

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 6 NO. 13

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Slater's
Felt
Shoes
Sewed with Goodyear
... Welt...
Sargent & Pinska
"The Corner Store"

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

KING AND QUEEN

Are Roundly Cheered as They
Drive Through Hyde
Park.

MANY DECORATIONS BEING GIVEN

To Those Who Participated in
Victoria's Funeral.

QUEEN WILHELMINA WEDS

All Hague in Fete--Worst Blizzard
Known Now Raging at Skagway
—Trains Tied Up.

From Wednesday's Daily.
London, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb.
13.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra returned from Windsor Castle this afternoon and drove publicly through Hyde Park to Marlborough House. Crimson mourning was still hanging along the route, but the great crowds of this city a chance to enjoy a most laughable comedy.

Later—While going to press word has been sent to this office that the opening has been postponed until next Monday.

The king is carrying out his intention to decorate everybody who was intimately connected with the exercises of his mother's funeral, each member of the queen's Grenadier Guards having been presented with a medal of the Victorian Order.

It is computed that three thousand wreaths worth in the aggregate fully a half million dollars were sent to the funeral at Windsor.

A Royal Wedding.
The Hague, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb. 13.—Today occurred the great celebration of the wedding of Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the whole city is en fete. In fact the past several weeks and ever since the announcement of the approaching marriage was made it has been one continuous holiday with every building decorated and everybody wearing favors. The queen's palace has been swarmed with guests and serenades have taken place every evening.

On the evening of the 5th a state banquet was given to all the foreign envoys. Gala performances took place at all the theaters, and later a grand soiree was given at the palace. Next morning 50 workingmen's societies paraded before the palace and were reviewed by the queen and her betrothed duke from the balcony.

The wedding morning opened a trifle stormy but not sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm.

Near noon the minister of justice and the witnesses to the marriage assembled in the White Room of the palace, where, in the presence of near relatives, the civil marriage ceremony was performed.

Then the royal party formed in procession and proceeded to the church where, in the presence of upwards of 100 foreign representatives, the beautiful religious marriage ceremony was performed. The party returned to the palace when the queen-bride held court and received congratulations. After a wedding breakfast or luncheon befitting the occasion, and amid great pomp and mighty enthusiasm the couple started on the honeymoon.

Blizzard Raging at Skagway.

Skagway, Feb. 13.—The very worst blizzard ever known in this part of the north is raging here today. Very fine snow has been blown by exceedingly high wind until the first-story of many buildings is wholly obscured. Business of all kinds is practically suspended. There have been no trains running for two days and it is impossible now to say when they can be again operated.

Standard Reopens.

The Standard theater reopens tonight, it having been closed during the sickness of Leroy Tozier, the present manager of the house, Mr. John L. Kirke having transferred his interests in the house to that gentleman. The show tonight will be Hoyt's "A Texas Steer." The usual Thursday night family performance will be given tomorrow night which will give the ladies and children of this city a chance to enjoy a most laughable comedy.

Later—While going to press word has been sent to this office that the opening has been postponed until next Monday.

Police

Court

Magistrate McDonell held court this morning for the first time since his return from an extended trip up the Yukon where he visited and inspected the various posts and at the same time conducted a thorough search for missing people.

Court opened to a full house, owners or managers of nearly all the saloons in Dawson from the Metropolitan down to the "Mangy Pup," being present and all because Constable W. S. Scofield took a walk yesterday and informed the long list of saloon men that they were violators of the law and notified them to appear in court this morning. The violation of the law consisted in the neglect of these men to post over the entrance to their respective "skate" stores a sign bearing the words: "Licensed to sell spirituous and fermented liquors."

A few proprietors admitted that they knew the law made such requirement, but in all these cases the sign had been removed by painters who had neglected to replace them. In fact, it was not known until told in court this morning that there was one-tenth as much paint used on buildings in Dawson as was used on saloons alone within the past few months.

Others pleaded ignorance of the existence of such requirement. All the charges were dismissed with the injunction to have such signs in place by 10 o'clock Friday morning.

Health Ordinance Violated.

A violation is noticed of the local ordinance which forbids the dumping of garbage at points along the city front. At the foot of Second avenue some one has dumped a dead dog and other refuse. It caught in the act; the malefactor will feel the heavy hand of the law.

Missing Men.

Inquiries have been received for the following persons by the N. W. M. P. Any one knowing of the please communicate with the town station, Third avenue: John Edwin Gray, Yorkshire, England; Isaac Thompson, Nishwaha, Ind.

Capt. Debney Dead.

Capt. Gerard Debney, one of the best known and most popular of all Northern Pacific coast skippers, died at San Francisco on the 27th of January. For more than 25 years Capt. Debney was in the employ of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., and on steamers plying

between San Francisco, and British Columbia and Sound ports. For a long time past he has been in command of the Pueblo and it was he who, while on that steamer, made the record run between Victoria and San Francisco, the time being 47 hours and 20 minutes.

A String on It.

At a recent meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals many of the members of the executive committee were somewhat disappointed when they learned that in order to become special constables for the carrying out of the law regarding cruelty to animals it would be necessary for them to take oath of allegiance to King Edward VII, and as all the members saving one or two were Americans, the prospect was by no means cheerful, and the committee found itself somewhat embarrassed by the circumstance.

Bridegroom Suicides.

Frank M. Hanley, a bridegroom of five hours, committed suicide in a Seattle hotel the night of January 27. Remorse at having done a great wrong to a young girl at Minneapolis, and about which he had made a full confession to the woman he married, drove him to commit the rash deed.

The Weather.

All hopes and expectations to the contrary, the 24 hours preceding 9 o'clock this morning was fully as cold as the corresponding previous period, being 45 below, with a maximum of 23 below for the same time.

Beef, chechako, 33c by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

To sell oats, hams and flour for cash see S. Archibald.

Queen

Consort

Her Royal Highness Alexandria Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie, the king's royal consort, is the daughter of Christian IX, King of Denmark. She was born at Copenhagen on December 1, 1844, and was married to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Windsor, on March 10, 1863. The princess at the time of her marriage was of surpassing beauty and though many years have intervened since that auspicious event she is still, as a grandmother, held to be one of the most handsome and lovable women in Europe. The princess devoted all her time unoccupied by the cares of motherhood to acts of benevolence and charity and the poor of London and other great cities of England revere her as a saint. Twas her tender heart that conceived the jubilee dinner to the outcast poor of the great metropolis, an act of goodness never to be forgotten, and it was her personal effort which caused the establishment of the working people's eating-houses which have brought comfort and health to thousands of the lowest strata of London's social life.

Constable Piper seized the entire outfit, consisting of 15-horse power boiler, sundry vats and pipes, 54 empty barrels and a goodly quantity of oats, shelled barley and wheat, together with some syrup.

The persecuted Sullivan was charged with having manufactured spirituous liquors, and by so doing violating the Yukon law which provides that for so doing, all violators are to be fined not less than \$100 or more than \$500. Constable Piper conducted the case against him, and at one time asked him if it was not a fact that he had offered him (Piper) a quarter interest in the plant and business if he would allow the hooch mill to continue the even tenor of its way for the period of one week.

Just at this juncture the Sullivan memory seemed to have become defective to such an extent that he was unable to recall the circumstance.

Concerning a question as to whether or not he had a little later made an offer of \$500 cash for the non-interference of the constable for the same period of immunity, he was also at a loss to recall. His memory seemed to have been stricken as with a paralytic.

(Continued on Page 8.)

ILLICIT HOOCH

Distillery Seized and Confiscated Near the Klondike River.

BLACK SULLIVAN FINED \$200.00.

He Was Persecuted and His Memory Failed Him at Last.

PIPER REFUSED AN INTEREST

As the Price of Seven Days Silence—No More Distilleries, Say the Police.

Late last summer a short article in the Nugget called attention to the fact that hooch, exhilarating, sleep-producing and red, was being illicitly manufactured in or near Dawson.

Last Saturday afternoon E. M. Sullivan, familiarly known about town as "Black" Sullivan, paid into the coffers of the government through the agency of Capt. Starnes, \$200 and the costs of court, for the privilege already enjoyed in the matter of a monopoly in that particular line of manufacture.

He did this not as a matter of choice, but because, like other reformers, he had been persecuted. Not only was he compelled to part with his \$200 in good government made money, but all his apparatus for the manufacture of hooch was likewise gathered in by the government.

In a building some 100 feet long not more than a thousand miles from the Klondike bridge, the hooch factory had been doing business for some considerable length of time, before Constable Piper succeeded in locating it. Then it became apparent to those connected with the institution that the "jig was up," and that Dawson would have to depend upon the distant outside world for its liquid enthusiasm or go woefully dry.

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(Continued on Page 8.)

\$4 Men's Elastic Ribbed Underwear

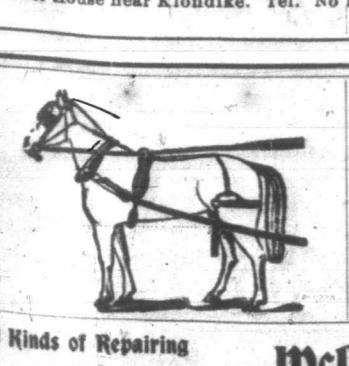
Regular Price 40—Special at \$4.

Men's Felt Shoes

ALL SIZES. Best Value in Dawson

Regular Price 40—Special Price \$4

...Ames Mercantile Co...



Over the Ice

Heavy Team and Light Buggy

*** HARNESS ***

Cut Prices on Dog Harness and

HORSE BLANKETS..

All Kinds of Repairing
at Lowest Prices

McLennan, McFeely & Co.

WHO GETS THE SEAT

Wade, Girouard, and the Guisboro Giant Are all Possibilities

IN THE RACE FOR COMMISSIONERSHIP

Now on and About Which Local Politicians Look Wise

BUT NOT COMMUNICATIVE.

D. S. Fraser, Member From Nova Scotia, Was Offered the Place Before—Politician's Dream.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. Politically speaking, today there are more wise men, who "don't know anything" to be found in Dawson than could be found the day before a state election in any city in the United States.

This in perfect accordance with the ways of political affairs denotes plainly that every other man talked with either does know something of what may be expected in the matter of the successor to Commissioner Ogilvie, or imagines he does, which after all, before elections or appointments, amounts to much the same thing, because however wise a politician may be concerning facts in perspective, his wisdom may be turned to folly by unexpected occurrences at the last moment.

Everyone approached for purposes of publication is quick to say "Now, really, I know nothing about his matter at all."

As might have been expected, the principal theme of conversation at the Zero Club reception the other evening was regarding the commissionership which Mr. Ogilvie has signified his intention of resigning, and who has been slated for the same. There seemed to be two local men in the minds of those who discussed possibilities, and these were Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade and Registrar Girouard.

Some there were who labored under the belief that the astute Girouard did not indulge in any flight of modesty moonshine when he said he was not going to Ottawa on the business of the Yukon council as afterwards and previously set forth, and that he is now passing under numerous spiritual triumphal arches, while in his vest pocket is hidden away the commissionership of the Yukon territory.

That Mr. Girouard may not have gone to Ottawa on the business referred to is really conceded by doubting solons, who point out another possible mission not connected with that or the matter ascribed to him, which they smile when they speak of, and the word frost is often heard in connection with their remarks.

Those who believe in the ascendancy of the Wade star are many, and filled with hope, averring that he is entitled to it at the hands of Mr. Sifton.

There are others who are, as the saying goes, "close up," who say that the king's counsel does not want the position, and would not accept it excepting in a temporary way, as the salary is not an inducement.

As for Mr. Wade himself, he is one of those who knows nothing about the matter on way of another, and declines to be interviewed for publication.

Among the outside possibilities whose name is heard with growing frequency, is that of D. S. Fraser, otherwise "The Guisboro Giant," present member of the house from Guisboro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Fraser takes his name of "The Guisboro Giant," from the fact of his colossal stature, and is a very strong man from a political standpoint as well. A couple of years ago he visited Dawson, and it is said that if the seat to be vacated by Mr. Ogilvie is to be offered to him, it will not be the first time.

A local politician who sometimes dreams, and whose sleeping hallucinations sometimes have a way of developing into hard, broad-light-of-day facts, with such accuracy as to cause his friends wonder whether his dreams do not

at times come in a very material cipher code, has dreamed that when the ice fades away into plain river water, and the sun is in the sky nearly all day, that a message will be received from Ottawa which will say that Mr. Sifton has overworked during the recently past campaign, to such an extent that his present proposed trip to Dawson cannot be made.

Whether or not this dream was a soulful visitation of the night cannot be known, but it may be a cold fact.

Prominent Men Die.

Attorney Henry Ridley received by the last mail a letter from Toronto which conveyed news of the death of two very well known and popular men of that city, Hon. Frank K. Smith, senator, and Hon. Judge Rose of the superior court of Toronto. The latter was especially well known to many of the attorneys of Dawson. His death was caused by pneumonia.

An Interesting Sight.

The exhibition of the giant relics of former days in the form of a well preserved skull, tusks, teeth and other parts of a mastodon in drawing a steady crowd of wondering gazers in the room formerly occupied by the Hoffman grill across the street from the postoffice. The sight is one the equal of which is not seen even in the Smithsonian institute, the greatest museum and "zoo" in America. The room is open every afternoon and evening.

Played \$2 Ante

It was a short session of police court held by Magistrate Rutledge this morning when the White Guilds assault case was again enlarged for one week.

For having violated a Yukon health ordinance Walter Cummings was given option of paying \$5 and costs or donating 10 days of his time to the reduction of fuel.

Geo. C. Sanflorino and Antone Solaro are partners on 17 below Bonanza. They had a disagreement and George says Antone told him he would "fix" him the next time he (Antone) caught George down in the shaft. George also alleged that Antone had struck him on the head with a pick, but he had no prospect hole to show as evidence. George's object in having his partner arrested was to have him give bond to keep the peace. As both of the men speak "macaroni" English, the case was adjourned until this afternoon when the services of an interpreter would be enlisted.

Last night about 8:30 o'clock and fully one hour after the intonations of the church bells had ceased reverberating over the frozen bosom of the Yukon, Constable Piper discovered four men engaged in a game of Pedro, called in logging camp circles "high five," in a South Dawson building which is a combination of saloon and residence. The quartet, Geo. Kilbow, T. Dingle, M. Pipeman and Wm. Kettleson, each pleaded guilty and said they were playing a "social game for fun." But when fines of \$2 and costs were imposed they realized that instead of "for fun" it had been \$2 to "come in" and \$5 to play.

To Revive Hockey.

A meeting of hockey players will be held tonight at the Regina Club looking to the reorganization of the Dawson league after which a schedule of games will be arranged for the purpose of determining the team championship. The teams with which it is proposed to reorganize the league are those of the Police, Civil Service, A. C. Co. and McLennan & McFeeley.

Saturday afternoon a good exhibition game was played on the barracks rink by the Police and Civil Service teams, the score being 3 to 2 in favor of the latter.

Cold Storage Plant.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. today through its resident representative, Mr. Rufus J. Davies, signed a contract with G. H. Davies for the erection of an insulated two-story wooden building, the dimensions of which will be 30x70 feet, the first story being nine, the second story thirteen feet high. The building will have a capacity of 450 tons. It will be located on a lot recently purchased by Mr. Davies for his company on the corner of First street and Fourth avenue. Work on the foundation of the building will commence tomorrow. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by March 15th. The cost of the structure will be \$12,000.

ZEROITES JOLLY

Their Friends and Entertain Them Royally at the Club's Home

WITH Dainty LUNCH AND WINE

From Under Gilt Labels, and a Splendid Entertainment

FROM BEST LOCAL TALENT.

President Mizner a Whole Reception Committee in Himself—Was Ably Assisted.

The reception at the Zero Club Saturday evening was one of the swellest affairs ever given in Dawson, as can be attested by the large number of invited guests who attended.

The rooms of the club are in every way equal in appointment and furnishing to those of the modern social club of larger cities.

The reading room at the front, with commodious baywindow overlooking the street, is elegantly furnished with an eye to comfort as well as beauty. Big easy chairs stand invitingly about, and in the center of the room there is a very large reading table upon which there is always to be found in great profusion all the latest papers and periodicals. The inner room is fitted with billiard and pool tables and a piano, then further back is the main dining room, connected with which are two smaller rooms for the accommodation of small parties. All are handsomely furnished and very cozy. In addition to these is the card room. Saturday evening the members of the club were busy making friends for the institution and judging by the manner in which the guests were looked after the effort could not fail of success. Champagne, straight from under the gilt, and in punch, was dispensed bountifully and the luncheon was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Caterer Condorgeorge fairly outdoing himself in its preparation and service.

Edgar A. Mizner, as master of ceremonies, was a whole reception committee in himself, though ably assisted by a number of enthusiastic members, and if there was anyone present who was not made to feel at home and welcome, he must have very carefully hidden himself.

Early in the evening the assembled company were entertained with the following excellent program, after which many good impromptu things were given by volunteers, and, in short there was never a better or more pleasant function of the kind given in the city.

Overture, orchestra; song, C. McPherson; quartette, Arctic Brotherhood; song, Ben Davis; song, Chas. Barwell; recitation, Frank Johnston; piano solo, Arthur Boyle; song, Mr. Robertson, song, Mr. Finney; recitation, Rudy Kaltenborn; banjo solo, Ed Brown; duet, McPherson and Chataway.

Miss Tracie's Benefit.

The entertainment given for the benefit of Miss Marion Tracie at the Savoy theater last Saturday afternoon was the best that ever took place in Dawson. A larger lady audience never was assembled before in this or any other local theater than appeared at this entertainment. The affair was a success both from a theatrical and financial standpoint. The program opened with an overture rendered by Prof. Freimuth and the Savoy orchestra. Post and Mauretta in "Irish Aristocracy" were very funny and the piece lasted one hour, which was full of fun and created many laugh and smile. The entire company did well in this roaring comedy. Miss Cecil Marion's singing was heartily appreciated. Mr. Sutherland did well. Miss Kate Rockwell in her buck and wing dancing and cake walk, assisted by the little picaninny, was a treat. Bryant and Onslow in their knock-about act did nicely and created many a laugh. Madam Lloyd was up to date and sang two songs which pleased the audience. The Wilson children, Claire and Irene, sang

and scored an encore and the little children in the audience were well pleased. Miss Edith Montrose sang a parody on "On the Wabash," taken from the Transvaal, and also sang Miss Marion Tracie's composition, "God Save the King," which brought long applause. Misses Walther and Forest responded to three encores and their singing on this occasion was highly appreciated. Prof. Parkes gave a long series of pictures.

Ben Ferguson appeared on the stage and thanked the audience, actors and actresses, musicians, help, Savoy management, newspapers, etc., for their kind help and assistance. The gross receipts were \$486.75; expenses \$121.25, leaving a net profit of \$365.50. Miss Tracie is still confined to her bed. The success of the entertainment was due to the untiring efforts of Ben Ferguson, who took hold of the work with a vim and brought the enterprise to a successful termination.

Curious Medical Case.

A curious case occurred in one of the Paris hospitals which excited much comment in medical circles. Some time ago a woman named Legros, 55 years of age, was found lying in the road in a state of insensibility and absolutely rigid. She was removed by the police to the hospital, where for three weeks she remained in the same state. The doctors then decided that she was dead and had been so since she was found, the preservation of her body being due to the amount of alcohol she had imbibed.—Ex.

Tozier

Improving

RECEIVED BY WIRE. QUEEN'S WILL

Gives Large Benefactions to Various of Her Relatives.

CARNEGIE SELLS HIS INTERESTS

To Pierpont Morgan the New York Money King.

BOERS ARE ON THE MARCH

In the Direction of Lorenzo Marques With British Closely Behind Portuguese Alarmed.

London, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb. 12.—The latest rumor concerning the will of the late Queen Victoria is to the effect that she bequeathed £140,000 each to the Duke of Cannington, Prince Christian, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, also liberal legacies to the Duchess of Albany and a number of her grand children. The bulk of her private fortune, including both Osborne and Balmoral, goes to King Edward.

Carneige's Big Sale.
New York, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb. 12.—Andrew Carnegie has sold his controlling interest in the Carnegie Company to the Pierpont Morgan syndicate, the consideration being \$85,000,000. Carnegie still holds a 54 per cent interest in a \$160,000,000 bond issue of the company.

MEN OF MARK.

Gov. Crane of Massachusetts attended a dinner given to the poor of Boston on Thanksgiving day and ate with a party of well known men at the general board.

Robert W. Wilcox, who has been elected as the congressional representative from Hawaii, is a descendant from the old Hawaiian royal family on his mother's side.

Lawrence M. Jacobs, who has been appointed statistician of the Philippine commission, was formerly one of the experts in the loan and currency division of the treasury department.

George H. Phillips, the young Chicago financier who has been cornering the corn market, is very boyish looking, slender, short, pale, with light eyes and hair and very reserved manners.

Although ex-Governor Stockley of Delaware is 82 years old, he went out hunting the other day, tramped several miles, secured a good bag of game and returned home at night without any sign of weariness.

Kogoro Takahira, the new Japanese minister to Washington, belongs to the progressive school of his countrymen. He has been minister to Holland, Austria and Italy and speaks fluently the languages of all those countries.

The will of the late Robert B. Grimham of Boston disposes of an estate of \$259,070, nearly all of which will eventually go to charity and most toward founding in Boston a hospital for incurables.

John W. Campbell, chief of police of St. Louis, who is spoken of as head of the Manila department, has been connected with the St. Louis force for several years and has a remarkable record for efficiency.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Bonapartists are manifesting a strong disposition to desert Prince Victor Bonaparte and to replace him by his brother, Prince Louis, now a general of artillery in the Russian service.

M. Maybrick, who has been elected mayor of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, is better known as Stephen Adams, the song writer who composed, among other things, "Nancy Lee." He is likewise a brother-in-law of Mrs. Maybrick, who is suffering life confinement for the alleged murder of her husband.

Must Die.

Pekin, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb. 12.—The various foreign ministers have definitely decided to demand that the Chinese officials, including Prince Chuan and Tuan, must die.

Col. Steele's Offer.

Ottawa, Feb. 7, via Skagway, Feb. 12.—Colonel Steele has been offered a colony in Béden Powell's police a salary of \$6000 per year and all allowances.

Reorganized Hockey League.

A meeting of hockey players and representatives of various hockey teams was held last night at the Regina Club, the object being the reorganization of the hockey league. The object for which the meeting was called was accomplished, although representation on the league is not as strong as it was hoped it would be, only three teams those of the Police, Civil Service and McLennan & McFeeley, coming in. The A. C. Co. team has been given two days in which to reconsider its resignation from the former league and come into the new one.

Should no other teams apply membership in the league the next three days at which a schedule of games will be held within the next three days and the champion ship of the Yukon played for. Any information desired by other teams regarding the league can be secured from the secretary, Constable Bell, at the barracks.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
THE LECTURE COURSE.

The determination on the part of the board of directors of the free reading room to offer the public a series of popular lectures is a move which will receive general support and approval.

The entertainments which from time to time have been given at the library have invariably been greeted by an appreciative audience which on every occasion has taxed the capacity of the library building. It is to be anticipated that the new move inaugurated by the directors will be received with equal enthusiasm.

A series of lectures as proposed will have a distinctly educational effect. Dawson is now passing through a transition period, each day marking an advance toward improving the social condition of the community. A general demand for a better quality of entertainment is being noticed. More recognition is being given to the formalities of life, and the usages which are required in older communities are gradually being adopted.

The directors of the library apparently are in close touch with the growing needs of Dawson from a social and educational standpoint. They could not propose anything more desirable or which can be more successfully carried out than a series of lectures as outlined.

There should be no difficulty in securing all the talent required for there are men in Dawson who are specialists in almost every professional and scientific line. Without doubt these men will readily give their services for the purpose named and they may be well assured that in so doing they will command the deserved thanks of the community.

TRANSIENT MERCHANTS.

It will be in order very shortly that more effective legislation be passed for the protection of local merchants against the operations of transient speculators. With the opening of navigation, Dawson will be invaded by an army of men, each with a stock of some sort of goods and all bent on effecting a "cleanup" as quickly as possible and getting out of the country. Many outside commercial concerns are also preparing to send men to Dawson with the same object in view. Circumstances are already arriving through the mails, stating that agents of various houses will be in Dawson for a few weeks this spring looking for the local trade. They come at the time of year when business ordinarily is at its best, rent a store room for a month or six weeks, employ the very smallest amount of labor possible and take the first boat for Whitehorse immediately on disposing of their goods. It does not seem just that such concerns should be permitted to compete on equal terms with local business houses which operate twelve months in the year, pay out large sums for labor and in many cases own the property upon which they conduct their business. We are of the opinion that some decided steps should be taken to equalize the advantage which the transient merchant thus secures over the man who is permanently engaged in business.

There is a long period during the year when the latter considers himself fortunate if he succeeds in meeting expenses. He continues in business merely awaiting the arrival of the season when buying begins and general trade conditions improve. His profits for the year must be made during the comparatively short period when business is brisk, or he realizes no profit at

all. He operates during the entire year under risk of losing everything he has by fire, and it is at the times when this risk is at its greatest that business is practically dormant. We submit, therefore, that the permanent merchant has a claim upon the community which cannot be given too general recognition.

On the other hand, the speculator who comes into Dawson for a day—too often with goods of a very inferior quality—contributes in no particular to the public welfare. His plan is to remain for the shortest possible time, get hold of whatever he can and depart.

To our way of thinking he should not be allowed to do so without making a good substantial contribution to the public coffers. A license system not too high to be prohibitive would fairly meet the emergency.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

Some wise man once remarked that an infidel is to be preferred to the man who fails to care for his own. Along the same line of thought something akin might be said of the man who refuses to patronize home enterprise, other things being equal.

This is peculiarly true of Dawson. Our local merchants who are employers of labor throughout twelve months in the year and whose stores are open for business, in season and out of season, whether business is good, bad or indifferent, are entitled to first consideration from the purchasing public. The welfare of the entire community is subserved by keeping as large a volume of money in local circulation as possible.

Transient traders who come into Dawson for the purpose of making a quick cleanup and then depart immediately for the outside are of no value to the community, and work an injury not only to the merchants with whom they come into active competition but indirectly to those who patronize them.

Money thus taken out of circulation affects all lines of trade alike and works a depressing influence just in proportion to its amount.

Established business houses which have stood the test of time and have identified themselves with the interests of Dawson and the territory should be given the preference. Their faith in the country has been backed in the most substantial manner and that fact entitles them to every consideration. By all means, home enterprises should be patronized by everyone.

Favorable action by the Ottawa authorities upon the memorial recently forwarded by the Yukon council will have a very marked effect upon the future of this territory. It is a fact that very few of the large mining companies which invested in Klondike properties during 1897-98 have paid any considerable dividends. This is due not to the properties themselves but largely to the excessive taxes levied upon the mining industry in addition to the cost of operation, which is probably larger in this country than in any other mining country in the world. A revision of the regulations along the lines indicated in the council's memorial will have a most salutary effect. There is capital ready for investment in mining properties in this territory whenever it is demonstrated that fair profits are reasonably certain to follow. Recent regulations passed for the Yukon have all been of a favorable nature and there is good reason for belief that the recommendations made by the council will be endorsed at Ottawa.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

JAMIESON COULD PREACH

Notwithstanding That He Sometimes Cussed on the Trail.

Pilgrims to the Klondike Held Flattery-of-Fact Religious Services While en Route.

The boat drifted in an aimless sort of way, gathering momentum from a few spasmodic strokes of the oars, or a desultory dipping of canoe paddles. Even these being interrupted by a remark by one of its occupants, the boat came to a gradual stop, or wandered to the other bank of the narrow slough. It was nearing evening and little progress was being made, but the speed was great enough to suit the fancy of the light hearted crew. They were just returning from their bathing place. In this slough, or dead channel reaching inland from the swift, muddy river, the water was clear and quiet, and the sun's rays having a chance to act, the water was much warmer than in the river. The scene was picturesque. Behind, the curving channel was lost to view in the endless forest, the banks overhung and screened from view by drooping trees. Before, was a small clearing by the main river in which were the log house and warehouse of the fur trader. Through the opening of the slough was visible the main river rushing by and bearing occasional clumps of driftwood on its bosom.

It was Sunday, and a day of rest, among a few days of rest before and after a period of great unrest. For months the prospectors had been toiling along the trail, and on reaching Fort Graham, a lonely Hudson Bay trading post in the Northwest territory, a thousand miles from the nearest frontier post office, were forced to pause until accurate information was received regarding further progress. And so, around this trading post were grouped a dozen or more tents, and this number was constantly being increased by the arrival of more parties over the trail.

The boat contained five or six young men from different parts of the world, and from different stations in life, who were banded together not only by common ties of youth, but from the fact that they represented the singers of the camp, and they took advantage of the harmony-producing influences of the water, the forest, and the early twilight to gratify the soul's longing for music, which it had been denied during the busier days preceding. It was such an occasion, too, remembered as having no place in the busy world but similar in nature to a fleeting dream—a tranquil eddy in life's fierce current, where events make their quiet turn before being caught up again and hurried on.

"Let's try another verse of 'Baby' before we come in sight of camp, and give them a 'Hot Time' we are coming in," suggested one.

"They are going to hold services up there tonight, and as this is Sunday, suppose we sing, 'Nearer My God to Thee,'" amended one whose superior knowledge of music gave him the leadership.

"Is Jamieson going to preach tonight?"

"Yes, and they want us to sing for them."

Mr. Jamieson was only another on whom the popular gold excitement had taken a strong hold. In former days, it was said he had been a local preacher, and later a missionary among Indians and backwoodsmen. Certain it was, he was accustomed to frontier ways, and acquitted himself favorably on the trail. There had at first been some unfavorable comment among the trailsmen regarding a man who should attempt to carry orthodox teachings into a life that had little in common with the churches. This mode of life had been a revelation to them, and they could call to mind no code of moral laws that would fill all the emergencies of the trail.

"Jamieson is not such a bad fellow," one member of the camp had declared. "His partner says that if things do not go right he swears like a veteran packer."

"Yes," supplemented another, "and one time when one of his horses bucked its pack off, and broke its pack saddle into kindling, he called it a blank bankruptcy blank, and threatened to break its blanched neck if it ever did that again. I always thought a good deal more of Jamieson after that," he concluded.

It was to recommendations like this that the preacher owed his growing popularity. Nor is this remarkable, for

tried by a hundred vexations, they were impatient of anyone who added to them by advocating impossible conduct, or pretending to smile as "for the best" if a horse rolled down hill, or ripped open a sack of beans by scrubbing his pack against a tree. They knew too well what the feelings were at such times, and not to give expression to them in the customary vociferous manner, was to stamp a man deceitful and not to be trusted.

"I always like to hear a man swear when he's mad," said one who represented the moral character of the trail, "for then you know he's not keeping anything back."

In a short time the boat had rounded the curve and came in sight of the camp. The Indians were standing in front of their teepee, and conversation about the camp lagged, then ceased, as the words of the hymn, softened by distance, fell upon ears of late unused to music. It may not have been good music from a professor's standpoint. There may have been overtones, or undertones, or tones entirely wanting, but at this time and place, it was irresistibly sweet. As the boat approached, Mr. Jamieson, in his shirt sleeves, was seen walking towards the landing.

"Boys," he said, as the boat touched shore, "we're going to have a short service, and we want you to come over and sing for us."

"Oh, we don't know anything to sing," came the inevitable protest of one who must ever be coaxed.

"We have a hymn book up there, so that objection is overruled. Come up as soon as you can, for we're ready now."

"Wait till I get my shoes on," said one whom experience had taught to defer this part of his dressing until he reached dry land. "Who knocked my socks into the water?" a moment later.

"Socks! Do you wear socks?" in incredulous tones. "Never mind your shoes. Come over in your bare feet."

"Strange! I little thought a year ago I would ever go to church in my bare feet, or without socks—and sing in the choir, too! Are you going to dress?"

"Dress? How? Why? Certainly not. You don't see those hoboes over there dressed, do you?"

The "hoboes" were certainly not dressed very fashionably. Those who had gathered in the open space among the tents wore clothing in every stage of dilapidation. Blue overalls were worn out at knees and patched with white, eight-ounce canvas. Shirts had a sleeve torn off, and were otherwise mutilated beyond recognition. Trouser legs were of unequal length. Buttons had long since disappeared and a piece of wood served to hold the single suspender to its duty. There were hat brims without crowns, and crowns without brims, and footwear that exposed the feet. One or two who had black coats packed away in their dunnage bags, had brought them out for the occasion and these heightened the grotesque appearance of the whole.

Such is the negligence of attire and habits manifested by white men as soon as they leave the refining influences of the world, that it is small wonder the Indians refuse to believe that they represent a higher state of civilization. A church, teepee form, had been erected years before at this trading post. It was 18 or 20 feet in diameter, the sides thatched with slabs of bark. The door consisted of an opening which was now covered up with more slabs. As these children of the forest find the ground their most comfortable seat, the interior was entirely devoid of furniture, and instead of art-stained windows, sufficient light came through the opening which served as an entrance, or filtered through the numerous cracks between the bark slabs, for the Indian has no fear of drafts, nor the lady of the tribe of having a new hat ruined by a chance shower.

Formerly one who assumed the office of priest had made a visit here once a year and held services in the building, but of late years he had failed to make his appearance, and the trail to the place of worship now led over fallen trees, and was choked by raspberry bushes. For this reason the service of the day was called in the open air. There was a further reason for this action, and that was that it was infinitely easier in the present instance to bring

the service to the men than the men to the service.

The tardy singers have arrived and take convenient seats on a carpenter bench where some one has been engaged in making pack saddles. The solitary hymn book, which somebody's mother doubtlessly insisted on being taken along, is produced, and the choir crane their necks over each other's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the words.

The preacher then calls the attention of the congregation to the front. In answer to the summons they shift their positions somewhat, and some few remove their hats. The most devout are seated reverently before the speaker with an expression of solemn gravity. Others are seated in the background on some pack saddles beside a tent; some are thoughtfully smoking; a number of men are strung along the fence at the back of the speaker; one with his elbows on his knees and legs spread out is meditatively whittling on a piece of wood. One man, an old trapper, who says this is the first time in ten years he has been to church, gravely kindles a mosquito smudge, and at times while the service is in progress, adds to it a further supply of rotten wood. He is as attentive to business as the church official who is entrusted with the ventilation. At times when the breeze shifts and envelopes the speaker in the thick smoke cloud, an unwonted moisture comes to his eyes, and something more than emotion chokes his utterance. Ever and anon throughout the congregation is heard the sharp slap which carries the news of fatalities in the mosquito world. There are two or three, exceptionally rude, who are seated with their backs to the preacher, and, as if to carry the impression that they do not deem themselves part of the congregation, and do not feel it their right to move their seats, talk among themselves. The most attentive listener is a big St. Bernard dog, who lies in the foreground with his head between his outstretched paws, not in the least drowsy, but blinking his approval at suitable intervals.

The speaker has a hard task from want of co-operation and sympathy, and cannot find a steady flow of language, but talks in halting and patched sentences. He calls upon them to be thankful for the many dangers safely passed, and points out even in their apparently hard lot the work of a merciful Providence.

The few Indians in camp attracted by so unusual a proceeding look curiously on.

The dusk has now set in. The choir sing the doxology, the benediction is pronounced and the service is over. The congregation again shifts itself, and the restraining force gone, they again group themselves into conversational order, but conversation is forced and unnatural, and remarks are spasmodic. Perhaps they are thinking of home.

The St. Bernard dog arises, and passing towards the tent, curls himself on a pile of horse blankets and goes to sleep.

Seated in front of one of the tents and illuminated by the fitful flashes of the camp fire, the late officiating choir are entertaining a circle of loungers with "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."—Sidney Church.

Another Case of Rabies.

Sunday when Frank Close of Greenfield & Co., freighters, was en route with a team and sled from Dominion to Dawson a party requested him to take a dog from 16 to 12 roadhouse. The dog was tied to the rear end of the sled but before more than a mile had been covered he became violently crazy with the result that he fought and bit the sled until he was literally bathed in his own blood. Fortunately he was tied with a chain and this he also snapped almost continuously. Arriving at 12 roadhouse the question of loosing the dog from the sled was solved by enlisting the aid of another man and a rope. The raving canine was lassoed and held away until Close untied the chain and with a man pulling in each direction the animal was lead to a post and securely fastened. Word was left with the roadhouse people warning the dog's owner of its condition, and the probability is that the animal has been killed.

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS

And small packages can be sent to the Greeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

From Wednesday's Daily.

GIFTS DURING 1900.

Some time ago the matter of rich men's charities was discussed in these columns, the aim being to show that instead of becoming more miserly the tendency among wealthy men of the day is toward generous giving. In this connection, the following from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer will prove of interest:

The year 1900 was a prosperous one, and as a result the record of benefaction to deserving institutions is a notable one. The amount of money given to various institutions and causes was not so large as during the year 1899, although it was more than \$30,000,000 greater than the average for the preceding ten years. The total for the year 1899 was unusually large, the amount of money donated being \$79,749,956. The year just closed shows a total of \$60,264,000. The beneficiaries included educational institutions, libraries, art museums and galleries, churches and various charities.

Educational institutions seem to have shared the larger part of these bequests. They received over \$30,000,000, and more than one-half of this went to thirty-six of the larger colleges and universities. The sum of \$9,681,405 was given to the smaller colleges, academies and seminaries, and various educational institutions received over \$3,000,000 from the Methodist twentieth century thank offering.

Libraries throughout the country were generously remembered, receiving during the year \$6,448,000. The greater part of this amount was given for the erection of new library buildings in sixty-four different cities and towns. Of these new buildings, Andrew Carnegie is to be credited with having provided for seventeen, his donations for this purpose during the year amounting to \$4,195,000. Art galleries and museums received \$956,000 in 1900.

Different charities throughout the country received \$13,390,176. This is a larger record than that of the year before. Different churches and church enterprises were assisted to the amount of \$8,799,650, and it is claimed that this is over \$5,000,000 more than was given for similar purposes in 1899.

These figures, which have been gathered by the Chicago Tribune, represent only the larger gifts and bequests where the sum has not been less than \$1000 in each case, and it has been possible to keep an exact record. If to these larger amounts were added the small gifts, private subscriptions and collections of which it is impossible to get a record, it would probably be found that the total was an enormous one. The United States is a nation of generous people, and the record of benefactions during the year just past shows that they are disposed to share handsomely of their fortune in times of prosperity.

Please take notice that winter's mortgage on the Klondike is being rapidly paid off. It is still cool—sufficiently cool to remind us forcibly of the fact that we have had a winter season—but nevertheless there is something in the atmosphere which breathes an unmistakable hint of an approaching change.

This does not mean that the snow has begun as yet to melt on the hillsides, nor is water running in the creeks in sufficient quantities to begin cleanup operations. But still the world, or at least the small part of it which comes within the scope of our immediate knowledge, has a different appearance from what it did six weeks ago. Sunshine increases a little every day, and

sunshine is the harbinger of spring and steamboats. We have an idea that the ancient sun worshippers must have lived in this latitude.

Andrew Carnegie has sold his interests in the company which bears his name—the consideration being \$85,000,000. If Mr. Carnegie should live another half century and each day during that time should spend the sum of \$500 he would just about be enabled to exhaust the amount realized from the recent sale of his interests. It is a well known fact, however, that Andrew is of a saving disposition, and it is scarcely to be anticipated that he will enter into any such round of hilarity.

Dawson's business men generally are agreed with the Nugget that something should be done for the protection of local enterprise against the operations of the scow men and the transient traders. If the merchants should formulate a plan for the accomplishment of this purpose, which would not be too restrictive in its terms we have no doubt that the same would receive serious consideration from the authorities.

From the mouth of the Yukon river to its headwaters at the summit of White Pass there is but one real live mining town and that is our own little city of Dawson. There are others which have prospects of good things ahead but those prospects are as yet unrealized. Dawson is still without a rival.

The police have taken hold of the dog question and have instituted very practical measures to accomplish a solution. The large number of vicious dogs which of late have infested the town warrant the adoption of the steps which have been taken.

That Attempted Suicide.

The recently reported attempt of George Thomas St. Cyr to do away with himself through despondency over his position and, as alleged, to escape the gallows under the sentence of death which was recently passed upon him for the killing of James Davis, appears from reliable information to have been nothing more than the culmination of a severe nervous attack which has been coming upon him since the affair on the Hootalinqua.

His attempts, as depicted in the report spoken of as directed to the breakage of his neck, consisted in butting his head against the wooden walls of his cell and of raising his bedstead and allowing the legs to settle back on his head.

He was bound at the time to prevent him making further attempts at bodily injury, but as was quite apparent at the time there was not the slightest danger of death following as the result of any of those efforts.

St. Cyr is a devout Catholic and was soon brought to a much more quiet mental condition by Father Gendreau, who has visited him several times since.

A \$100 Dog.

This morning the time of territorial court in Justice Craig's room was occupied by a case of damages entitled Hebb vs. the N. A. T. & T. Co.

The whole matter arose from the purchase by the company of a dog team, a year or two since, from a man named Pingree, and the subsequent claiming of one of the dogs, by the plaintiff in the present case.

It appeared that the dog team had, shortly after being purchased by the company been sent to Skagway and that when near Tagish house on the way back, Hebb saw the team and recognized as one of its component parts, his long lost doggie, whereupon he made vigorous claim for him to the police at Tagish house. How the matter terminated at the time does not appear, otherwise than that the Hebb dog continued to trot Dawsonwards before the N. A. T. & T. sled, and that later the canine whose ownership was being disputed, disappeared from the knowledge of all parties concerned.

As a fitting finale to the affair, Justice Craig this morning awarded the plaintiff \$100 for his lost dog.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regine Club hotel.

Brewitt makes fine pants.

Fresh turkeys at the Denver Market.

When in want of laundry work call up 'phone 52. Cascade Laundry.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros.

Third street.

crs

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and November; All the rest have thirty-one. Except the second month alone; To it we twenty-eight assign 'Till leap year gives it twenty-nine."

But for the above which 999 civilized people in every 1000 carry in their pigeonholes of their memories, they would have to carry almanacs to which they would be constantly referring every time a reckoning of time was to be made. But with the above verse at the tongue's end (it can be sang to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," but doesn't fit "My Country, 'Tis of Thee") no one need be but a second in determining the number of days in any month of the year.

"Except the second month alone."

That brings us to the present month which is the only one that calendar experts have taken upon themselves to lengthen as the exigencies of the season may require. February is not a historical month, further than that it contains George Washington's birthday and ground hog day. Aside from these, February has no claims to distinction. Groundhog day is the 2nd and George's anniversary the 22d. It is difficult to say what would have happened on February 3rd had the month been elongated to that extent.

Aside from in the extreme southern states the month of February is an uncomfortable one and one not regretted when past. Tomorrow will finish the first half of the month, and 14 days later the remainder will have been laid away unhonored and unsung. If every month in the year was February the people of the Yukon district, as well as the dogs, would go mad. To countries where the book stores sell ugly cartoons tomorrow will be St. Valentine's day.

**

A certain prominent as well as very popular official who is particularly gentlemanly and polite on all occasions, unwittingly turned the laugh on himself at the Zero Club reception last Saturday night. The official and three other gentlemen were in one of the private rooms when someone repeated the time-honored remark made by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina. The button was touched and a waiter did the rest. When the refreshments were carried into the room the official was busy talking and when a moment later he looked up he saw standing beside him a stranger in full evening dress. With the gallantry of a knight of ye olden time and with the grace of a Chesterfield the official made his best bow to the full dress and to its wearer said:

"We are just about to partake of some wine! Won't you join us?"

"Hut, tut!" said the big merchant, "he is only the waiter."

The official took another look at the full dress and recognized in its wearer the waiter count who parts his hair down the back of his neck as far as the eye can reach. Then the official became flustered and said he had forgotten to bring his umbrella, but hoped it wouldn't rain before he got home.

**

A certain young business man of Dawson has troubles which he is afraid to tell to the police. In fact, he is very much frightened lest someone else tells the police. The direct source of his woes is the dog pound.

A friend of the young man owns a first family malamute which he is careful to keep tied these days. Yesterday the man's wife thought it would be proper to turn the dog loose for a few minutes which she did, and before the long hand of the family clock had covered half a lap on the race course of time a neighbor kindly informed the lady that the favorite dog had been taken to the pound. Wishing to recover the animal before her husband became aware of the capture, she elicited the assistance of the young man who forthwith hied himself to the dog emporium, plunked down the accrued costs, receipted for the dog and started to restore him to his owner. On his way he chanced to meet the lady's husband and, thinking he had been informed of the capture of his dog, the young man said:

"Here's your dog! I have just taken him out of the pound."

"H—!" said the other, "that is not my dog; you have made a mistake!"

Sure enough the young man had paid and receipted for the wrong dog, but the worst was yet to come. Up to this time the liberated canine had followed close at the heels of the good Samaritan; but when that individual started back towards the pound to rectify his error and effect an exchange of dogs, the foxy malamute looked squarely at him, howled a derisive howl and struck off at a 2:40 gait down street.

The owner of the other dog mattered

something and went to the pound and redeemed his own dog.

If the other malamute should fail to return to its owner the young man who received for him at the pound is liable to criminal prosecution and a royal saw.

**

"Phwere is Misther Ullo?" said a son of Erin as he entered the law office of Pattulla & Ridley a few days ago.

"Mister who?" said Ridley, turning to look at the visitor.

"Misther Ullo," said the caller.

"There is no such man belongs here," insisted Ridley.

"Thin yer had better change the sign av yez, for Misther Ullo's name is on it an' his first name is Pat, an' thinkin' he was a countryman av me own, I was just after droppin' in 'till have an old toime chat wid 'im."

And the disgusted Irishman went down stairs and cast a look of disgust on the misleading sign as he passed out.

A clerk in a certain clothing and shoe store on First avenue is accustomed to consign all old shoes discarded by customers to the stove. The other day the clerk was busy waiting on a customer when a son of the Norse entered and said, "Ae tank Ae Luke at some shoes." One of the proprietors took charge of the new customer and by the time the clerk had finished with his patron and had gone to the stove to warm his hands he discovered a very large and very dilapidated pair of shoes sitting by it. The force of habit being strong, the clerk at once raised the lid and consigned the brogans to the fire. Two minutes later a big Swede walked up from the back of the store in his stocking feet saying:

"Ae tank you not hafe any shoes big enuff for me. But where in hale is da old ones?"

The clerk stammered and blushed and finally explained that he had supposed the old shoes had been left by some newly shod customer, and he had consigned them to the stove.

The man from the Viking land swore venomously and said it was a "tam" mean trick and he could lick the clerk and all his family.

Finally a truce was reached by the clerk presenting the man with two pair of German socks and a pair of No. 48 moccasins which the fellow said pinched his feet.

Religious Obstacles.
Toronto, Jan. 25.—The city council today decided to attend a memorial service at St. James' cathedral on the day of the queen's funeral, but subsequently representatives of other Protestant denominations called on the mayor and protested against a service being held in the English church, which would practically exclude, they argued, a large number of Protestants. They suggested a service be held in Massey hall. The mayor promised to refer the matter to the board of control.

Notice.
Whereas the commissioner of the Yukon territory has created a new mining district known as the Clear creek mining district, which district is described as follows: All of Stewart river and its tributaries from Lake creek to Fraser falls, including Lake creek and its tributaries.

Now, therefore, the public is hereby notified that on the 26th day of February, 1901, a mining recorder's office will be opened at Barlow City, and all records and documents pertaining to the Clear mining district will be located there.

Dated, January 31st, 1901.
(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Fresh cabbage at Denver Market.

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE Week of FEB. 11

Post & Maurettus Comedy

A Turkish Harem

ASSISTED BY SAVOY COMPANY

SPECIAL! — GRAND MUSICAL CONCERT SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1901

The Standard Theatre Week Commencing February 11

HOYT'S LAUGHABLE FARCE COMEDY

Thursday Night, Ladies Night

Texas Steer

...A...

Fine Mechanical Effects Special Scenery

WAIT FOR THE DANCE

appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY KLONDIKE NUGGET: DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901

TRAVELING IN YUKON ICE

Sidney Church Vividly Describes Its Terrors.

The Trip From Bennett to Dawson in the Late Season One Never Forgotten.

From Wednesday's Daily

As the Yukon river is ice bound for nearly eight months of the year, the short season of navigation is marked by the great activity of the shippers. Tempted by the prospects of the neat fortune afforded by a cargo of goods landed in Dawson in the right condition of the market, a small army of merchants and small traders make annual attempts to guess the shortages of the winter market, and what is more difficult, to land the cargo safely in Dawson. To those whom experience has taught the philosophy of bribing steamship and railway officials to gain precedence for their freight, and whom fortune has endowed with the means to do so, the task is comparatively easy, but those who have yet to learn, usually spend the precious months awaiting the pleasure of transportation companies to move their goods, and find themselves about the month of September at the head of Lake Bennett with the problem of the Yukon before them.

At this time the preceding dry months have so lowered the water that only the lightest draft boats are able to get over the sand bars, and with their competitors thus disabled, the owners raise their freight rates to an abnormal figure, but are unable to handle the vast quantity of freight which anxious shippers wish to get to the Dawson market while still the water flows. Not only belated traders, but claim owners with shipments of machinery, and large transportation companies, unable by the disabling of their large boats to deliver contracted freight, have freight piled in the warehouses, or this overflowing, ranged in piles along the beach. Under these circumstances their only chance is to build scows, and trust the precious cargo for its 600-mile journey to a hazardous crew.

The sawmill at Lake Bennett is run to its full capacity to furnish scow lumber and its owners employ every carpenter obtainable that they may sell the finished scows to shippers. For a month preceding the close of navigation the small town booms. The hotels are crowded and people are camping on the beach. The price of labor rises from \$3 to \$8 or \$10 a day. Scows worth \$150 are sought for at \$500 to \$800. The beach is lined for half a mile with scow builders, and the rasping of their saws, and the merry "clink," "clink" of the calkers mark the activity of the place from dawn to darkness. Even at night by the aid of lanterns, the shippers, who seem never to sleep, are engaged in sorting freight on the beach and transferring it to scows. Ever and anon is heard the heavy "swish" as a newly finished scow is launched. Sails are being trimmed preparatory to starting off down the lake with the first favorable breeze, and from the sawmill across the lake scows are being continually brought over to be loaded from the warehouses.

The scows are usually 12 to 14 feet wide and 40 feet long, with straight sides and ends, and are fitted on bow and stern with long "sweeps" which used as oars give lateral motion. There is also a mast rigged forward to which is hung a square sail for service in crossing the lakes.

There is great difficulty in securing experienced river men for this trip, as there are hundreds of scows and each requires a crew of at least four.

"Good morning! Would you gentlemen like to go down river?" a scow owner might ask of two young men who would be idly watching the loading.

"Oh, I don't know," one would answer. "We have just come in from Atlin and were going down to Seattle. What do you pay?"

"Two dollars a day and board until you reach Dawson. Better decide to go down. There is plenty of work going on down there and wages are high."

"What do you say?" one would ask the other.

"Well, I promised my mother I would go out this fall. Still I hate to go home broke. Suppose we chance another year on Dawson?"

"Done!" and they would shake hands to bind the agreement. "When do you leave?" to the scow man.

"We are ready to go now. We have a favorable wind and were only waiting for two more men."

"We'll have to go up to the bunk

house and get our blankets, but we'll be back in 10 or 15 minutes." And with crushed hopes given a new lease of life, they would start briskly towards the town. In an hour their white sails would have disappeared around the point in the lake.

Perhaps conditions were favorable and they were not blown against the precipitous south bank and wrecked when but one mile out. Perhaps they observed instructions to keep close to the right bank at Windy Arm, and were not blown to the north bank and wrecked on the long beach. Perhaps they survived the rushing turmoil of Miles Canyon, avoided the menacing rocks which fill the channel of Squaw and Whitehorse rapids, and kept clear of the deceptive, sucking side currents and whirlpools which lead to death. Perhaps fortune was kind and they were not wind bound on Lake Lebarge, nor wrecked by storms on its treacherous water. Perhaps they were not carried by the swift current on any of the wreck-marked rocks of Thirtymile river. Perhaps, like the pillar of cloud of scriptures, some unseen finger marked out the clear channel that they were not hopelessly grounded on one of the thousand sand bars which are a constant menace to navigators from Five Fingers to the mouth of the Yukon. Perhaps—but it is not likely—they reached Dawson City. And considering that long experience in river work is necessary to properly "read" water the wonder is, not that so many are wrecked, but that any reach their destination.

Even those who are fortunate enough to land their cargo safely must sell at a high price to come out even, for since they left Seattle there has been a continual expense bribing steamboat agents, wharfingers, railroad officials, paying inflated prices for scows, the wages of the crew, the charges of the Whitehorse pilot, and the excessive charges for towing across lakes in case of adverse winds. All these have raised the price of the goods to an alarming extent, and except in cases where shippers guess the market shrewdly, their ventures are often losing ones.

But the natural dangers of the river are increased fourfold by the float ice, which early in October fill the river, becoming gradually heavier until finally it jams and freezes solid. This ice is formed partly in the lakes at the head of rivers, and being broken up by the winds is carried down by the current. But the most serious element to contend with is known as "anchor ice," which is not formed on the surface but on the bottoms of the rivers. This is peculiar to the north. There are many theories regarding its formation, but one of the most reasonable is that the water in swift rivers reaches a temperature considerably below the freezing point before it actually freezes. On the bottom where there are little dips, the water is necessarily quiet and ice forms around the stones. As it gradually increases its size, the cake with small stones incrusted in the bottom rises to the surface. When these dirty ice cakes are seen constantly bobbing to the surface the hardy Yukon pioneer, or "sour dough," as he is popularly known, will tell you that in a very few days the river will be closed. A party who left Bennett lake last fall gave the following account of their trouble with the ice:

"On the 7th of October we left Lake Bennett with two scows loaded with provisions and a crew of eight men. Until we reached Five Fingers, good fortune was with us. From this point we had more or less trouble with bars, but whenever we struck these by jumping into the ice cold water we were able to swing the scow into the current again. Others were not so fortunate, for as we proceeded, the bars became more and more dotted with stranded scows, and we learned that many of them had been for days helpless and for a month on the way.

When we reached Fort Selkirk, where the long, high, black walls mark the mouth of the Pelly, we saw on the other side of the broad river a continuous, rushing ribbon of white and knew that the ice from Pelly lakes had broken loose and was being belched to the full capacity of that river into the Yukon before us.

To prevent the possibility of our being separated—for we had but one cooking outfit—we lashed the two scows together side by side, and as we came to where this belt of ice gradually spread itself over the surface of the entire river we worked our scows towards its center in order to prevent our being crowded too close to shore. This ice, on account of much crushing, was at first almost as soft as snow, but as the temperature began to fall below the zero point it formed in hard, solid masses, some of them an acre in extent.

"Done!" and they would shake hands to bind the agreement. "When do you leave?" to the scow man.

"We are ready to go now. We have a favorable wind and were only waiting for two more men."

"We'll have to go up to the bunk

house and get our blankets, but we'll be back in 10 or 15 minutes." And with crushed hopes given a new lease of life, they would start briskly towards the town. In an hour their white sails would have disappeared around the point in the lake.

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In this way we managed to reach Steamboat slough, 100 miles from Dawson. Here we were forced into the wrong channel. We could see by the ice that was lodging at points in the river that the water was shallow. But just as we were thinking ourselves safe, our hearts sank as we felt the scows grating on the gravel bottom. It was in vain that we threw our weight on poles and tried to force a passage to the deep water beyond. The grinding increased, the scow swung broadside to the current and scooping up a wall of gravel in front, stopped dead, and we were grounded. It did not improve our spirits to see another scow at that moment pass safely by on the port side.

By lightening from one scow to the other, we managed to get one free and into deep water, but before we could transfer the cargo and lighten the other, darkness closed in. Here we were forced to spend the night with one scow swinging in the swirling water by a stout line made fast to the grounded scow. This was receiving the shock of a continuous stream of rushing ice cakes. The weather was bitterly cold but we spread our blankets on the deck head. All the long, dark night the grinding noise kept up, and as an ice floe of huger proportions than its fellows crashed into our sides, the scow trembled, and we started from a fitful doze with the conviction that we were moving over the bar. But a glance at the outline of the trees against the dull sky dispelled the illusion. As morning broke we found that the ice had crushed a hole in the side below the water line, and it would be impossible to proceed with that scow. We therefore cast off and proceeded with the other.

"A short way farther we were hailed from the bank by a member of the Northwest Mounted Police force, who informed us that a big jam had formed there, and had broken an hour before, but that it would undoubtedly form again a short distance below; that it would be impossible for us to reach Dawson, and advised us to make shore at once. This was impossible, as we were carried hopelessly between the big walls of piled ice, where the jam had occurred such a short time before. The policeman followed along the bank for a time to render assistance, but finally gave up. One of our men who claimed the distinction of being a "sour dough" now regarded us on the danger of ice jams. He said that once formed the ice from above still forged forward with irresistible force, piling higher and higher, and crushing like an egg shell even the strongest craft. But no jams appeared and our course became easier. The smaller channels were now choked with ice, the only channel open was deep, and through this the ice crushed its way in a slow-moving, uniform belt. Fast imbedded in the middle of this belt was our helpless scow. Aside from this narrow course, the surface of the river was a white, immovable ice-field.

"In this condition we traveled all day, sometimes touching the edge of immense whirlpools, or narrowly escaping huge rocks which tore the ice belt as we passed. Again in sharp bends of the river, where it seemed the rushing current would dash against the bank, the ice acted as cushion and prevented a collision. At nightfall we passed the mouth of Indian river, but 28 miles from Dawson, and as we were fast prised in the ice, we expected to be carried past Dawson about midnight and down the Yukon until chance threw us on a bar or in an ice jam.

About ten o'clock we heard an unusual grinding about us, and sounding with a pole, we made the astonishing discovery that we were standing still. In a few moments with a great urging of the ice we moved again slightly, then stopped. Then out in the darkness we could hear a great rushing of water. Then all was still, and the Yukon river showed no further signs of life until the 7th day of the following May.

"The next day we walked ashore on

the ice, and as the river showed no signs of breaking, packed our blankets on our backs and broke trail to Dawson, 15 miles distant, arriving on October 27th or just 20 days since our start from Bennett.

"What became of our abandoned scow? It seems when the company sent back to have it looked after, they found that a jam had formed above it, and this breaking, the rush of ice and water had ground it to pieces and the scow and cargo are now on the bottom of the Yukon."

In this way is nearly a million dollars' worth of merchandise lost every fall on the Yukon, or is stranded so far back that it would cost more than the value of the goods to have them freighted in over the ice.

Nor can the loss be figured in terms of dollars and cents if human life is an asset, for "Drowned in the rapids," "Lost through the ice" and "Frozen to death on the trail" formed many a headline in Dawson City's press last fall, and the suffering and weariness of those who stranded far above are compelled to make their best way over an almost impassable trail and facing at times the bitterly cold Arctic wind. — Sidney Church.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the Lenten season will all be gone long before Easter.

Memorandum books, 1901 diaries, all kinds, at Zaccarelli's.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzmann's the photographer.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Rex hams and soft wheat flour; job lots, at S. Archibald.

Steel marten traps, just in—1 and 1½. Shindler's.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested against within 30 days from the date of first publication of such appears in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of the property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

CREEK CLAIMS No. 32, 36a, 37 and 38 Gold Run creek and creek claims No. 2 on a tributary at 36 Gold Run creek, in the Dominion mining division of the Dawson mining district, situated in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 40 by T. D. Green, D. L. S. First published February 6th, 1901.

Round steak 50c at P. O. Market.

WANTED.

WANTED—Engineer—Wages \$20.00 a day and board. Must be a good mechanist. Apply at Fairview Hotel; Tuesday after noon at agent's office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Finest office rooms in the city Newly painted and papered. Enquire A. C. Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers. Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 89.

MACKINNON & NORL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY ELIAS & CO. HENRI DE JOURNAL BLECKER & DE JOURNAL

Attorneys at Law. Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEN, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeeley & Co., hardware store, First street.

DATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELCOURT, McDougall & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc. Offices Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDougall, John P. Smith.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

W. D. BRUCE, General Agent Manufacturer's wife; Phoenix Fire Insurance Association of London, England. Mines, Real Estate, Etc. Orpheum Building.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRELL—Mining Engineers—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, U. P. A. F. & M. M. will be held at Macmillan Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p.m. C. H. Weis, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

BIDS WANTED.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until 12 o'clock (noon) on Tuesday, February 19, for the purchase of the stock of men's furnishings belonging to the estate of Abraham Alton, deceased. Stock may be inspected on application to

G. T. CLEMENT,

Acting Public Administrator, Old P. O. Building.

FOR RENT.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

Robinson the well known merchant tailor of Vancouver is here now to take orders for gentlemen's spring clothing and ladies' tailor-made dresses. Mr. Robinson is stopping at the Hotel McDonald, room No. 10.

C. H. WEIS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, SECY

...ALASKA...

COMMERCIAL CO.

Reduced Prices

IN ALL

DEPARTMENTS

An Immense Stock to Choose From. All Goods Guaranteed.

Alaska Commercial Company

The Printer's Devils

ARE HERE DISPLAYED

HARD AT WORK [?].

This is a sample engraving for illustrative purposes.

We Make All Kinds of Cuts

WE HAVE

Steam Hose, Points, Injectors, Valves, Pipe, Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of

...MINER'S HARDWARE...

STILL ON RAMPAGE

Mrs. Nation Still Carrying on Rigid Anti-Saloon Campaign

IN CRANK - BURDENED KANSAS

The Home of Grasshoppers and Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease.

CRUSADER IS HORSEWHIPPED

By the Wife of a Saloon Keeper Whose Business Had Been Raided and Destroyed.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 24.—A special to the Star from Enterprise, Kansas, says:

A street fight between women, led on one side by Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon-wrecker, and on the other by Mrs. John Schilling, wife of the manager of the saloon wrecked yesterday, occurred here today. As a result Mrs. Nation swore out warrants against Mrs. Schilling and her husband, and Mrs. William Bittner, charging them with assault, and Mayor Hoffman swore out a warrant against Mrs. Nation, charging her with disturbing the peace. All were arrested and taken before Judge F. B. Holt. They were released on bond.

At 10 o'clock this morning Mrs. Nation, in company with Mrs. C. B. Hoffman and some other W. C. T. U. leaders, entered a store two doors away from William Shook's saloon, which is still unmoledated. Mrs. Nation, apparently to give him warning that she would attack his place, sent for Shook. He complied, but before many words were exchanged between them, she was assaulted by a crowd of women favoring saloons, who had organized since last night, and had been awaiting today's threatened destruction of saloon property. A general fight between the women ensued, during which a woman, heavily veiled, rained blow after blow upon Mrs. Nation with a horsewhip. Men drawn to the scene became interested spectators, but offered no aid to either side. Quiet was restored only when the police interfered. Mrs. Nation was badly bruised.

The men are taking no part in the controversy aside from encouraging the women on respective sides and to furnish bail when arrests are made.

A request was made for a county warrant for Mrs. Nation, last night, but none had been issued today.

"I am going to finish my work," said Mrs. Nation, determinedly, as she closed the busiest day of her tour, last night, and, taking her at her word, the chief of police today swore in a dozen extra policemen.

At Abilene, where Mrs. Nation threatened to make her next onslaught, the saloonkeepers have placed guards at their places.

Mrs. Nation declared she has encountered more trouble here than at any place yet visited by her. She will remain in Enterprise at least until tomorrow.

At a meeting held here today by local temperance workers, the Mothers' and Sisters' Aid Society was organized with Mrs. C. B. Hoffman as president.

Mrs. Nation says its purpose is to suppress saloons by law, if possible, but by force if necessary.

A special dispatch from Enterprise tonight says that the wreckage in the saloon is complete, not a whole bottle remaining in the place. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hoffman, who have housed and upheld Mrs. Nation in her work at Enterprise, seem to enjoy the events and say that the work should proceed.

"She is like John Brown," said Mrs. Hoffman, "and is doing the same work for good."

Mrs. Hoffman accompanied Mrs. Nation on her trips around town, and it were not for the protection of the Hoffman family she would have fare much worse than she had.

Mrs. Nation has had Mrs. Schilling, the jointist's wife who assaulted her today, arrested on a county warrant.

She told Mrs. Schilling she would forgive her if she begged her pardon. The jointist's wife refused, when Mrs. Nation said she would send her to the penitentiary. Mrs. Nation has sent for County Attorney Smith to bring criminal proceedings against Mrs. Schilling and says she will prosecute her to the utmost.

Plenty of Eggs.

Where this time last year eggs were selling in Dawson at from \$3 to \$4 per dozen, a better quality can today be purchased at \$1 per dozen and the present supply, it is said, is sufficient to last until well along in the early summer, although there is no doubt but that, as was the case last year, many eggs will arrive over the ice in the month of March. 'Tis true that the majority of eggs now in Dawson might not incubate readily and if they did the chickens would probably have a bilious cast of countenance; but for eating purposes, especially by those who have acquired the Klondike taste, they are all right and remarkably cheap at \$1 per dozen.

Everybody Was There.

The opening of the Exchange by Edwards & Crahen on Saturday afternoon and evening was one of the most successful in the annals of Dawson's "liquid" history. The popularity of the proprietors was evidenced by the fact that nearly everybody in town called on them and many was the arm kinked in drinking long life and prosperity to the new house. A most elaborate lunch comprising everything from lobster salad down to crackers and cheese was served from 5 o'clock until midnight; a band discoursed lively music and everything passed off merrily and smoothly, foretelling good luck and prosperity for the Exchange.

Costly Blaze

Last night the fire whistle sounded an alarm from Germer's grocery store at the corner of Third street and Third avenue opposite the postoffice.

The origin of the fire is so far a mystery to both the fire department and Mr. Germer, all being unable to account for it except in a general way.

There is a garret above the store, and between the double floors of this is a lining of saw dust in which the fire originated, but what served to ignite it is a mystery. It has been suggested that a live wire may have done the mischief, but as there are no wires passing through it, that theory will have to be abandoned.

It is possible that a rat built his nest in the sawdust and used matches in its construction, and it is also within the limits of possibility that spontaneous combustion took place, but neither of these theories seem well grounded, and this afternoon a careful search will be made for the cause.

When the fire was discovered it had eaten its way clear across the floor, and only its close confinement prevented it from bursting into a blaze, in which case it is doubtful if that and other buildings could have been saved.

Two large holes had to be cut in the roof to clear the smoke before water could be used, and altogether Mr. Germer's loss will amount to fully \$1000.

The fire early this morning was in a small cabin on Second avenue, between Fifth and Sixth street, where a defective flue set fire to the lining. The chemical engine was used, and the owner, a Mr. McFitz will lose about \$200 in damage to the contents of the cabin.

Library Lecture Course.

The board of control of the free library and recreation room has underway arrangements for a series of lectures but nothing has yet been permanently decided upon further than that the initiatory along that line will be taken next Monday night, the subject nor speaker not being yet announced.

It is the intention of the board to arrange for having live subjects handled by live speakers and there is no reason why the departure should not prove a very interesting as well as beneficial one to all who patronize the institution.

They Are Reconciled.

Messrs. Soggs and Rogers, owners of claim 34 on Gold Run, whose troubles of nearly a year ago are still fresh in the minds of the people here, were brought together today by Dr. Miracle, manager of the claim, when all differences were adjusted and the partners separated with the most kindly feeling the one for the other.

"Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Psa'm 133.

EX-POUNDMASTER ANDERSON

Has Something to Say on the Topic of the Dog.

Thinks the Dog Question One of Great Seriousness—He Was in Position to Study It.

When it comes to "dogology" Mr. John Anderson, ex-custodian of the city pound, is well posted and conversant. The recent law concerning the impounding of all unmuzzled dogs running at large went into effect on January 18th, since which time up until last night 330 entries of dogs had been made on Mr. Anderson's books.

In conversation with a Nugget representative last night Mr. Anderson talked at length on the subject of the disease now prevalent among the dogs of the city and surrounding country and, while he has no medical or scientific knowledge of the disease known as rabies, his experience with crazed dogs has convinced him that they are not only very dangerous but wholly incurable when once afflicted. Having been pound master during the "closed" season last summer and fall, Mr. Anderson is acquainted with a great many Dawson dogs and he has had charge of many during the past few days that were in his possession last summer. He says a number of these animals six months ago were so affectionate as to be perfect pets around the pound are now ferocious and very dangerous.

He cites an instance of one large dog which was owned by a well known machine shop man of the city. The dog was in the pound several times last summer where, on account of his affectionate disposition, he was a great favorite. Two weeks ago the same dog was taken to the pound where, after a day or two, he began to show symptoms of the prevalent craze. He was placed in an apartment separate from the other animals and shortly thereafter his owner called and, as usual, cursed the poundmaster and dogcatchers roundly. Anderson conducted the man to where his dog was and warned him to be careful as "Rover" was mad. The owner poohooed at the idea of Rover biting him and entered the pen with him and proceeded to caress him by patting him on the head. As long as the patting continued Rover appeared to take kindly to his master, but the moment the latter turned away the powerful brute sprang upon him and literally tore the coat from his back, firmly convincing the owner that his once household pet was mad. The result was the dog was killed then and there.

In addition to the dog above mentioned, four others, Anderson says, went crazy after being placed in the pound. They were all killed by him. Mr. Anderson is of the opinion that nearly all the dogs in town are more or less diseased and are liable to run amuck at any time the same as did the dog in the Aurora saloon yesterday.

That dog was owned by one of the dealers in the back room and was a household pet, well fed and comfortably housed. Two weeks ago the dog while following his owner along the street was jumped upon and bitten by another dog which was met on the sidewalk in front of the Exchange building. Rabies had been transmitted by the bite and yesterday's affair was the result.

Regarding the drinking of water by dogs in the pound, Mr. Anderson says the native dogs shun the water trough while outside dogs appear to want to drink but are unable to do so.

Anderson says that the disease did not emanate in the first place from the dog of Chief Isaac which went crazy and was killed severa^r months ago one morning on First avenue, but from a couple of Siwash dogs which were brought here from Nome last year and which went mad and were killed, but not until they had bitten a number of other dogs.

Mr. Anderson, who, by the way, resigned the position of poundmaster yesterday, is fully convinced that the dog question of Dawson at present is a most serious one, and one which surely only the most stringent measures—possibly utter annihilation of the dog family in the district—will effectively remedy.

Moose and Caribou.

From parties who have just returned with several tons of moose and caribou from near the headwaters of the Klondike it is learned that there are yet from 30 to 40 tons of meat there to be sledged down. The slaughter of caribou has ceased for the season, the animals having passed further back into

the interior. An occasional moose is still slaughtered, but as they are much more hard of approach than caribou, none but the most experienced hunters succeed in bringing them down. The most successful moose hunter of the country is said to be George Solomon and he uses powerful field glasses and a telescope sight on his rifle. With the glasses he locates the game in the distance and then approaches with the stealth of an Indian to within shooting range. Solomon is said to have killed more game this season than any two other hunters in the business. When all the meat now up the Klondike is delivered in Dawson the present large supply will be so materially augmented as to render all possibility of a spring meat famine out of the question.

The Savoy Theatre.

The Savoy is doing a good business this week with the usual vaudeville performance, the opening feature of which is an intensely funny sketch by Dick Maretus, entitled the "Turkish Harem."

Larry Bryant figures as the boss of the harem under the title of Emin Pasha, with Dick Maretus and the only Post as slaves.

There are six Circassian ladies in the harem, and by their efforts in combination with those of the two slaves, things are made interesting for the Pasha.

After this follows some ten or eleven vaudeville numbers of the usual, high class seen at the Savoy, then comes a sketch by Post entitled "Oh, Boss," in which the author, Larry Bryant and Dick Maretus, have things all their own way.

The 14th and closing number is Prof. Parkes' wondroscope, by which are displayed many new and beautiful pictures.

Paste in Your Hat

In police court this morning Donald Mathison, Barnes Bigeaut, Ambrose Bonds and J. D. Murray, all of Hunker creek, were up on the charge of refusing to submit to the late mandate of the Yukon council which provides for general vaccination. Dr. Edwards is the legal arm scraper on Hunker and on the refusal of the four men to submit to the operation he reported them to the police. With the exception of Bigeaut, who had not understood that the order was compulsory, the men were each fined \$5 and costs by Magistrate Rutledge.

As these are the first cases of the kind to be brought to the public notice, it will be interesting to know and valuable to remember the action of the court in the matter. The order of the council was not one to be toyed with and all persons upon whom the public vaccinators may call will do well to remember the treatment accorded the Hunkerites.

Remarkable Cemetery.

One of the most remarkable grave yards in Germany is the cemetery for the homeless in Westerland, on the island of Sylt. It is only a few minutes walk from the waters of the North Sea, and is surrounded by a wall of black stone. A black door leads one inside. On a tablet of the same hue over the entrance the following words in German are inscribed in gold letters:

"Homesteads for the Homeless."

Rev. John, 14, 13."

In this strange place are buried the human bodies which have been cast up by the sea. Many years ago when a body was found on the beach it was a common belief that as the ocean refused to hide the corpse in its bosom God meant that it should not have a fair burial. The first man to overcome this old prejudice and to give a decent resting place to the homeless was the gallant beach constable, Decker, of Westerland, and since then (1855) bodies cast up by the sea have received the same burial as the natives of Sylt.

It follows naturally enough that such an appointee, however upright, honorable and astute he might be, would be of little value to the territory; he would also be of but slight value in that position either to the government from a national point of view, or of his party from a political way of looking at the matter.

He would be in no position to keep the government informed of actual conditions here because, from his lack of personal understanding of the most vital interests he could draw no adequate conclusions. That, in the minds of many, has been one of the greatest of all drawbacks that the territory has had to contend with, simply that the government did not know what the actual conditions were, and therefore was in no position to act in a way to produce the most beneficial results.

It is said by some that to fill the office of commissioner understanding and so as to obtain the greatest good to the country that could emanate from that office, the incumbent should have resided here at least two years previous to his appointment, and that during the two years he should have filled some position or have been in some way brought in contact with all the larger questions having to do with the resources, natural and business conditions, political and social relations, and, in short, acquainted with the people and the country.

MUST BE LOCAL

Say Politicians Concerning the Appointment of Next Commissioner

BECAUSE OUTSIDERS ARE IGNORANT

Of the Conditions and Requirements of the Country

WHAT A LOCAL MAN WOULD BE THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR WITH BEFOREHAND.

Although politicians both spiritual and in the flesh, the real and the unreal, have not shown any more disposition to talk for publication than the much advertised little neck clam, they are perfectly willing to discuss in a general way, not only the probabilities regarding the chances of those who have already been mentioned as possible aspirants for the commissionership, but the general needs of the country with regards to the appointee and his qualifications.

Out of all the talk that may be heard on the street, in offices, public and private and in the saloons where it is the time honored custom of politicians to arrange affairs of state, comes the one particular fact, which stands clearly defined against its background of minor matters by the unanimous way in which it is agreed upon, that whoever the incumbent may be, he should, beyond all question of doubt, having in view the best interests of the country, be a local man.

All who have interests here whether subjects of the king or aliens, those who take an active part in political affairs and those who are interested merely from a business standpoint, are agreed on this point at least.

The reasons for this are apparent to all, so much so that there are many who think that any explanation of this matter is wholly superfluous.

In the first place the principal industry of the country is of a nature which renders it wholly foreign to any but a western man, as in the east placer mining is something that is heard of but never seen, and consequently it follows that anyone sent here from the east as commissioner would be placed in the position of presiding over the law giving body without knowing anything whatever about the requirements of the country further than what came to him as hearsay, and which, owing to that lack of personal knowledge, would render his position somewhat dangerous, besides being of but little value to the territory.

It follows naturally enough that such an appointee, however upright, honorable and astute he might be, would be of little value to the territory; he would also be of but slight value in that position either to the government from a national point of view, or of his party from a political way of looking at the matter.

He would be in no position to keep the government informed of actual conditions here because, from his lack of personal understanding of the most vital interests he could draw no adequate conclusions. That, in the minds of many, has been one of the greatest of all drawbacks that the territory has had to contend with, simply that the government did not know what the actual conditions were, and therefore was in no position to act in a way to produce the most beneficial results.

It is said by some that to fill the office of commissioner understanding and so as to obtain the greatest good to the country that could emanate from that office, the incumbent should have resided here at least two years previous to his appointment, and that during the two years he should have filled some position or have been in some way brought in contact with all the larger questions having to do with the resources, natural and business conditions, political and social relations, and, in short, acquainted with the people and the country.

THEY LIVE OBSCURE LIVES

Facts Regarding Hudson Bay Company's Agents.

Indians Their Only Associates for Many Months--Company Prefers Married Men.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

You who complain of the loneliness of a suburban home, who chafe at the solitude of rural life, or die of ennui if left to your own society for an afternoon, what would you do if your lot were cast in the midst of a dense wilderness, where newspapers are unknown, and even the sight of a white man an event of years? Unbearable, you would say. Yet under conditions like these are white people born, spend their childhood, grow to manhood and womanhood, transact the business of life and die, and some of them never even sight of the wonders of what is to us a commonplace world. Nor are they unhappy, for uncloaked by the super-refined means by which we are accustomed to satisfy our cravings for amusement, they learn to live more within themselves and enjoy as fully their simple lives.

Because ladies must have furs, and commercial companies must have gold, the representatives of trading companies must live in the far reaches of the northern wilderness, and exchange what pleases the eye or appetite of the savage for what pleases the fancy of fashionable ladies, and collect from each a liberal margin of profit.

The Hudson Bay Company, who have a practical monopoly of the fur trade of Canada, look far into the future. Not only do they want capable representatives for today, but wish to insure a perpetuation of servants who have been educated to the business. Consequently when they sent a trader to take charge of a remote post, they prefer that he take a wife with him. In a few years, having severed all connections with the outside world, except for his semi-annual report to and instructions from his company at Winnipeg, he loses the thread of current events and forgets the great outside world of which he has ceased to be a part. His children, who have nothing to forget, adapt themselves more easily to conditions, and stories of city streets and railroads are as vague and fairy-like to them as Mother Goose or Alice in Wonderland are to the child of our modern civilization.

It was at the trading post of Hudson's Hope on the Peace river that we met young Gardner. He was a young man of 25 years. His features and good English proclaimed him to be a white man, but his dress and habits were those of the Indian. He also spoke two or three Indian languages with the fluency of the tribesmen. His log house was fitted up comfortably. There were two rooms. One was the kitchen where George, his constant Indian companion, cooked his meals; the other was his parlor, sitting room and bed room. In the corner was a rude couch on which was a profusion of fur robes. Fur rugs decorated the floor of the room, and hanging on the wall with an assortment of fire arms, were the monster claws of a grizzly bear. He showed them with a good deal of pride and told how an Indian was marked for life before the ferocious beast was killed.

He told us the short story of his life while we sat on the robes of his couch. He was born at Fort Chippewyan on Lake Athabasca, and his father was an old servant of the company. At this post he passed his boyhood and received an education at the mission. He hunted and fished with the Indian lads of his own age and assisted about the trading post. As soon as his age warranted he was transferred to Lesser Slave Lake post as clerk and here he lived his first romance and met with his first disappointment. He fell in love with a pretty half breed girl. It was all right as long as he confined his love to moonlight walks; there was nothing said even when his growing pre-occupation showed itself in his negligence of business, but when he announced that he wanted to marry the girl the blow fell. Perhaps on the recommendation of his father, the company absolutely refused to sanction the match. When he persisted, they transferred him 350 miles back into the wilderness to the lonely spot where we found him. He had neither forgiven nor forgotten. He emphatically stated he would not stay there another season. Unless they gave him another charge he would quit the company. "But this is the only life I know," he said regretfully. "You people have the advantage of me in civilization. Here I can make living, but what can I do on the outside?" His knowledge of the outside world was confined to his mission learning, gleanings from what printed matter found its way into the interior, and a brief visit he had made to the frontier town of Edmonton at one time in his life. "But I am pretty good friends with the Indians here, and they tell me stories of gold back here in the mountains," he added confidentially. "As soon as the spring checking-up is over, this post will close for the summer and I am going over with them. I would like to get a tour around, or so together before 1900 because I intend to go to the Paris exposition. You are going there, of course."

Even if he realized his hopes and attended the great exposition as he planned, it would be safe to wager that he is again in the seclusion of the forest and in the employment of the company in whose service he was born. That is the experience of others.

It was under similar circumstances that the Carsell boys reached manhood. Their father is chief factor for the company in the Mackenzie river country and has his headquarters at Fort Simpson. His two boys were given a thorough schooling, and finally sent outside to one of the eastern Canadian universities. They graduated with honors, and after having seen and mingled with the society of the civilized world, with any of the professions open to them, they voluntarily returned to their home on the Arctic slope. They are destined no doubt to fill high positions in the company's service.

Similar in some respects, but different in others is the case of Peter Gunn, who with his wife and four children, keep the trading post at St. John on the Peace river. Mr. Gunn was not born in the service, but is a native of Scotland, which place he left some years ago with his wife and infant daughter Bessie, to take charge of this lonely spot. Here he has since lived, and here were his other children born. Like the faithful servant which he was, he was completely engrossed with the affairs of his company, cultivating the good will of the Indians, that they should not take their catch of fur to any of the free traders established thereabout, outfitting the best of the hunters and trappers for the winter's gathering, keeping up the supply of trading merchandise and properly caring for the furs brought in by the hunters. In thus endeavoring to show a large profit balance for his post at the spring audit, his time and interest were monopolized, and the loneliness of his surroundings passed unnoticed.

Nor is the case of his wife much different, for busied with the maternal and housekeeping worries which occupy the mind of all housewives during waking hours, it is doubtful if the good mother missed any of the environments of society. There are women even in our largest cities who are as completely though unconsciously isolated. To them there is no life outside of the walls of their own home, and what does it matter if in the ears of the one is the rumbling and clanging of a city's traffic, telling of the complexity of men's efforts, while in the ears of the other is the rustling of leaves and rippling of waters, telling of a peace which is to be found nowhere on earth. For here, just as in all other places the bread will burn in the oven, and Johnny will stub his toe and run crying to his mother to be comforted.

To little Bessie, who was now a winsome lass of 6, it would seem that the place would be oppressive, for her mind was not taken up with the troubles and business of life, and her young, impulsive spirit demanded expansion and action. But it was not so. Old Rover was her playmate. She pulled old Rover's tail, and in old Rover's ear she poured her childish confidences of hopes and fears, and who shall say she was not understood? Unhampered by the multiplicity of themes which divide the infantile mind, she made remarkable progress in the only life she knew. She spoke perfect English with just a delightful suggestion of the inherited Scotch accent, but not more perfectly than she spoke the language of the Cree Indians. Contiguous to the Cree is the Beaver tribe whose language has proven a stumbling block to almost every white man who tried to master it. Yet she speaks it with a fluency that makes her invaluable to her father as an interpreter, and endears her to every member of the savage tribe.

If you speak of birthday parties or children's matinees, she would not understand, but she knows the difference between a beaver and a marten skin and can tell you just what is the value of a silver fox. She knows little of the geography of the world, but she knows every bush, hill and valley about the little fort, and can tell you where every outgoing trail leads. All she remembers of her life has been at this point, except one time the winter before, her father took her down river in the Hudson Bay Company canoe to the spring accounting at Dunvegan.

We wanted a pair of moccasins. Bessie knew just where we could get them and offered to guide us. She led the way over a trail she knew so well to an Indian's low, dark cabin. She entered unceremoniously, and was greeted cordially, and because we came with her, we were made welcome. She stated our errand, and the moccasins were produced. She looked at them critically and handed them back with a few words in Indian. Another pair was brought out and her sharp eyes detected that one of the binding thongs was inconveniently short. A longer one was fitted in, and after a satisfied examination she handed them to us, saying, "This pair is all right."

Under her guidance we started back, but found that this business woman of 6 was but a child after all, for as we were fairly started on the trail, she turned back and said simply:

"I'm tired, won't you carry me?"—Sidney Church.

Rural England a Land of Song.

The love of song is strong as ever among the agricultural folk of England, and at the harvest home supper there is always plenty of melody of a sort, says a London newspaper. The old ballads and songs of the peasantry as found in broadsides and manuscripts are full of character. In the great majority of cases the authorship of these poems is unknown. One of the old favorites for recitation at country festivals used to be a dialogue between a husbandman and a sewing man, and Mr. Bell in his collection of poems and ballads says he heard this on one occasion recited at Selborne by two countrymen, who gave it with considerable humor and dramatic effect. They delivered it in a kind of chant or recitation.

Two years previous and that during which he could have filled in some way with all the large do with the re-siness conditions relations, and, in with the people

WINTER LIFE ON THE CREEKS

Interesting Detail of Happenings Recorded.

By the Nugget Correspondent for Gold Run and Dominion--Busy People.

Work is increasing steadily on Gold Run and present indications are that the camp will be a live one next summer. The creek above 43 is simply being prospected, although 47, 50 and one or two others report good pay. Forty-seven will be worked this summer, as the pay is located in the creek bed.

Forty-three has two complete plants, with self dumping buckets working smoothly and the dumps growing rapidly. The pay is reported good and the streak is wide.

Mr. Andy Robinson has put in the winter preparing 42 for summer work. The claim is a good one and will be worked on a large scale.

Laymen are at work on 36, 37, 37a, 38, 39, 40 and 41. These claims all yielded up an abundance of yellow metal last winter and now that a second pay streak has been located the cleanup will be better than last year.

The ground is being burned, thawed and worked in every known manner and the laymen all appear well pleased with their ground.

Thirty-five and thirty-six hillside left limit and 34 right limit are taking out pay. The two former are reported to be in rich dirt. Three steam plants are used to embowel the earth and hoist its treasure to the surface.

Messrs. Williams and McLeod brothers are working 35a and have some very good dirt on the dumps and more coming up as fast as strong arms can hoist it.

Rogers and Berg, pioneers of 34 have a thawer at work loosening up what pay is left on the celebrated Soggs, Ellis and Cahill claim. This claim was one of the best producers on the creek last winter.

Nos. 32 and 33 are being operated by laymen who have two first-class steam hoists and thaws at work as well as several hand power operatives. The dumps are fair sized and from their location should be productive of considerable of the much sought metal.

Andy Larson recently purchased the interest of John Stone in 31 and now has an automatic dump and steam plant working merrily away on the pay streak that once was so elusive, but now easily traced from claim to claim by even a chechako.

No. 30 is being prepared for summer work while 30a is let out on lays. Both claims are good ones if past working is proof of the future.

No. 27, 28 and 29 are being worked by Chute and Wills as are 16, 17 and 18 and 12b. The claims have the finest plants that money can buy and their dumps tower above all others. By actual time, 29 hoisted 55 buckets an hour each bucket containing two wheelbarrows full of pay gravel. The other plants, four in number, are doing as well and run night and day, so that a great cleanup is anticipated.

Nos. 25 and 26 are being made ready for summer work, while John Korbi of 24 has a plant actively raising pay dirt.

No. 23 has out good dumps and the motive power has lately been reinforced by the addition of a new boiler. Mr. Peterson is also working 14 with good results.

No. 22 will be given over to summer work while 20 is hammering away and piling up the pay gravel in a manner exceedingly pleasing to Mr. Bredie, the owner.

Frank Swanson has recently augmented his machinery by a large boiler which will shortly be in operation. The dumps already out will compare favorably with any on the creek, and the pay is said to be of the best. No. 13 is let out on lays and the boys are doing very satisfactory work. Mrs. Breckenridge is working 12c and personally superintending the work. The ground is rich and promises to yield its owner an abundance of that which thrives even to the utmost parts of the earth. Ennis, Murdock & Co., have a very nice hoist with self-dumping bucket and steam thawer on 12 and are getting out a big dump.

Joe Beck has just arrived from the outside and is superintending the setting up of his machinery on 11. The claim will be continuously worked from now on.

Nos. 8 and 9 are being prospected as are the hillside claims adjoining on

the right limit the pay seeming close to the line.

No. 7 is on the pay and the boys have just set up a boiler, hoist and automatic dump and are ready to go at it in dead earnest.

Five and six are being prospected, as are the claims at the mouth of the creek on Dominion.

Roadhouses are numerous on the creeks and dances are quite frequent. The Eagle roadhouse had a dance last Tuesday and a lively time was had. A number of girls from Dawson were in attendance.

Miss Lila Sylvester, formerly with the Boston Lyric Co., a violinist of considerable repute, has opened a roadside house on 14. A stock of fancy groceries and cigars as well as first-class liquors will be offered to the public.

Mrs. C. Slaggy has built an addition to the Home bakery and lunch room on 28 and will cater to the public with a first-class hotel and stock of liquors. An opening dance will be given the 14 of February, St. Valentine's day.

Dominion.

Dominion creek is presenting a livelier appearance than at any time since the close of summer work. Joe Barrett has set up a large plant on 32 below upper. He will personally superintend the work which will start next week and continue throughout the summer. The Misses Barrett and their mother will make their home on Dominion.

Louie Pond has moved to Caribou and has a few men sinking on 31 below upper. The claim will be opened about March 1st.

James McNeil and family have moved to 3 below upper and will superintend the working of the claim.

Casper and Mrs. Ellingen will shortly arrive on 2 below upper where a large plant has lately been shipped. The claim will present an extremely active appearance during the summer.

Charlie Anderson of 1 below upper is getting out some fair dumps; the work will be greatly increased during the spring and summer.

Sam Nichols, well known by the sobriquet of "Porcupine Sam," went to his claim, 1 above upper, immediately upon his arrival in Dawson. He started work at once but the holes have filled with water as fast as they were sunk.

Messrs. Chris Reid and Dune McLellan were flooded out on 1 above upper and have abandoned the drifts. Chris says trotting the bogs of the Emerald Isle is not in it with jumping up a ladder to escape the incoming water in a drift.

Messrs. M. J. McNeil and Ralph Stamp were flooded out on 2 above but have succeeded in bailing out and are once more hoisting.

Gus. Chisholm has started the plant on 3 above upper, and is hoisting dirt in a very pleasing manner. The dump give promise of being big ones by cleanup.

Messrs. Boatman and partner have been struggling to overcome the overflow of Happy Jack's old drifts on 4a above upper and are hoisting dirt again after considerable delay.

Messrs. Heeny, Chisholm, Ross and English Bily, laymen on 7 above are getting out good dumps and report good pay although they too have been troubled with water.

Taylor & Co. have recently placed a thawer on 10 above and are taking out some good pay.

Anderson & Co. have been working 12 above all winter with a thawer and have out the largest dumps on upper Dominion.

Messrs. Timm and son are doing some good work on 17 above with a thawer. They have several good dumps out and report good average pay.

Messrs. Petram, Love, Rodgers and McNamee are doing good work on 18 above. They are burning the ground, but nevertheless their dumps will compare favorably in size with those of many operating thawers.

C. A. Johnston & Co. have sold 21 above upper, the dumps not being included, so Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will remain on the creek. This claim is one of the best above upper discovery, the gold being of a shotty nature and running very even with a wide pay streak. Messrs. Weaver, Burke and Olson have the same pay and have recently set up a thawer. One would expect poor or very little pay so near the head of the creek, but these claims are on a flat below steeper ground and have apparently caught the greater part of the pay from here to the extreme source of Dominion.

It is reported that Mr. E. W. Mills has bonded the mining property 15 below upper and will shortly arrive in Dawson with heavy machinery to work out the ground.

Ed Serrell and party are taking out some large dumps on 14 below upper.

burning the ground and hoisting some good dirt.

Wissing brothers are doing a little work on 16 below upper and will do extensive summer work.

Messrs. Nicholsons, Foley and McRae have out good dumps on 18 below upper. They are burning the ground and hoisting with a horse. Dan Nicholson was the lucky man who at a musical raffle recently won Miss Butler's box, a fine Regina, playing all kinds of dancing music as well as popular airs. The boys are now taking lessons in dancing from Prof. Tygelson.

James Kelly, of 22, has resumed work after two weeks' delay pumping out water from flooded drifts. Mr. Kelly reports better pay than ever. His dumps are the largest on the creek.

Sullivan and McGonigle have out good dumps on 21 above. They have worked on the pay since the freeze up and are well pleased with the results.

Smith, McNeil and Wilkenson are working a thawer on 24 and the dump are growing like mushrooms. They will work the claim extensively the coming summer.

Dog Runs Amuck.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon the Aurora saloon was the scene of considerable consternation all on account of a medium sized brown dog which, when the door chance to be open for an instant, entered the room and proceeded to make things very lively. The poor brute which was crazy with rabies ran hither and thither over the floor of the big room and bit a number of other dogs which chanced to be there at the time. Men climbed on chairs, black-jack tables, stoves and on each other's shoulders; Andy McKenzie grabbed the deadly fizz syphon, took hasty aim and shot—himself in the eye. It is hard to say what amount of damage would be done but for the presence of mind and heavily ironed boot of a miner who watched his chance and as the dog was rushing by him, delivered a kick on the canine's head which temporarily knocked the frothing, blood-flecked animal out. Another blow on the head from a heavy stick of wood caused that dog to have bad his day and the remains were carried out and deposited on the ice of the river. There were half a dozen or more dogs in the saloon at the time and nearly all of them were snapped by the disease crazed brute before it was killed.

Why Did They Miss?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Moleskins." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun, but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent thing stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our larder was bare, and we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also. From the same distance, about 75 yards, we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within 10 paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then, unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

8
DAWSON MERCHANTS TALK**On the Subject of Transient Traders and Jobbers.****Will Request Yukon Council to Enact Laws Protecting the Legitimate Tradesman.**

From Wednesday's Daily.
It is understood that immediate action is to be taken by the merchants of Dawson towards requesting from the Yukon council some measure on the part of that body which will protect the mercantile community from the fly-by-night speculator who floats down the Yukon with a scow load of goods and, dumping them on the market here, is off again to repeat the venture as long as navigation remains open. The objection raised by the merchants to this method of doing business is that it is unjust that they who take all the chances of fire, pay taxes, support public enterprises and employ labor the year around, are not better protected from the intrusion of the temporary merchant who does nothing for the development of the country, his only aim being to dispose of a consignment of goods quickly and leave the country with his gains without paying his proportion of the expenses of the country. The following interviews give an idea of the general feeling in the matter:

"My idea of procedure in reference to the question," said Edgar Mizner, "would be to charge a license according to tonnage, the lowest being \$100, and from that graduated according to the amount of merchandise carried in a scow up to \$500. The license system might be worked with success in all lines of business; that would obviate the taxation problem. I do not think, however, the scow business will prove remunerative next season as our concern intends to make things hum as far as selling goods is concerned. I think the man who brings in goods next season will not make a particularly profitable venture."

"I do not think there will be as much business done this coming season with scows as in the past for several reasons," said H. Te Roler, "first by reason of the profitless ventures of many scow men last summer and again by the fact that the large stores are now in a position to land goods in Dawson cheaper than ever, cutting off the big profits possible in the past. However, this matter should be vigorously handled by the authorities and people engaged in that business should be compelled to pay both a transportation license the same as any other transportation company, and a trader's license at least as heavy as that of merchants who permanently reside here. An undesirable feature of the scow business, from the consumers' standpoint, lies in the fact that inferior goods are dumped on the market, the purchaser having no redress when such is proven the case as the seller has left the country. Should a merchant, however, unwillingly sell goods to his customers which are not up to standard he will exchange them for fresh goods even though period of three or even six months has transpired since the sale was made."

D. A. Shindler—I think all scow outfits should be taxed at least \$100 and some means taken to stop the importation of general merchandise in a scow which is brought down the river with a few sacks of vegetables, they being purposely shipped to take advantage of the fresh food act which allows scows carrying vegetables, etc., to land without paying any tax whatever.

Harry Hershberg—I think it a great hardship on the legitimate merchants here who carry on business the year around that itinerant traders should be allowed to bring in commodities as they have in the past and dump them on the local market without paying anything to speak of for the support of the country from which they take large amounts of money. They should be heavily taxed to say the least.

J. P. McLennan—I think scow men should be made to pay a license which would cover their transactions for a year. The amount paid by these men should be in excess of that charged to local merchants as we take all the risk and are here all the year round. If it is just to tax us on the "turn over system" on presumable sales it certainly should apply to these traders and they should be compelled to pay on a volume of business in like proportion. In this connection I might add that provision should be made by the authorities whereby the police would report to the tax collector all new stores which opens for business in the future and the enterprise made to pay

taxes immediately before the goods are sold and the store closed only to be opened by another itinerant merchant.

The Animal in Man.

Of all animals upon earth man came last. All of earth's animal creations are bound up in man. As to the first statement there is no difference of opinion. The Bible and Darwin agree that man was created last of all the animals.

Very superficial observation will convince you that man contains in his mental make up all of the "inferior" animals, or, at least a great many of them. You, Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, who read this are in your single self a sort of synthesis of the entire animal creation. If you could be divided into your component animal parts, there would be a menagerie in your house, and you, Smith or Jones, would be missing. That thing we call a soul would be floating around, impalpable, looking for its house to live in.

Of course you can see the animal make up in your neighbor more readily than in yourself.

How do men describe each other? Do they not speak as follows and mean exactly what they say: "He is as sly as a fox." "He eats like a pig." "He has doglike faithfulness." "He is as brave as a lion." "He is as treacherous as a snake." "He was as hungry as a wolf," etc.

Our good and our bad qualities alike are mapped out in our humble animal relations. The horse stands for ambition, which strives and suffers in silence. The dog represents friendship, which suffers and sacrifices much, but whines loudly when injured. We have no doubt that of the 12 passions which enter into Fourier's complex analysis of man each has its prototype in some one animal.

To rebel at the animal combination which makes up a man would be folly. The Maker of us all, from ants up, naturally gathered together the various parts in lower animal form before finishing the work of man. A harmoniously balanced mixture of all the animals is calculated undoubtedly to produce the perfect man.

Therefore study your animal make up. Analyze honestly and intelligently the so called "lower" creatures from whom you derive your mental characteristics. If you have not yet done so, study at once some good work on embryology and learn with amazement and awe of your marvelous parental transformations. Then do your best to control the menagerie that is at work in your mind.

Stupefy Mr. Pig if he is too prominent. Circumvent Mr. Fox if he tries to rule you and make of you a mere cunning machine. Do not let your old dog Tray qualities of friendship lead to your being made a fool.

In short, study the animal qualities that make up your temperament and prove in your own person the falseness of Napoleon's irritating statement that a man's temperament can never be changed by himself.

It may interest you to know that when man becomes insane the fact is at once made apparent that his mind, dethroned, had acted as the ruler of a savage menagerie. Many crazy men imagine themselves animals of one sort or another. Nearly all of them display the grossest animal qualities, once their mind is deranged. Women of the greatest refinement sink into dreadful animalism when insane. Heine tells of a constable who in his boyhood ruled his native city. One fine day "This constable suddenly went crazy." * * * And therupon he began to roar like a lion or squall like a cat." Heine remarks with calculated naivete: "We little boys were greatly delighted at the old fellow, and trooped yelling after him, until he was carried off to a madhouse."

There is, by the way, much of the natural animal in "little boys." It takes years to make a fairly reasonable creature of a young human. For that reason many ignorant parents are foolishly distressed at juvenile displays of animalism, which are perfectly natural.

The same Heine, whose writing you ought not to neglect, describes beautifully a human menagerie. We'll quote that, and then let you off for the day. Heine was living in Paris in the forties and used to visit a curious revolutionary freak named Ludwig Borne. Of this man's house Heine wrote:

"I found in his salon such a menagerie of people as can hardly be found in the Jardin des Plantes (the Paris zoological garden). In the background several polar bears were crouching, who smoked and hardly ever spoke except to growl out now and then a real, fatherland 'Donnerwetter,' in a deep bass voice. Near them was squatting a Polish wolf in a red cap, who occasionally yelped out a silly, wild remark in a hoarse tone. There, too, I found a French monkey, one of the most hideous creatures I ever saw. He kept up

a series of grimaces, each of which seemed more lovely than the last," etc.

If Heine's polar bears, wolf and monkey had studied themselves, as we advise you to study yourself, they might have escaped the sarcasm of the sharpest tongue ever born in or out of Germany. —Ex.

Mammoth and Mastodon.

So many remains of prehistoric animals have been found in this country, some of them constituting the best and most complete specimens known, giving to the student and the curiously inclined better ideas of what the country and its animal and vegetable life must have been like in former ages, that some adequate description of the huge animals according the scientific research may prove of interest.

To begin with, the remains of the animals found here so thickly scattered under a strata of comparatively recent formation, are of two distinct kinds, which leads to the natural conclusion that they belonged to the same day and family, and that they were the most numerous of the animals living at that time, and that in accordance with their size must have held sway over the animal kingdom. These two animals are spoken of by scientists as the mammoth and the mastodon.

The latter differed from his near relative only slightly. His head was longer and narrower, his tusks were longer and not so thick, and they commonly extended from the sheath at the base of the trunk, in a curling form, out and somewhat downward, with the ends turned in towards each other. His principal point of differentiation from the mammoth, however, was in his teeth, the molars being peaked, while those of the mammoth were flat.

The mammoth more nearly resembled the elephant of the present day. His head was broader and shorter, the molar teeth were flat and his tusks, while not so long were of a much sturdier build, and turned backward and up in slight curve.

That he used these tusks, which, in some of the specimens found are as great in diameter as an ordinary stove-pipe for foraging purposes, is evidenced by the tusks found, which, in some instances, are worn away to quite sharp points by the action of gravel, sand or other material, supposedly about the roots of trees and such places as their food was found.

There are indications showing that in Europe these animals became extinct at a somewhat earlier period than they did in this country where they flourished in a very late pleistocene period.

The species seem to have become, in France, extinct soon after the coming of man, and the fact that there is no evidence of this country having been inhabited by man at the same period as that of the mammoth, would indicate that the country was not peopled by the human race till long after Europe is known to have been inhabited.

The best specimens thus far found were discovered in Northern Siberia, where, imbedded in the frozen soil have been found not only skeletons intact but still retaining the flesh and skin, and covered with a thick coat of coarse hair, under which, after the fashion of northern animals of the present day, was a warm coat of fine fur of a reddish brown color.

This feature acts as a very decided contribution to the belief indulged in by many that the country, at the time the mammoth flourished was at least temperate, if not semi-tropical in climate.

Had it been such, it is difficult to imagine an argument that would show why the animals were thus provided with a fur coat.

ILICIT HOOTCH.

(Continued from Page 1.)

stroke. The final result, as has been stated, was \$200 and costs, which were paid, and Mr. Sullivan, the persecuted, went forth without the means of producing the far-famed balmy dampness which has gone into history as one of Dawson's peculiarities.

In the meantime Capt. Starnes retains the factory.

That the business carried on must have been somewhat extensive seems to be witnessed by the large number of empty barrels found.

There are many who will doubtless be able to recall the fact that drinks procured at certain times in some of the local saloons bore certain rawness in taste, not to mention something of an electrical effect which followed its consumption, and no doubt if these things are missed from Dawson whisky in the future, those who do the missing may attribute the loss to the seizure of the Sullivan hoochery.

It is believed by the police that with this seizure moonshining will cease as it is not thought that there is another plant in the territory. As a final result it must be said that Constable

Piper has acquitted himself with honor to himself and credit to the force in the matter of refusing to be influenced even for seven short days.

A New Sidewalk.

A new sidewalk is being constructed in the barracks square leading from the entrance to the orderly room along by the commissary and ware rooms and on to the house of Major Wood.

A man named Clawson was brought in from 25 above on Bonanza yesterday by Honnen's stage almost completely paralyzed with rheumatism. He was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital, where he is being cared for.

Plenty choice fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

The Seattle Market has received over the ice dressed turkeys, fine veal, fresh halibut and Eagle brand of eastern oysters.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

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SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN

And All Way Points.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month

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Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m.

Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,

General Manager

J. FRANCIS LEE,

Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS,

Agent

We have got a Pretty Good Edge on Our Axe Now



AND ARE CUTTING INTO SOME HEAVIER TIMBER

How Do You Like These Chips?

The Quantity is Limited—Pick them up while they last.

PRICE LIST....

5 Tons Ogilvie Flour, per sack	\$5.00
3 " Ogilvie Flour, slightly damaged, per sack	4.75
2 " Crown Flour, per sack	5.00
2 " Rolled Oats, per pound	.12
2 " Oat Meal, per pound	.12
200 Cases Roast Beef, (Rex) 12-2s, per case	7.00
200 " Roast Mutton, (Rex) 12-2s, per case	7.00
200 " Steak and Onions (Rex) 12-2s, per case	5.50
100 " Pig's Feet, 12-2s, per case	5.00
100 " Sausage Meat, 12-2s, per case	6.50
100 " Potted Ham, 24-1s, per case	3.00
100 " Potted Tongue, 24-1s, per case	3.00
50 " Bacon and Greens, 24-3s, per case	6.00
100 " Spinach, 24-3s, per case	6.50
40 " Pilot Bread, "medium," 25 lb. tins, per lb.	.10

SPOT CASH IN CASE LOTS.

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