sharp contrast to the sober-hued decorations and as a shock to the eye was the distinguished guard of honor fairly replet in their gaudy uniforms. There was Miles, the head of the army, graceful and erect. He had traveled 3,000 miles to be present at this service. His companion was Admiral Farquhar, repre-

senting the Admiral of the navy, Geo. Dewey, whose achievements were so much glory for McKinley and the nation. Ous, of Philippine fame and Brooks, of Cuban history, strode behind with Crowninshield, the reputed arch enemy of Admiral Schley; O'Neill, short, bald and portly of figure, and Bradford, newly come to his honors. As the imperial guard surrounded the body of the sovereign to the last, so did they guard their dead chief, occupying the seats immediately beside the casket.

Once again was the scene shifted. The crowd stood up in reverential attitude as the soldiers and marines with obvious difficulty deposited the casket upon the catafalque and arranged the funeral wreaths upon its top. For the space of a half minute there was quiet, followed by the sound of a rapidly moving company. Through the chancel down to the right the familiar figure of President Theodore Roosevelt showed itself, clad in a long black coat and carrying his sily hat, a la-militaire, across his breast.

The usher pointed to the pew assigned to the President and the cabinet, and without the slightest hesitation he strode forward entirely alone, directly to his proper seat. More slowly behind him filed Secretaries Root, Gage, Knox, Smith, Hitchcock and Wilson in the order named. They, with the President, occupied the seats directly behind the pew filled with the bullion beded Admirals.

Next in the procession came the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Chief Justice Fuller. As Justice McKenna, of California, the only one of McKinley's creation, passed he stopped for a moment to look at the casket. Closing the official line came Private Secretary Cortelyou, the faithful servant and devoted friend of the dead man. Like the others, but with perhaps more reason and bitter sorrow, he had come to say goodbye in public.

All being arranged the immediate family were admitted. Abner McKinley leading the sad little cortege with his wife, heavily veiled, on his arm. Eagerly the crowd sought for the President's widow, and as the younger McKinleys, the Barbers and their long line of connections passed and she appeared not a satisfied sigh ran through the watchers.

"It is better so," was the comment, followed by the fervent exclamation, "May she be no worse!" Tottering along on the arm of a relative came the aged Isaac Saxton, the uncle of Mrs. McKinley. He is deaf, and came simply to sit and weep in the everlasting stillness that envelops him. In the train of family friends that came later every eye simultaneously fell upon the face of Senator Mark A. Hanna, the powerful and masterful man, who made it possible for the dead McKinley to be President. The face was that of a Roman centurion of the Pretorian Guard. The first terrible shocks of grief having passed, the grim old man had forced his features back to their normal passiveness. Nothing could be read in them as he stumped firmly along upon his cane and gave his wife the support of his arm. He was the Hanna of the senate and of the conventions. Fate had decreed and he had accepted the judgment.

Behind him, with quick, nervous strides, came Myron T. Herrick, the tall Cleveland banker, who was McKinley's financial ally and social companion. Herrick hoped much in the future from this connection, and he might be truly classed as having real grief. In the same category might be placed the tall, willowy Senator C. W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, who with his wife walked with Comptroller Charles E. Dawes, who escorted his wife also.

Across in the senatorial group was William E. Mason, the senior member from Illinois, and he looked curiously at Dawes as he passed. For Dawes, expecting the powerful aid of the President, had begun the campaign for the Mason tax. While the family party was being seated those two favored children of fortune, whose wealth comes from the earth's depths, Senators Clark, of Montana, and Kerns, of Utah, were ushered in.

Clark is little and spare of build, and Kerns, a rugged Irishman with strong thighs and muscles, made so by hard labor in the mountains of his adopted state. The official guest list closed with the belated arrival of Lieutenant McKinley, the President's nephew, and Captain and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, who had just left the Market-street cottage.

In the meantime at the side door the stream of distinguished visitors flowed undiminished. Following the loyal Legion the Buffalo Exposition party came in, headed by John M. Milburn, the gentleman at whose home the end came last Saturday morning. The Ohio state officials, Secretary Laylin, Treasurer Cameron and Auditor Guilbert, came in separately. Outside the crowd was closing in upon the lines and the confusion was extreme at the points where the guests came through. The side stream was black and slow until Governor Bliss, attended by a full military staff, entered and took up seats in the rear of the church.

Then came Governor Yates, of Illinois, debonair and youthful. The envious politician eyes him hungrily for he is supposed to be in high favor with Roosevelt. Other Governors came, some with staid and some alone. There was dark-skinned General Miguel Otero, of New Mexico, with a military aid, Major Llewellyn. Governor W. T. Durbin, of Indiana, had an escort of

friends from the tin-plate region of his state. Governor LaFollette, of Wisconsin, had a part of his staff in mufti, while with Governor Dockery, of Mississippi, came David R. Francis, of St. Louis, President of the St. Louis Exposition. Toward the end came Perry Heath, once the power behind the throne, and a leading figure in the memorable fight of 1896. He was alone, and the usher not knowing him, picked his way to a seat across the chairs.

While the guests were still coming word was given to begin the ceremonies in order that the programme might be finished before the fall of night.

The Opening Hymn. There came a burst of girlish singing, sweet, though clear, and a hush came over the audience. Four young women of Canton, friends of the President, were the singers, and their song was "A Beautiful Isle Somewhere," where happiness was eternal and suffering and sorrow never came. Their voices were fresh and sympathetic, and thrilled those who heard them. Their simple song done they gave way to Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Canton. By this time the torrents of ticket holders had burst through the side door, and the ushers, losing their heads, began to give orders in voices loud enough to disturb the services and to cause a volley of hisses from the press gallery.

Dr. Milligan is a full, portly man, markedly bald, and wearing an unseemly moustache. His eloquence was of a labored sort, it seemed, until he spoke of the suffering widow, and begged his auditors to unite with him in the prayer that her sorrow might pass and peace and health be restored to her. As he spoke this every head was bowed, and a woman in the gallery began to sob softly. The sympathetic feeling of his hearers seemed to enter into the preacher, and the peroration was so uplifting that when he came to recite the Lord's Prayer he found the entire audience repeating it with him.

A verbatim report of the sermon follows: Our president is dead. The silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the wheel is broken at the cistern; the mourners go about the streets. One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen!

I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Our president is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said: "It may be that God will be gracious and merciful to us."

It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated sciences, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object on earth.

We seemed to hear the faintly uttered words: "Good-by, all, good-by; it's God's way. His will be done," and then "Nearer, My God to Thee." So nesting nearer to his God he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shore of the sea of death for a time and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

"A voice is heard on earth of kind-folk weeping. The loss of one they love. But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping. A festival above. The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple The funeral bells toll slow; But on the golden streets the holy people Are passing to and fro. And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice, another, Long waited for, is come. The Savior's heart is glad, a younger brother. Has reached the father's home.' The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the beauty of Israel, could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chieftain.

It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kingliness of aspect, but gives assent to this description? It was characteristic of our beloved president that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people; but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense.

Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people. A touching scene was enacted in this church last Sunday night. The services had closed. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together today. Three men in working garb, of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, entered the room.

They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before his picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent—eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony of their appreciation of many a friendly word and honest worth.

It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our country dead before us, that he who has betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or for eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and true before God and man, and his name was unsullied by bribes.

His eyes looked right on and his eyelids looked straight before him. He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He was disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every responsibility so grandly and unflinchingly. Not only was our President a heroic and honest; he was a pillar of a Knight as ever rode the lines of his lady love in the days when hood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked upon a tear-dimmed eyes, as it gazed at the bedside of his beloved, when all feared that a fatal blow was upon her.

No public clamor that he should show himself to the people, he showed of a social function was a sign to draw the lover from the side of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and lived. This sweet and tender love all the world knows, and we know that his whole life, and this strong arm that he leaned upon, it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of a multitude, and for her greetings and acknowledgements of them was first thought was that the best news might be broken gently. May God in this deep hour of our comfort her. May his grace be upon her than her anguish.

Another beauty in the character of our President that was a chapter of grace about his neck was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unswerving. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and in his own sinfulness. His faith in the Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other than the pulpit discourse, "Christ and Crucified," was to his mind the panorama for the world's discourse. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said: "We do not look for great business men in pulpits, but for great preachers."

It is well known that his mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the Gospel and that she believed it to be his highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his own faith that made him a Christian. He had gained it early in a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duty and vaster responsibilities than he had been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, when bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

William McKinley believed in the beauty of it, in the power of it. His language was not confined to him and his public address infrequently evince the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his life, long convictions and personal experiences that he should say at his first critical moment after the assassination approached, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," and that he declare at the last: "It is God's will that be done." He lived just what he was fitting that the world should grandly. And now that the night of death that has touched and called him was still a conqueror. He was his friend and countryman, what language shall I give expression to the deep love of our souls as I speak of the great man's death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that he changed the country and the people into unutterable grief we are surprised that one nationally after another has hastened to render their dreadful act. This gentle spirit hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly snatched by the cruel hand of an assassin, that, too, while in the very act of tending a kind and generous word to one who approached him with a sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assassin have seen how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heinous and heinous, methinks he would have grasped his hand at the very threshold of life. In all the coming years we will be in vain to lathom the mystery of that crime.

Had this man who led his people, a tyrant, an oppressor, a man whose frenzied to rid the world of him might have sought counsel, and if the people's friend who had seen William McKinley received the wound.

Himself a son of 1900, his eyes were with the world. He has seen the matchless grandeur of

fact came can ever his own was for life should peace, joy, weeping, scrutable like man's nature re much to his nat All sect There is no West- ning of passed t tory and heled h his mood- ness of "I ed." The v- ell dom- We had unparallel- ness we- ment was- tions of at him at- that I- It was of hum- things v- from one- great so- before- dying in- Let us- eration- to learn- first one- of the o- of life v- "Man- to his l- "He- and new- Our pr- of his b- but the- sig to- member- of and- May r- dety dor- But of- Little- bid him- some th- which t- last wor- ing phe- obscure- sympathy- sure pro- whom I- confidence- no than- "To a- sealed b- act of a- any deg- unity of- advanced- splendid- not an- to be- someone- le, or- sweetest- my old- trust my- I live." We b- work w- dem of- the affe- might b- of life i- He has- how? "Near- placed- struggle- over so- But v- How v- tion ro- The pe- mourner- weep w- victory- of publi- ments- other m- hestow- people? this th- We go- little m- went on- ing, up- set and- We to- queor. "The- rest, The qu- And the- And the- With me- And str- For man- While b- The vir- Of that- His r-

with which he greeted such... doubt that his heart was... Every heart throbs... for his countrymen. That his... should be sacrificed at such a... just when there was abundant... when all the Americans were... together is one of the in-... mysteries of providence. Like many others it must be left for... revelations to explain.

In the midst of our sorrow we have... to console us. He lived to see... nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East or West. Washington saw the begin-... of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley saved his country in the splendor of his noon. Truly he died in the fullness of his fame. With St. Paul he said, "I am now ready to be offered."

The work assigned him had been... done. The nation was at peace. He had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our reverses were generous. Our standing among nations was secure. Our president was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not of him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things we are not surprised to hear from one who was present when this great soul passed away that he never before saw death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur.

"Let us turn now to a grief consideration of some lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first lesson that will occur to us all is the old lesson that in the midst of life we are in death. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." Our president went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly manhood, was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. "Of us can tell what a day may be forth. Let us, therefore, remember that "No man liveth to himself," and none of us dieth to himself."

But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we were him good-by as he went to assume the greatest responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words as he left us were: "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will—and I am sure prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honor."

A SEALED BOOK. "To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can be official aid of administration or utterance, in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country and the advancement and well being of our splendid citizenship I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With that thought in my mind I reluctantly leave my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweet memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now, and I trust my home hereafter, so long as I live." He hoped with him that when his work was done, freed from the burden of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved. He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Born to the strains of "Nearer My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, who might look and weep over so sad a homecoming. But it was a triumphant march. How vast the procession. The nation rose, stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, oh, what a victory. I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection what man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant has equalled that we look upon?

his prayer for the relief of the widow. As he retired the choir came forward and sang the hymn that dimly floated through the dying chief magistrate's mind on the fatal night in Buffalo. Often had he heard it in his church, and from the same lips that today trembled it forth. It had been expected that the congregation would join in singing it, but when the notes of "Nearer My God, to Thee" arose no one could find voice to follow the song. There was only silence when the moment arrived for the refrain to be taken up, and the choir went on alone to the end.

The services came to a close with the benediction. This was pronounced by a Catholic priest, Rev. Father Vattman, of Chicago, who had been appointed by President McKinley as chaplain in the United States army. The speaker was in his military uniform, and as he said the farewell words tears flowed down his cheeks. His emotions had overmastered him, and at times the language of the benediction was incoherent. There was genuine grief in his prayer, and as he suddenly ended it and went back to his seat he was universally pitied.

The end came quickly. With the notes of the recessional march the audience rose. President Roosevelt at once stepped into the aisle and bowed to the cabinet officials—as a signal. They at once walked quickly through the chancel and out the exit to their carriages. At the door, George Foster, McKinley's bodyguard, stepped behind the president and followed him to his carriage. Inside the church the jacks and the soldiers lifted up the casket and swung out with it into the gloaming of the day.

The Senators marched after the family and funeral party. Then came a rush for the outside. The First Methodist church in Canton had lost its most distinguished member, for he had crossed its threshold for the last time.

MR. NEWLANDS AT WORK

New Legal Adviser Familiarizing Himself With Duty.

Mr. H. W. Newlands, the newly appointed administrator and legal advisor, successor to Mr. F. T. Congdon, resigned, was seen at his office today engaged in familiarizing himself with his multitudinous duties. Mr. Newlands arrived on the Clifford Sitton, coming direct from his former home in Regina. The present is not his first trip inside, he having been in Dawson several weeks last summer as an inspector in the lands' titles office. He notes many extensive improvements in the past year, and marvels greatly at the progressiveness of the people of the far north.

"Of course," said he, with a smile, "I have not been here long enough to gain any impressions, but from what little I have seen I am sure I shall soon feel at home. My trip last summer was very enjoyable, the long summer nights at first seemed so strange, but I soon became accustomed to them and I think appreciated their beauties fully. I have not made much headway in my new position yet as I have scarcely been able to locate myself. Mr. Congdon's illness has prevented him giving me much valuable assistance in becoming acquainted with details, and until his recovery things will naturally move somewhat slowly."

Mr. Newlands is a barrister originally from Nova Scotia, but of recent years, until 1898, he was practicing his profession in Prince Albert, the capital of Saskatchewan. Since that date he has been a resident of Regina, occupying the position of inspector of land titles. He and Commissioner Ross are friends of years standing, the two having been on more than one occasion closely associated in political battles. Mr. Newlands' family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, was left at their home in Regina, but they will probably join him here at the opening of navigation next season. The new legal adviser has not yet taken his oath of office, but it will be administered tomorrow either by Governor Ross or Mr. Justice Dugas. Of politics Mr. Newlands had nothing to say beyond expressing the opinion that the Yukon would soon be given a council wholly elective, and that representation in parliament would eventually be secured.

Sockless in Snow.

Grass Valley, Cal., Oct. 5.—John Blaney, of this city, was stood up at a pistol's point and compelled to stand bare footed in the snow while two masked highwaymen relieved him of \$65 in gold, a watch and revolver. Blaney was on his way to Grass Valley in the midst of a snow storm, when two masked men stopped him and compelled him to dismount at the point of pistols. They took his watch and revolver from him and, finding no coin in his clothing, made him take off his shoes and socks and stand him stand barefooted in the snow while the robbers pocketed \$65 which Blaney had hidden in a sock. They then ordered him to drive on without looking back if he valued his life. The only comfort Blaney got out of the robbery was the knowledge that the robbers overlooked a large sum of money which he carried in a valise in the bottom of the cart.

Cases of appeal from the assessment for the purposes of taxation made by Assessor E. Ward Smith to the number of 73 will be heard in the

PLANS NOW FORMULATED

For Construction and Operation of Railroad to Creeks by E. C. Hawkins and Associates Who Have Purchased Franchise Granted to Tom O'Brien and Others.

From Thursday's Daily.

In yesterday evening's Nugget a press dispatch from Victoria was exclusively published conveying the information from no less a source than E. C. Hawkins, late general manager of the White Pass railroad, that the railroads traversing the various creeks contiguous to Dawson would surely be built and that steam would be the motive power employed instead of electricity, as was originally intended. It is not generally known that when Mr. Hawkins was in the city some three or four weeks ago he secured an option on the O'Brien franchise, depositing the sum of \$40,000 in escrow pending the consummation of further arrangements. Immediately afterward he left for Ottawa for the purpose of procuring through parliament, if possible, certain modifications considered necessary in the franchise, and if he were successful in his mission it was intended to begin construction work yet this fall. In fact, arrangements had already been made for an engine, grading machinery and several miles of rails which it was proposed to ship down the river before the close of navigation.

Those interested with Mr. Hawkins in the deal resident in Dawson have not yet heard from him since his return to the coast, and it is not known to a certainty what his intentions are as to the immediate future. As the charter now stands the right of way is given over the various creeks subject, however, to such compensation as may be agreed upon between the promoters and the owners of the claims traversed, in damages sustained by the crossing of the railroad. In other words, it will be necessary for the road to purchase the right-of-way over the ground other than that owned by the crown, and Mr. Hawkins' trip to Ottawa was for the purpose of securing such right of way direct from the government without being liable to the claim owners for indemnity. Those familiar with the status of affairs hold that such proceedings on the part of the government would be an impossibility, as having once given a possessory title to the claims in question it could not be revoked at will. As stated, whether or not Mr. Hawkins has succeeded in his mission is not known, though advice would doubtless have been received

where this had the overland wire been working order. The charter for the building of the O'Brien road was assented to by parliament on July 10, 1899; the incorporators being Thos. W. O'Brien of Dawson, James Arthur Seymour of Ottawa, William D. Ross of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and Llewellyn N. Bale and Harold B. McGivern of Ottawa, incorporation being effected under the name of "The Klondike Mines Railway Company."

The capital stock is placed at \$1,000,000, with the head office in Ottawa. Klondike City is the terminal, the road running up Bonanza to the divide, thence to Dominion, down Dominion to Indian river, thence to the Yukon river and down to Dawson. The construction of branch lines on the Klondike river, Klunker, Bear, Quartz, Sulphur and Eldorado creeks, is also provided for. The exclusive use to any pass or gorge wherein there is room for only one line of railroad does not pass to the holders of the franchise. Any other line may be constructed and have the privilege passing over the line of the first named at such places under such conditions as may be imposed by the governor in council. Permission is granted the company to construct and maintain telegraph and telephone lines.

The company may acquire lands, build power houses, acquire exclusive rights in letters patent, sell or lease any surplus power, and may receive aid in grants of land, bonuses, loans or gifts. Preferred stock may be issued to which shall be first applied a cumulative preferential dividend at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum. The residue of profits shall be divided among the holders of the ordinary shares. The company is allowed to issue bonds or debentures and may mortgage, pledge or hypothecate any of the assets of the company. Provisions are made by which the construction of the road shall have been begun and 15 per cent. of the stock must have been expended thereon within two years from the date of the franchise, and the road must be completed and in operation within five years or the powers conferred by parliament become null and void. Word from Mr. Hawkins is anxiously awaited and the probabilities are that active construction work will be begun yet this fall.

MARRIED LAST NIGHT

Pretty 9 O'clock Wedding at St. Paul's Church.

The Church of England was crowded to its utmost capacity last night, the occasion being the marriage of two well-known and popular residents of Dawson, Mr. P. H. Hebb and Mrs. M. P. West. The ceremony took place at 9 o'clock, and the vast crowd assembled were the most intimate friends of the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. P. H. Warren, the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal church being employed. The bride, always unusually neat and attractive, was beautifully attired in a gown of gray imported satin brocade, with sleeves and yoke of laced white satin, combined with real lace, with together with an imported belt pin of pearls and diamonds, having her hair prettily dressed with lilies of the valley, the effect being the most beautiful and elegant bridal costume ever seen in the Yukon. The bridesmaid, Miss Fanny Butz, was nicely attired in a neatly fitting coral colored gown with cream taffeta and chiffon. The groom looked the debonaire gentleman he is in conventional black, his attendant, Mr. M. A. Day of the Northern Commercial Company being similarly attired. An hour after the ceremony at the church about 30 guests sat down with the newly married couple to an elegant supper in the bride's own house on Second avenue, between Second and Third streets.

Mr. Hebb is well-known as an extensive and successful Klondike mine owner, while his vivacious little bride has ever been accorded the reputation of being one of Dawson's best and most far-seeing business women, she having accumulated a neat fortune by purchasing, improving and renting or selling city property since coming to the country three years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hebb will remain in Dawson this winter, making an extended visit to the outside next year.

DISPLAY CABINET

For Samples of Klondike Quartz Placed in the Aurora.

Hereafter mineralogists will be able to find samples from every quartz ledge yet located in the country by calling at Tom Chisholm's Aurora, where Andy McKenzie has just had made and placed in position a large glass front cabinet in which are on exhibition all the samples above mentioned and which Mr. McKenzie has exercised great care and expended not a little money in collecting during the past several months. Each piece is labeled, showing what ledge it is from and on many of the samples are certificates of assay, showing their respective wealth as mineral bearers. This is the most extensive as well as the best arranged collection of ores in Dawson. All persons interested in quartz are invited to call and inspect the various samples.

Murder in First Degree.

Kansas City, Oct. 5.—Bud Taylor, who last March shot and killed Miss Ruth Nollard, a former sweetheart, in a sensational manner, was tonight found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out but 55 minutes. The defense made a strong plea of insanity, and the evidence showed that Taylor suffered from epilepsy.

Youthful Murderer.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5.—special from Phoenix, Ariz., says: "In a night at Clifton over a pair of spurs Francisco Castillo, a 14-year-old boy, shot and instantly killed Dr. Ruiz Cisneros, aged 13 years. The youthful murderer escaped and is hiding in the mountains."

PEOPLE WE MEET.



ACTING COMPTROLLER "TOM" HINTON.

AN EVOLUTION IN THEATRES

On the Yukon Since the Palmy Days at Fortymile

Where Pioneer Actor George Snow Played "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"—Great Progress Made.

At one of the theatres a few evenings ago an incident occurred which trivial though it was brought one to a realization of the evolution that had taken place in the play houses of the Yukon during the past seven years. In nothing else has there been a greater change than in that which has for its purpose the amusement of the public and among those whose occupation is the holding up of the candle to Nature's mirror. Primitive log fires have given way to huge boilers supplying steam for thawing the ground, electricity has replaced candles, the telephone and telegraph have annihilated distance, palatial steamers have supplanted the canoe and rudely constructed bateau, and the little log building at Fortymile and Circle City which by courtesy was once called a theatre, have in time merged from their chrysalis state to the steam heated, two galleries, box bedecked theatres of today with their mass of gilt and tinsel and wealth of scenery and mechanical effects.

He whose presence was responsible for the incident referred to was an old, grizzled miner, typical of those whom Bret Harte and others have immortalized in verse. He's age it would have been hard to guess as he had been inside so long that he had ceased to regard the flight of time. Jack McQuesten, Joe Ladue and Al Mayo had been his pals years ago, and at about the same time "Slim Jim" Winn was finding his way over the Chikoot pass in '81. He was following a trail over the divides from the Cassiar by way of the Mackenzie. The evening in question a society drama was being presented at the theatre. It was the old man's first night in town since '97, when in the stampede from Circle he had failed to stake on any of the then good creeks and not deigning to notice bench or hillside he had returned in disgust to his claim on Birch creek, remaining there ever since. During the performance his eyes were riveted on the players, sympathizing with the heroine in her troubles, cursing the villain who caused them, and heartily rejoicing in the final triumph of virtue and innocence.

As the curtain was rung down on the final act, he pulled his old hat down on his ears and remarked that "That was the best danged show I've seen since George Snow played 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' at Fortymile."

The history of the stage in the Yukon is interesting though of not many years in length. The George Snow referred to first made his appearance in Juneau nearly 15 years ago. He was an actor who had been barn storming all his life, had a wife likewise a player and a little daughter of an age suitable for child's parts. He remained in Juneau several years, earning a rather precarious living with the cock and buskin. In '93 during the Fortymile boom he with his family came inside, and a year later the "Fortymile opera house" was duly opened by the Snow Dramatic Company. Small parts were filled in by anyone who could be induced to take them, and the first theatre ever constructed on the Yukon river made for itself a place in history. The show was strictly legitimate, the players presenting nothing but dramas and comedies. The vaudeville craze had not at that time become epidemic even in the States, and it remained for others to introduce the variety artists to the Yukoners. For about a year the Snow Dramatic Company flourished. Then came the strike on Birch creek, Circle City sprang into existence and in less time than it takes to tell it Fortymile was depopulated, everyone excepting a few Indians and the storekeepers stampeding to the new

RECEIVED BY WIRE. DEALING WITH BRIGANDS

Efforts Are Now Being Made to Secure the Release of Unfortunate Miss Stone Now Held for Ransom by Turkish Kidnappers—Prisoner Is Not in Danger.

From Thursday's Daily.

Constantinople, Oct. 12, via Skagway, Oct. 17.—The American missionaries representing the American foreign missionary society are still making endeavors to open communication with the brigands who have possession of the person of Miss Stone. The demand which has been made by the brigands that the sum of \$100,000 must be received in order to secure the release of Miss Stone is not considered final by her friends, who are endeavoring to effect terms with the brigands. It is hoped that as soon as negotiations are opened an agreement may be reached by which the amount of the ransom will be considerably lessened. The funds which have been raised for the purpose of securing Miss Stone's release are now in the hands

of the American legation. The money is being held pending the reaching of an agreement between the brigands and the missionaries as to the amount required. As soon as definite information is received that a sum has been agreed upon, a member of the American legation will be dispatched to the rendezvous agreed upon and pay over the money. It is not believed that Miss Stone is in any danger, and the threats that she would be compelled to marry one of the brigand chiefs, it is not thought will be carried out under any circumstances. Turkish and Bulgarian troops are still in pursuit of the kidnappers, but the knowledge which the latter possess of the mountains has thus far enabled them to successfully avoid an engagement.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. DISABLED STEAMERS

Humboldt Arrives at Skagway With News of Two Misfortunes.

Sixty Miles North of Vancouver—No Particulars.

COTTAGE CITY TAKEN IN TOW

By Steamer Dirigo—Was Met on Queen Charlotte Sound by North-bound Steamer.

Skagway, Oct. 17.—The steamer Humboldt which arrived this morning brings news of two marine disasters, but no particulars of either. Just as the Humboldt was leaving Seattle a wire was received to the effect that the Hating was hard aground on a beach 60 miles north of Vancouver. On the way up and on Queen Charlotte Sound the Dirigo was met towing the Cottage City southward, the latter being in a disabled condition. The extent of the injuries to the disabled craft was not learned. The Humboldt brought but eight passengers and 20 tons of freight.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. IN SURF AT NOME

Tracy Robertson of Seattle and Capt. George Stevens of Prosper Were Drowned From Small Boat

Seattle, Oct. 12, via Skagway, Oct. 17.—Tracy Robertson, of this city, and Captain George Stevens of the steamer Prosper, were drowned at Nome while attempting to land from the schooner Abbie Deering in a small open boat contrary to the advice of friends aboard the schooner. A strong wind was blowing and seas were running very high on the beach. Both bodies were washed up on the beach the following day. Robertson was a brother-in-law of L. Reile.

McKinley Monument.

Washington, Oct. 5.—At the request of Mrs. McKinley, the members of the family of the late president, and many of his personal friends, President Roosevelt has selected trustees for the McKinley national monument association. They are as follows: William R. Day, Canton; William A. Lynch, Canton; M. A. Hannah, Cleveland; Cornelius N. Bliss, New York; John G. Milburn, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thomas Dolan, Philadelphia; W. Murray Crane, Boston; David R. Francis, St. Louis; Alexander S. Revel, Chicago; Robert J. Lowry, Atlanta; Charles Fairbanks, Indianapolis; Henry C. Payne, Milwaukee; Gen. Henry M. Duffield, Detroit; George B. Cortelyou, Washington; Henry T. Scott, San Francisco; Franklin Murray, Newark, N. J.; Gen. Eli Torrance, St. Paul.

THE WILL OF FRED CLAYSON

Seattle, Oct. 12, via Skagway, Oct. 17.—The supreme court of Washington has affirmed the decision of the superior court of King county in the contest brought by the father of the late Fred Clayson to set aside the provisions of the latter's will. By the terms of the will the brother of the murdered man, Will Clayson, a prominent Skagway merchant was made the executor. The father contested the will and also the appointment of Will Clayson as executor.

By the decision of both courts, the provisions of the will as also the appointment of the executor are alike sustained. The father contested the will and also the appointment of Will Clayson as executor.

Difficult Travel.

John H. Joslin received a wire yesterday from his brother Falcon, Joslin who with his wife is aboard the belated train on the White Pass road which has been held up by landslides, washouts and other of nature's pleasantries. In his message Mr. Joslin stated they had been there for four days and there was no telling how soon they would be able to continue their journey. They were making the best of a bad mess and all were well. A number of the men went hunting yesterday and Mrs. Joslin succeeded in bagging 17 grouse.

THREE WOMEN AND A MAN

Travel Among Manitoba Mormons and Indians.

Brigham Young's Daughter "Aunt Amelia" is Head of Mormons There Peculiar Red People.

"I wish I knew," begins Elizabeth, and breaks off to look at a rustic bridge spanning a stream on our right. "I wish I knew something" long pause.

"I wish, you did," I tell her with the candor of long friendship. "You would then finish your sentences and not keep us on the rack. What is it you wish you knew?"

"I was thinking of that Mormon settlement, wondering whether the people believe in polygamy or not. Some say they do, some say they don't, and—"

"No difference what they believe since the law of the land says a man can have but one wife," puts in Jeanette. "A just and proper law, too. Why he should take more than one passes my comprehension."

"Perhaps he does it by way of penance." This from the man of the house, who is promptly ignored. Penance indeed!

"Speaking of the Mormons," said Elizabeth. "Do you never wonder how all these communities are going to be welded into a harmonious whole? What this new land needs is not people who isolate themselves and refuse to mix and mingle with their neighbors."

I agree with Elizabeth. There are too many settlements up here, too many communities. A lot of folks get together and fence themselves in with their own special beliefs and prejudices. Instead of one big, scattered, but thoroughly friendly community there are a dozen little ones—Mormons, Mennonites, Shakers, etc.—bounded by nothing broader than their own pet creeds. What this country needs is a united friendly and sympathetic population.

"Oh, I don't know," returns Jeanette. "There's plenty of room, any amount of room. You remember the soothing reply the old minister made to the distracted woman of his congregation who came to complain that a certain neighbor would not speak to her?"

"And if she won't be friendly here, what will we do when we get to heaven?" she exclaimed with emotion. "Never worry about that," he said, heaven is a large place, a very large place."

"Nice idea," cries the man of the house. "See anyone coming you don't care for just stroll down another way or take to the shrubbery or—"

"This is no subject for jesting," Elizabeth remarks gravely, "and besides," gathering her skirt up and making for shelter, "it is going to rain."

"What connection is there between the rain and my remarks?" he grumbles. "None in the world, except that you delight in pouring cold water in the hope of extinguishing my wit, my fine and subtle sense of humor."

"A feeble flame is swiftly quenched," she quotes, laughing back at him, and then a swift run ends the discussion and leaves us too out of breath to renew it.

This particular Mormon settlement is in Manitoba. The farms are fairly well tilled, the houses fairly comfortable. They are a zealous people, not only do they keep themselves to themselves, but they draw into the circle as many as they can. Their head is a woman, no less a personage than the daughter of Brigham Young. Her word is law. They are not progressive, they hold fast to their old beliefs and keep as remote as possible from gentile people and gentile ways. One thing insisted on by that astute woman, the daughter of Brigham Young, known to the community as "Aunt Amelia," is that the young of both sexes be kept in the settlement until such time as they are settled in life. There must be no going over to the Gentiles, no inter-marrying of those not of the faith—unless it be to bring such into the fold. Aunt Amelia's rule is strict, but watchfulness unwavering. She is the head and exacts a full, an unquestioning obedience to each command. She is a clever thinker, a good talker, and if all this responsibility and deference has made her somewhat tyrannical it is not to be wondered at.

Brigham Young's daughter is a feminine edition of himself, say those who have met them both. She claims to fall into trances, to see visions, to have strange things revealed to her. This helps to increase her power. When a mere man or woman dares to question her decree she has only to have a revelation to bring such to reason, for the revelation invariably enjoins entire submission to the powers that be. It is rare indeed that it fails to accomplish its mission.

Two cases of rank disobedience are all that stand on record. The first is that of an Irishman, who, instead of fixing his affections on a Mormon maid, must needs fix them on a Saskatchewan lass—of all people. It came about naturally enough. He was a policeman, and as the settlement had no need of his services he hired himself to the corporation of a certain city. The lass in the poke bonnet was molested one night by

some toughs; the gallant policeman came to the rescue. This was the beginning. The ending was his replying to Aunt Amelia's letter of expostulation and command with a badly-spelled but heartily meant quotation from the one poet whom he knew—

"From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?"

The other is that of a Scotch girl. The Mormons are averse to their maidens going out to domestic service, knowing well that once in the home of the gentile, and removed from the accustomed influence and restraint, they are apt to stray from the fold. But the Scotch girl, besides being strong and pretty, was independent; she would go out to service in the nearest town. Reports soon came back to the settlement. She refused to do. Then would she give up all communication with the young mechanic who was trying to win her from the right way? No; she would not. A deputation of the faithful waited on her. She held her head high, and refused to be talked over. There was nothing to do but have a revelation, and Aunt Amelia proceeded to have it. The girl should at once return and become the wife of a certain Mormon was the gist of the revelation. Instead of being overcome at having all this take place on her account, what did this stubborn one do but gang her ain said, merely remarking that it would take more than a revelation to make her marry any man but one of her own choosing.

The settlement is in a fertile district, and is rapidly growing larger. The average Mormon looks with suspicion on an outsider. He gives the gentile as little of his time, or courtesy, or money, as possible. When he makes an excursion for the purpose of replenishing his stores he proceeds warily. The horses are un hitched from the wagon, or, to use a western phrase, prairie schooner, on the outskirts of the town, and tethered. He finishes his own wagon, and goes home without spending one cent more than he is compelled to spend. He makes a good settler, in that he is careful and hardworking, a poor settler in that he keeps between himself and his neighbor of another faith, a strong wall of distrust.

But, as Jeanette says, there is plenty of room for everyone to have a little space to himself if he wants to. This gipsying by steam is perfectly delightful, but hard on the complexion. Some of our party—I name no names—have taken on such a beautiful coat of tan that they resemble the original owners of the great west. The man of the house has one joke he never tires of, and that is suggesting that these be dropped off at some Indian village, and allowed to join their own tribe. Jeanette enjoys it. It is very well for her, but we cannot all be blondes with a pretty wave to our hair. We of the dark skin and straight locks think it rather a poor sort of joke, and tell him so, but he pays no heed. After all, we are too happy to care. Who minds appearances when the days are crowded full of enjoyment? As for making our home with the Indians, well, we feel no burning desire to do that, but they are interesting people. They are a better class than the Indians of the eastern provinces—finer-looking, more like the ones we read of and pictured in the days of our youth.

We came into a pretty prairie town one day, when a circus procession is in progress. The Indians are cut in full force. They must be fond of excitement, these stolid folk, for where ever there is anything in the way of dissipating, merrymaking, or sight-seeing, there are they gathered, together. The procession is like any other circus procession, but the crowd lining the sidewalk and grouping on the commons is a unique one. Indians with gorgeous head-dresses, with rings in the ears and grotesque adornment of their long braids of black hair; squaws with red and blue and yellow robes, and shawls which no rainbow could hope to rival. The chief glory of this tribe is the head. All the finery is for that important part of the body, for it heads are strung and ribbons woven. One has something different from his fellows; a brass wheel which looks as though it were screwed in the back of his head, but which must be fastened under his hair somehow. The effect is gruesome.

What seems strange is that groups of these Indians pass groups of other Indians without a glance of recognition or word of greeting. When I ask the man of the house the reason of this, he says with a laugh—

"Oh, the Indian and the Scot is much alike! Each sticks to his own clan, and lets the rest of the world go hang!"

There is no use telling him he ought to be ashamed of himself, for he never is ashamed of himself. Besides, I am too much interested to argue.

Then there is another tribe who have all sorts of fixings on their necks, traps, buckles, beautifully braided moccasins, girth, buttons on the leggings. One more enterprising than his fellows has a string of thimbles round his ankles. The squaws are not so fine. They seem to have done and done themselves as their tribes could not find room for. But these have not the squat, unwieldy figures we

have always associated with the spouse of the noble red man. They are tall, above the average, broad shouldered, and straight.

What do they think, I wonder, as they look at everything with their deep expressionless eyes? No feat of daring, no display of grandeur (circus grandeur),—breaks up the immobility of their faces; no jest or prank of clown or trained animal wakens a hint of laughter. They dance to no man's piping.

"Look," whispers Jeanette, and turning around my eyes fall on as pretty a picture as one need wish for. The chief figure in it is a young squaw—it is a dull picture that has no woman in it—a typical squaw, with high cheekbones, braids of coarse black hair and swarthy skin. Her dress of scarlet is frayed and greasy. It may have been her wedding dress, who knows? Anyway, it has seen its best days, and is scant and dirty. But you only notice her face, warm, full of emotion, and the proud, fan-gorous eyes of her resting on her firstborn, a fat brown atom of humanity, a miniature, still—who looks as though he never laughed or cried. Such a quaint baby; homely, yes—but not in her eyes, not in the eyes of the father, who stands a little apart looking down on his squaw and his offspring. With a pride which refuses to be covered by the mask of indifference he wears. It is a picture to be remembered. Looking at it you realize vaguely that the Indian who stalks the crowded street, unseeing, unfeeling, and lacking in life and passion, is another creature when he is away from the haunts of men, his foot on his native heath, his face turned to the forest dim of the prairies wide, that are home to him.

What camping grounds they must have had in the good old days before the white man, with his civilization, and also his greed of power, and lust of land, came among them? Now they have their reserves, bits of land surveyed and staked off; then there was a wide wild world, their very own. East, west, north, south their camp fires glowed, their slim trails ran. The hills and the valleys, the lakes and the rivers, the wood and all the spreading land were theirs, their arrows whistled in the wind, their birch canoes shot swiftly to and fro upon the waters, their moccasined feet trod proudly, though silently, the great stretches of prairie. It was all their own. And now—now—"Well, what has civilization given them?" I ask.

"This circus procession for one thing," says Jeanette. Then, in a graver tone, "and schools, and missions, and many great things. You would not wish this glorious country left in the hands of barbarians. The Indian could war and hunt, but he could not develop the wealth and beauty of the land."

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I feel a great sympathy for the noble red man."

"So do I," says Elizabeth.

"Natural," puts in the man of the house, "perfectly natural. I daresay you both have dim memories of life in a tepee—"

"Dark behind it rose the forest, Rose the black and gloomy pine trees, Rose the fir with cones upon them; Bright before it beat the water, Beat the clear and sunny water."

"Shall I go on?"

"You have that poor little joke worn to shreds," laughs Elizabeth. "Now, we have a joke, but we rarely tell it."

"There isn't much in it," he scoffs. "Isn't there? There's a lady fair with golden hair in it, and a gentleman who plays—"

"The piano," he interrupts. "I've heard it before, and there's nothing to it. Women shouldn't try to joke. They have no sense of humor."

Before we can collect our forces and renew the attack, he has sauntered away.

"Some day we will get even with him," says Elizabeth, "but I have my doubts. Jean Blawett."

At Victoria.

The shooting gallery on Johnson street was the scene of a shooting affray last night, as the result of which a Mrs. McMillan, the wife of the proprietor, is at the lock-up charged with shooting with intent. It appears that about 10 o'clock a Royal Garrison Artilleryman, while under the influence of liquor, patronized the gallery to a considerable extent. After he had expended his last dime he wanted some more shots. Being refused he became angry and was about to jump over the counter when the woman fired, the 22 calibre bullet lodging in his right breast.

The wounded man walked to Shot-bolt's drug store and told the clerk that he had been shot. The latter summoned the police and Sergeant Hawton took Sweeney to Dr. Fraser, who, upon examination, found that the wound was not fatal. The woman was arrested at 2 o'clock this morning by Special Constable Stevenson. She will come up in the police court tomorrow morning.

The artilleryman was today reported doing well.—Victoria Times, Oct. 4th.

Notice.

The church tent at Gold Bottom will be ready for winter by Sunday, October 20th. On that day at 8 p. m. the opening service will be held. There will be special music and the sermon will be preached by Rev. John Pringle, an old timer, famous on Stikine and Teslin trails, and at Glenora, Telegraph and Atlin City. All are welcome.

THE STEAMER LAVELLE YOUNG

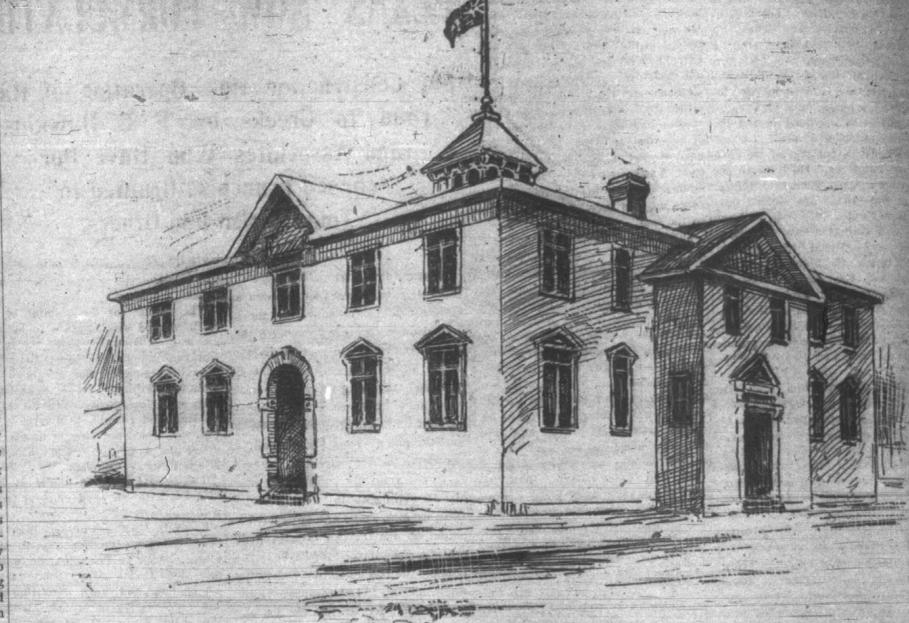
Has Had a Checkered Though Interesting Career.

Fortune Was Beckoning to Her Former Owners, But Having "Cold Feet" They Heed'd Not.

The arrival of the Lavelle Young a few days ago and how that remarkably staunch little craft came into the possession of its present owners brings back a bit of history which in this land of rapid evolution may be considered as somewhat ancient. The days of '98 saw the formation outside of companies and syndicates without end, some of which were promoted for legitimate means while others depended for dividends wholly upon the sale of beautifully lithographed stock certificates. Co-operative societies wherein every man in the party was to share equally in the labor, mines secured and ephemeral profits, nourished in great profusion, but very few remained intact long enough even to reach their destination. Breeding syndicates sprang into existence and thousands of dollars were spent in building steamboats and purchasing machinery with which it was proposed to scoop up the bottoms of the gold bearing streams in such quantities that every stockholder would soon become a millionaire. The Lavelle Young was the result of one of the last named financial bubbles. There were a dozen or fifteen owners in the concern and their original outlay of capital could not have been much short of \$50,000. The steamer was built new in '98 on Puget Sound and came under her own steam to St. Michael, her objective point being the headwaters of the Koyukuk. In her construction her modelers deviated considerably from the ordinary type of vessel in general use for river navigation, her prow being rounded off instead of made sharp, giving her a snub-nosed appearance. Plenty of power was provided and her great breadth of beam allowed a large carrying capacity with comparatively light draft. Upon her arrival at St. Michael in August, people who had chosen the all water route to the Klondike were climbing over each other in a mad endeavor to reach Dawson. Cargo space could not be had at any price and the owners of the Lavelle Young were offered all the freight they could carry at \$300 per ton, shippers begging them to take their consignments. But that would not be digging gold and the Young syndicate was here for the purpose of mining and nothing else. With a large outfit of provisions and tools and her hold containing \$15,000 worth of hydraulic and dredging machinery, the Lavelle Young finally put out for the Koyukuk, eventually reaching Bergman just about the close of navigation. The outfit went into winter quarters and the winter of '98 was spent in stampeding and staking claims. That year there were but very few people in the Koyukuk, and before spring had arrived the majority of the members of the syndicate had "cold feet" and were ready to quit and return to their more comfortable firesides in the States. Internal dissensions arose which finally resulted in a determination to sell the assets of the company and seek a more congenial climate. During the winter 80 claims were staked and recorded, but not one was prospected or had a hole sunk to bedrock.

The following summer the steamer was taken back to St. Michael and her present owners became the purchasers, included in the sale being the 80 claims which had been staked and the machinery then lying on the bank of the Koyukuk a short distance above Bergman. The total price paid for everything would not have purchased the machinery alone at its place of manufacture, let alone the steamer and the bunch of claims, the latter, of course, being of extremely problematical value. The machinery referred to was of the best money could buy and included in the lot was the largest centrifugal pump ever brought into either Alaska or the Yukon. Time went on and the new purchasers of the Lavelle Young devoted their attention more to transportation than to mining. The Koyukuk, where the claims lay which had been included in the deal, was but little known, so they were practically abandoned and finally laid by reason of their not being represented. A year later there was a stampede of the new diggings, many new prospectors swarmed in and the ground which had once been the property of the Young syndicate was restaked by a different class of adventurers. Among the number relocated were several claims on Emma creek, which fell to the lot of the McNamar boys. These turned out very rich, and it was by a strange coincidence that this year the first large output of the Emma creek claims, \$53,000, was carried down the river by the very steamer whose builders and also whose subsequent owners had allowed the ground to lapse; because they did not consider it worth while to bother about it. In telling the story of how a fortune had thus slipped through his fingers, narrated by one of the present owners of the Lavelle Young, he concluded by merely saying:—

"Now, wouldn't that rattle you?"



DAWSON'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

Deaf Mute Gamblers. The biggest raise I ever saw in a poker game," said the doctor, "was when I was surgeon in a deaf and dumb institution in a Western State. Some of the inmates who held positions in the asylum had a little poker club that assembled every Saturday night in my office.

"One night while the nutes were having a game with a good, healthy limit, a friend of mine, who was a drummer for a Chicago grocery house, and who was at the asylum selling a bill of goods, dropped in and wanted to play. The deaf nutes made room for him and the drummer was soon deep in the game. The players had some sort of sign to represent passing, staying, raising, and the like, and these terms were briefly explained to the drummer by one of the attendants in the asylum who was watching the game.

"The playing went on steadily enough for awhile, and then there was a round of jackpots, for which the ceiling was taken off, and it was understood that everybody could bet as high as he wanted to. On the last of the jackpots, which had been unusually warm, and at which considerable money had been won and lost, exceedingly good hands seemed to be held all around, and the ante was raised several times before cards were drawn.

"Four of the players, including the drummer, bettered their hands, and they began raising each other \$5 at a clip. The pace was too fast for everybody except the drummer and one of the deaf nutes, and they were left glaring at each other over an uncommonly big pot.

"The symbol used by the deaf nutes for seeing a raise and going so

much better had been to wave the clinched hand in front of the face. Ordinarily the nutes merely made a motion of the hand in front of the body. But after the deaf mute and the drummer had raised each other half a dozen times the nute, after a long hesitation, decided to see the drummer's raise and raise back again, and he made the motion signifying this action unusually emphatic by shaking his fist squarely in the drummer's face.

"The drummer was terribly excited by this time, and when the deaf mute shook his clinched hand in his face he thought he was being intimidated. He clinched his fist and shook it right back at the nute. The nute, determined not to lose the pot, shook his fist again, and the drummer reached over and brandished his fist back and forth under the deaf nute's nose.

"The deaf nute gasped and shook his fist at the drummer, but the Chicago man, now exasperated beyond all measure, and forgetful of every-thing but the fact that a man was intimidating him, stood half up in his seat and shook both fists in front of the deaf nute's face as fast as he could move them back and forth.

"The deaf nute dropped his cards and fainted, and the attendant rushed forward, grabbed the drummer by the arm, said:—

"Heavens, man, do you know what you're doing?"

"No-What?" asked the drummer.

"Why," said the attendant, "you've raised that man \$75,000."

"Anyhow, the drummer got the pot."—Chicago Tribune.

Geo. Butler has a fresh consignment of the "Flor de Manca"—a big 25c cigar.

HAD USE FOR HIS MONEY

To Pay Fine and Costs in Police Court Today.

Three years ago Martin Frebolt, the well known Dawson fruit vendor known as "Frenchy," was engaged in boating at Skagway. Early that spring one man shot another, inflicting a serious though not fatal wound. The shooter at once hastened down to the beach where he chanced to find "Frenchy" and his boat. The man jumped in and, drawing and leveling a big revolver on "Frenchy" said:—

"Now, sir, you row me to Dyea just as quickly as your health and strength will permit."

To "Frenchy" the man looked desperate, and the gun looked like heavy artillery, so he hastily picked up the paddles and made a record-breaking trip to Dyea, naturally supposing that he would get nothing for it, as his business-like passenger had said nothing about paying his fare. However, when Dyea was reached the fellow did the handsome thing of paying "Frenchy" \$15. He scurried up Chilkoat, crossed the international boundary line and was never captured. If, indeed, he was ever looked for, and if "Frenchy" could have had just a passenger every day he would probably still be in the boating business at Skagway operating a fugitive line between that place and Dyea instead of peddling fruit in Dawson.

But this morning "Frenchy" had need of that \$15 or another later earned, as he yesterday celebrated the advent of winter by cultivating a

hilarious jag, the price of which, on his boating, was not fixed until was all over, but by a singular coincidence it was the same as he received from the fugitive and, as the previous instance, it was paid over without any kicking.

ALONG THE WATER FRONT

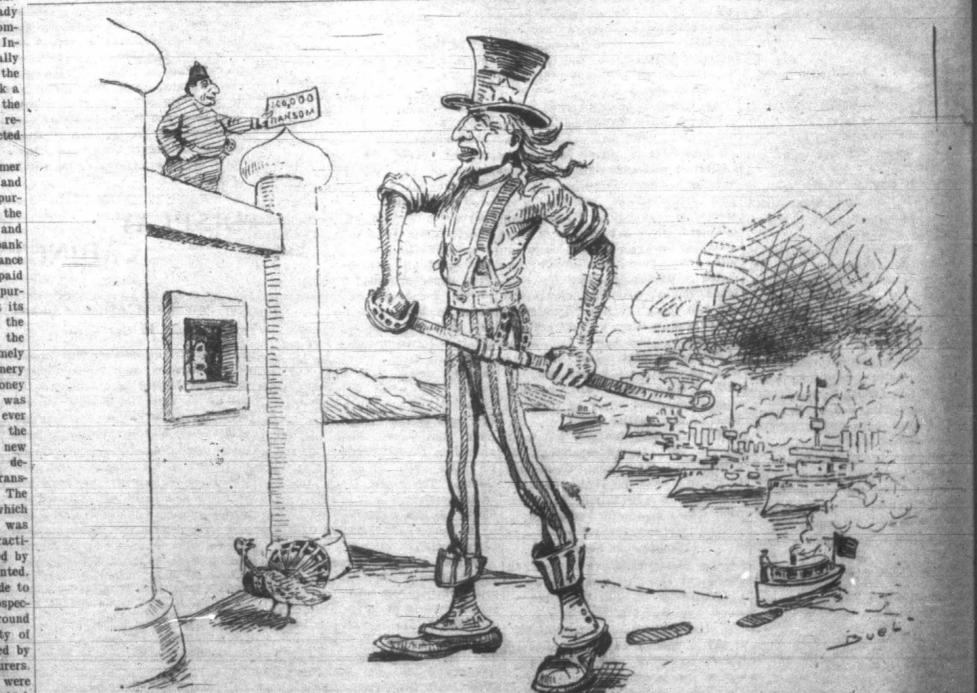
The Clifford Sitton will leave at midnight with a large list of passengers. This will be her last trip of an exceedingly prosperous season. She is reaching Whitehorse she will be brought down to Hootalinqua and on ways already constructed to receive her. The captain of the Sitton reports having passed a number of snows on his last trip down.

The Flora left at three o'clock last afternoon with all accommodations sold. That she will land her passengers safely at Whitehorse is a foregone conclusion.

The Flora passed Hootalinqua on her way down this forenoon.

Shaking Hands Today. W. D. Bruce, the insurance man, back in town after an extended trip to the outside. He comes in representing six more fire insurance companies. Mr. Bruce met Attorney Walsh in Vancouver in a peculiar manner. While taking a stroll by Vancouver hotel he heard a melodious voice chanting the Zero Club riddle, "Oh Why Do We Work?" and entering the billiard room found Walsh entertaining a number of acquaintances in his inimitable style.

If you want the "Big" 60c cigar—call at Butler's Pioneer.



HOW UNCLE SAM SHOULD TREAT THE BRIGANDS DEMAND FOR RANSOM.

Advertisement for McDonald Iron Works Co. featuring 'Special Centrifugal Pumps' and 'Call and Get Prices'.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

Was Most Far-Seeing and Astute of Women

and Her Outwitting of the Iron Chancellor at Every Turn Evidenced Her Talent.

No description has been given in the annals of the career of the late Empress Frederick of the part she played in the life of the Emperor...

Possessed of extremely liberal views in all affairs, especially in those political, and brought up by her father, the enlightened and progressive Prince Consort of Great Britain...

He used every weapon against her that his ingenuity could devise. He assailed her both in her public and in her private life...

With the object of prejudicing the people against the Empress he stopped at no calumny, and he even went so far as to charge her with treason in betraying to the English...

Yet she carried the day in the end, and her name is now the first to be mentioned in connection with the history of the late Emperor...

Prospect is Oibomy. New York, Oct. 5.—The London correspondent of the Tribune quotes a prominent English yachtsman as saying...

MORBID FEAR OF INSANITY

Has Driven Many People to Realize Those Fears.

Literary Geniuses More Liable to Brood Over Such Things Than Any Other Class.

It is related of the celebrated Lord Byron that to the last hour of his life he was in terror of losing his mental balance...

Prince Bismarck immediately realized the Utopian character of the scheme, and saw its impracticability, and proceeded to condemn it with more than his ordinary irritability and brusqueness...

Meanwhile the necessity became apparent of taking some immediate step one way or another in connection with the exceptional measures against the socialists...

That was the real cause of Bismarck's fall, despite all other stories current about the affair, and had not the Empress Frederick engineered the meeting in the West phalian capital...

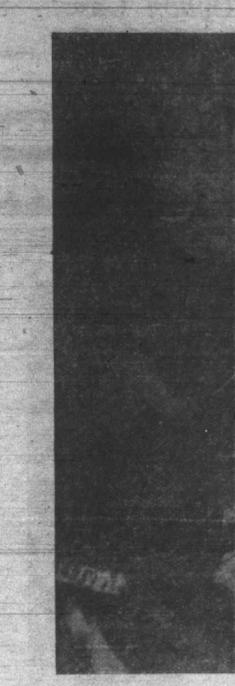
RAY SOUTHWARD THE MINSTREL KING IS SINGING "GINGER LOU," "SHABBY COON" AND "DINNAH." THIS WEEK AT THE NEW SAVOY THEATRE.

KING A SPLENDID SPEAKER

There is But One, if any, Better in All England.

Trained Himself While Young for Discharge of Duties He Well Knew Would Be His.

"There are few speakers," said the late Mr. Gladstone, "whom I listen to with more pleasure than the Prince of Wales."



AN UNDERGROUND MINING SCENE.

haunted. A friend of the writer, who carries on a prosperous business in the city, and whose robust health and cheery manner would seem to indicate a thoroughly easy mind...

Charles Dickens tells a thrilling tale of an individual who formed the belief that at the age of 40 he would lose his wits, and, sure enough, the theory was justified by the results...

Science teaches us that all men can avoid madness if they will. By the exercise of self-control, and the cultivation of healthy habits and pursuits, there is no earthly reason why any human being should find himself in an asylum...

\$25 Reward. Lost, from Bonanza slaughter house nine head of cattle and one calf. Will pay \$25 reward per head for return of same to Bay City Market.

WANTED - POSITION BY COMPETENT LADY COOK

Address "Cook," Nugget office.

FOR RENT - One room, furnished or unfurnished, for housekeeping or two gentlemen. Next door to Mission's commission store, Second Ave.

Valuable Papers Found. A package of papers of value to the owner have been left at the Nugget office. Owner can secure same by proving property and paying charges.

Wanted - Position by competent lady cook. Address "Cook," Nugget office.

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Thawing Points AND The Best Hydraulic Pipe EVERY ONE GUARANTEED AT THE Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Mfg. Dept. 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

Photo Supplies For Amateurs and Professionals. A COMPLETE STOCK. Field and Marine Glasses. Goetzman's Magnificent Souvenir OF THE Klondike IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT \$2.50 EACH.

Goetzman's Magnificent Souvenir OF THE Klondike IS NOW BEING CLOSED OUT AT \$2.50 EACH. This Work Is Without Exception the Finest Production Ever Published Showing Views of This Country. The Work Is Handsomely Bound With an Illuminated Cover and Contains 80 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS OVER 200 VIEWS. Printed on Heavy Coated Book Paper.

Former Price \$5.00, NOW \$2.50. Copies, While They Last, Can Be Obtained at All Book Stores or at Goetzman's Photograph Studio Corner First Avenue and Second Street.

Wines, Liquors & Cigars CHISHOLM'S SALOON. FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS. WALL PAPER Cox & Cloes.

STATIONERY. A FULL LINE. Cox & Cloes.

Our Own Bouquet Dress Your Stationery in New Clothes. The Nugget Printery. We Have Recently Added 750 Square Feet of Floor Space to Our Printing Department.

N. A. T. & T. Co.

N. A. T. & T. Co.

Still Advertising - - Not Apologizing!

THE ONLY COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE NORTH OF VANCOUVER

Everything New! All 1901 Goods! Everything Guaranteed!

25 Kinds of Christie Crackers, Dunkley's Pickled Celery, Heinz's Apple Butter, and Bulk Pickles, Pennant Canned Goods, Pennant Coffee, Ensign Coffee, Premium Butter, Kraut in Gallon Cans. Special--Fresh Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Eggs and Onions.

N. A. T. & T. Company

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Chip of the Old Block.

If there ever was an instance of "like father, like son," it is that of the president of the United States and his boy, Theodore, Jr. To say that the youngster is a chip of the old block sums up the character, the instincts, the courage and the determination of this little fellow. Hero worship was never better exemplified than in this boy's idolatry for his father. He sees in the president all that he cares to be, all that he hopes to be. His one aim in life is to be such a man as his father. And, in truth, all the character of the father has been transmitted to the son. Theodore, Jr., is a replica of Theodore, Sr.

There are many incidents in the career of this boy which proclaim him. Little Teddy was out fishing for softshell crabs when he was told that his father had been nominated for the vice presidency. A visitor at the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay asked him:

"Have you heard that your father has been nominated?"

"Yep," the lad answered.

Then with a whoop he dived down the bank, after what he supposed was a crab. Presently he climbed up again.

"It wasn't one, after all," he said, with disgust.

"What?" the visitor asked.

"A crab," was the unperturbed reply.

The visitor went on: "Your father is a bigger man than ever now."

"Hump!" replied Teddy, too intent on watching another crab to care about any news of greatness. But the visitor was persistent.

"Don't you want to be a great man, too?" he asked.

"Yep," the boy replied. "If I can be as big a man as my father."

It was not long ago that Teddy wandered into the state war and navy building in Washington to look things over. One of the first things that caught his eye was a beautiful model of the cruiser Brooklyn. And, of course, the moment he saw it he wanted it.

"Gee whizz!" he said, "I'd like to have that!"

A man standing near him asked him why he didn't ask Secretary Long to give it to him. Teddy did not believe the secretary would, but the bystander said he might. So the youngster went at once to Secretary Long's office and this is what he said to him:

"We're going back to Oyster Bay in a short time and there's a bully pond up there for sailing ships. Won't you

let me have the Brooklyn for a couple of days. I know a boy up there who can put clockwork in it and make it go just like the real thing. I promise you to send it back all right."

To say that the secretary's breath was taken away puts it mildly. When he recovered his composure he said to the redoubtable Teddy:

"I'm awfully sorry, my boy, but that boat cost \$3,000 and it doesn't belong to me. But you get the president to appoint you to the Naval Academy, and perhaps some day you may have the fun of sailing the real Brooklyn."

And the boy's reply to this was:

"That's a mighty long time to wait."

While his father was hunting in the Adirondacks recently Teddy, Jr., shot his first deer. Now he is a sportsman after his father's own heart.

Teddy is 13 years old, and walking is, as he expressed it, "where he lives." Last year he walked to Sayville from Oyster Bay, thirty-three miles, in twelve hours and made light of the performance.

"Thirty-three miles! Why, that's nothing," the boy said, when questioned about his tramp.

In addition to being a walker, a sportsman and a persistent questioner, little Teddy is a boxer of no mean ability. He and his brother, Kermit, are very clever with the gloves, and every now and then they have a merry "go." Once or twice Teddy has had to fight to preserve his honor and dignity.

One day a boy told him that only old men wore spectacles, and as the youngster wears spectacles he resented the remark and a fight was the result. The battle did not last very long and the other boy came off second best.

The boy's amusements are many. In winter he coasts on his sled and in summer he fishes, bathes, rides his pony and takes long walks in the woods through mud and water, and not infrequently comes home soaked and bedraggled. He is a born naturalist.

He loves guinea pigs and has a museum over which a sign is posted to the effect that "no meddling is allowed."

His father's gun room, in which no loaded piece is ever permitted to be placed, is the youngster's delight. He is allowed to go in there and handle any weapon he wishes. It is needless to say he is thoroughly familiar with guns and revolvers. That has been part of his father's training of him, and he thinks his father is the greatest, best father in all the world.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. has perfectly insulated chambers regulated by steam and offers the finest warm storage in Dawson.

Only the best brands of case goods served. Drinks and cigars 25c. Pete McDonald, Bank saloon.



No. 2 ABOVE ON BONANZA CREEK.



ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DAWSON.

OLD BORY'S BREATH

Has Tendency to Stimulate Business in Police Court.

With the first breath of "Old Bury" blown across the Yukon vale comes that spirit which causes a man to rise up in all his manly vigor and get drunk. At least, such was the effect on A. W. Smyth last night, and this morning he paid \$5 and costs in Magistrate's Macaulay's court for his experience.

H. Finney had likewise partaken freely of a certain brand, the effects of which were to prompt him with a desire to use a pocket knife on bystanders until, like the poor man of the first page of the almanac, that everybody and everything are pointing sticks at, they would show their works. However, none of his threats were executed and on the charge of drunk and disorderly he was assessed \$5 and costs.

The case of Ed. Bartlett, an interdicted man who is alleged to have become intoxicated yesterday was continued until two o'clock this afternoon at the request of Sergeant Smith. Bartlett secured the services of an attorney, entered a plea of not

NEW TEMPLE OF WORSHIP

For Dawson Presbyterians is Nearing Completion.

The new Presbyterian church is rapidly nearing completion and is the most commodious structure of the kind in the city of Dawson. A complete description of the new temple of worship was published in the Nugget some weeks ago and the finishing now shows it to be all that was stated then that it would be. Upwards of \$14,000 was expended on its erection and, taken with the new parsonage, the home of the Rev. Dr. Grant and family, gives to the Presbyterian congregation of Dawson the most modern, up-to-date property in the Yukon.

A Fire Patrol. J. H. Patten has established a fire patrol system for Dawson covering the heart of the city. A patrol is maintained during the entire night in the blocks bounded by Second and Fourth streets and Third and First avenues. Mr. Patten has for the past month been assisting the fire department in the work of inspecting fire and has the recommendation of Chief Stewart in the work he is now doing.

His enterprise is being liberally patronized by property owners in the section covered by the patrol.

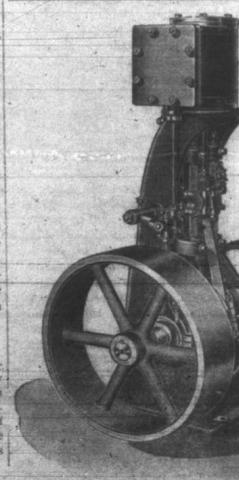
STREET RAILWAY STRIKE

Reading, Pa., Oct. 5.—The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees tonight ordered a strike of the entire system of the United Traction Company, covering 60 miles of track. Later some of the cars were withdrawn, while several of the lines were tied up and others crippled.

LADIES TONIGHT

Can Witness the Clever Show at New Savoy.

Tonight is ladies night at the cozy theatre, the new Savoy. Last week the patrons of that popular theatre were surprised at the splendid production which delighted the visitors ladies' night. This week's bill will add to their appreciation of the efforts Mr. Jackson is making for their applause for a show will be presented tonight which cannot fail to please the most critical. Ladies can be assured that they can spend an enjoyable evening free from any objectionable feature. An entrance to the house has been made next to the Savoy on first avenue which leads directly to the orchestra chairs. The play this week is "Pink Dominoes," a farce comedy of exceptional merit. Added to this is the best vaudeville show ever presented to a Dawson audience.



A RUSHING BUSINESS

McLennan, McFeeley & Co., Do a Lightning Change Act.

R. P. McLennan has installed in his big hardware store the first and only cash carrier system of Dawson. Purchasers will notice when they pay the attendant for goods that their money is deposited in a round metal box which is lifted towards the ceiling by a clever mechanical contrivance and connected with a trolley which is shot like an arrow from the bow to the cashier's office on the upper floor. A young lady deftly opens the takes out the money and returns it by separate wires. Dawson is more ways than one assuming metropolitan airs.

Send a copy of Gutzman's fair to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike sale at all news stands. Price 10c.

SEE THE MOTHER OF FARCE COMEDIES, "PINK DOMINOES," AT THE NEW SAVOY THEATER THIS WEEK.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

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

Klondike Corporation, Limited

The Swift Str. Nora

Saturday, Oct. 19th

The Captains of our boats are the highest paid and consequently the most competent navigators on the river.

We Never Had An Accident!

Klondike Corporation, Limited R. W. CALDERHEAD, Manager.

Subscription Reduced

Beginning October 16th the subscription of the Daily Nugget will be reduced to three dollars per month, delivered by carrier to any address within the limits of Dawson. This reduction is made by reason of the facilities which we now enjoy for turning out a modern up-to-date journal at a minimum cost, the Nugget now possessing a plant which cannot be excelled in any city of the world of a similar size.

Our readers will notice that while we have reduced the price of the paper we have increased its size, and are now publishing an eight column metropolitan journal, equal in text, matter and typographical appearance to the up-to-date dailies on the outside.

The Nugget will be delivered to your door for \$3.00 per month in the future.

Holsts, 5 to 12 H.-P., Boilers, 8 to 50 H.-P., Buffalo Duplex Pumps, Moore Steam Pumps, Pipe Fittings, Ranges, Stoves and Heaters, Granite Steam Hoes, Silver Dollar Shovels, Pan-American Wheelbarrows

Holme, Miller & Co.

107 Front Street, Dawson