

MARKET IS STIFFENING

Transportation Bears on the Run.

Rates to Skagway Today Nearly Double What They Were Yesterday.

The speculators who took a chance in Calderhead's deal in futures are today on the bull side of the transportation market and the indications are that when the time for the delivery of goods arrives they will not regret having taken the flyer. Since yesterday and the day before the up river market in that line has stiffened at many points and it is very doubtful if there is a repetition of the \$10 and \$20 fares to Whitehorse again this season.

The Ladue

Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

Mortimer is still doing business at the old stand and at the old figures. He will have no boat in before Monday when the Sifton is due, but he says he proposes to stand pat on the \$20 to \$25 rate to the end of the season, and will sell tickets today for Monday's boat should anyone inquire for them.

The Casca left last night for Whitehorse with all her accommodations taken. Since making the alterations and being re-fitted and re-furnished throughout the Casca is one of the most commodious boats on the line. Her passengers out were as follows: J. R. McLaughlin, R. Mutton, N. Paulsen, H. Pournay, F. R. Banker, H. Lewis, Rumball, P. McKinney, Mrs. A. McCullough, S. G. Gifford, F. Hickmier, O. W. Henderson, H. R. Glassmeyer, John Egan, Frank Ryan, L. Dionne, W. Thebeaud, H. Gordon, J. Lohmer, J. C. Johnson, N. Eastwood, J. Junderstrom, J. Rinks, J. Smith, Joe Smith, C. Fisher, John Shultz, A. Larsen, C. Hurley, H. W. Wanaker, C. Meacham, R. Stevens, Mr. Seward, Alex Pantages, Charles McKay, Dolly Mitchell, Erma Watson, Otto Slesinger, W. H. Helferman, D. Fisher, Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kramer, Mrs. Christensen, Mrs. Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. Sheele, Mrs. R. J. Johnson, Bertie Johnson, F. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Sandwig, Mrs. R. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Taylor, Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Scoomer, Charley Anderson, T. Daley, L. Perrin, H. Shough, J. Seguit, J. E. Nelson, B. Austin, E. R. De France, Frank Meredith, Charles Hill, H. Destiles, A. Nelson, H. Eskrege, T. Conway, Annie Niscat, G. Ruffe, F. Larson, Bob Wycroft, D. McLeod, P. Mennor, R. Swayne, Ole Olsen, H. G. Maple, L. C. Coley, Tom Powers, H. Southland.

The Selkirk arrived last night with a heavy cargo of freight and more welcome than all, 62 sacks of mail, the first mail that has been received in over a week. Her passenger list embraced the following: Arthur Letts, C. B. Yaw, O. Dilton, Mrs. L. A. Clark, J. A. Evans, R. C. Smith, A. De Soto, Miss G. McFarland, C. D. Schmidt, Miss Anna Snyder, Mrs. Anna Astmader, Mrs. W. K. Du Bell, H. Cleveland, George F. Sharp, J. Goodfellow, D. Burns, C. Chinery, Mrs. A. Williams and three children, H. W. Newlands, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilchen, W. S. Taylor, George D. Reid, G. R. Brown, C. W. MacPherson, H. D. Parkin, D. Taylor, C. Short.

The Yukoner is due tomorrow evening. Will Live in Dawson Mr. Robt. C. Smith, one of the pioneer citizens and business men of Skagway, was an arrival on the Selkirk this morning. He brought his household effects with him and his family will follow in a few days for the purpose of making Dawson their future home. Mr. Smith has been in poor health for some time but hopes the change from Skagway to Dawson will work a change for better.

IT WAS NEWS TO WASHBURN

That Mizner Was to Quit N. C. Co.

General Manager Enlightened as to His Own Business by the Morning Joke.

One of the heaviest installments of hot air that has been hurled upon the unsuspecting people of Dawson for several days appeared in the morning joke of this date in that it took a two-column head under which to start the report, and then deny it, to the effect that local manager E. A. Mizner of the Northern Commercial Company had severed his connection with that concern.

The presence in Dawson of the general manager of the company, Mr. W. L. Washburn, and of the head auditor, Mr. Stewart Menzies, both of whom are paying their annual visits, probably caused the morning nip to arrive at the conclusion that something was doing, as to many people of small calibre the presence of head officials is connected with thoughts of resignations, "firings" and all kinds of reconstruction.

When seen this afternoon and asked regarding the story published this morning General Manager Washburn smiled and said: "It was all news to me as I knew nothing about it. Mr. Mizner will leave for the outside in a few days on a business trip for the company but I should say he will not be absent longer than four or five weeks. He simply goes as a business man on a business trip."

Mr. Mizner was not seen, in fact after Mr. Washburn's statement he was not sought, for if the local manager had any intentions of severing his connection with the company the general manager would certainly be conversant with and aware of such intentions. Mr. William Fairbanks, for a long time one of the head men in the local affairs of the company, will act as manager during the absence of Mr. Mizner.

His Farewell Engagement. It is a long lane that has no turn. Julius Goecker has joined the ranks of temperance and played his last engagement in the police court. This goes, for Julius says so himself. He has said so in times past but never with the same fervor and gusto as he said it this morning when his recent offense cost him \$10 and trimmings.

Decision Reserved T. Morgan, a Queen street business man, was before Magistrate Wroughton this morning on the charge of being a transient trader doing business without license. Morgan has resided in Dawson for four years and is a taxpayer and, better still, a voter.

LOST—Gold Locket with small Diamond setting. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

For suits and trousers see Brewitt's new fall goods. A Wife for 75c. Getting a wife for 75 cents may sound ridiculous but it is a fact just the same.

Moral: See Cribbs, the druggist, a full line of Toilet Soaps at virtually outside prices. CRIBBS, The Druggist King St., next to Post Office.

RECOVERY IS ASSURED

Governor Ross Improving Rapidly

Left Whitehorse Wednesday for Victoria—Will Consult Eminent Physicians.

Legal Adviser H. W. Newlands returned on the Selkirk last night from Whitehorse where he had gone for the purpose of seeing Commissioner Ross about some important matters prior to the latter's departure for the outside. Mr. Newlands returns with the welcome news that the recovery of Mr. Ross has been as absolute as it has been remarkable.

"When I arrived at Whitehorse," said he, "I went direct to the home of Major Snyder and as the hour was rather early I was not surprised to learn that the commissioner had not yet made his appearance. About an hour later I returned and found him walking about the barracks square in company with the nurse. He was looking very well, said he felt well and I must confess I was very agreeably surprised at his general appearance. I had expected to see him show some signs of debility and have a haggard and worn-out look as the result of his illness, but instead he seemed about the same to me as when he went away. He was bright and in good spirits, eats and sleeps well and has almost entirely recovered his speech. The only time when any difficulty is occasionally in his talking is when he occasionally will use a wrong word in conveying the idea he intends. The moment he makes such a mistake he realizes it at once and for an instant will hesitate and try and think of the word he wishes to use but if unsuccessful he will go on as though not guilty of a malapropism. Mr. Ross still carries his right arm in a sling but its use and strength is also fast coming back. A few days before my arrival his wrist was powerless to support his hand and if it were lifted up it would fall over limp and lifeless, but now it is strong enough so he can grasp a pencil and other small objects with his fingers."

"A peculiar feature of Mr. Ross' illness is that he never once lost his memory which is so often the result of such maladies. Shortly after his departure from Dawson I received a wire for him in cipher which I forwarded and which was received only a few moments before he was taken ill. The message was placed in his pocket and no attention was paid to it until after his arrival at Whitehorse, but as soon as he reached Major Snyder's residence he made his attendants understand that he wanted pencil and paper and with his left hand wrote out that he wished the message opened. It was done so and he remembered the key to the cipher which he gave to Major Snyder who translated the message.

"Dr. Pare, one of the attending physicians, informed me that Mr. Ross' paralytic stroke was not due to a hardening of the arteries as is often the case in paralysis when one of an advanced age is attacked. His trouble was due to a hemorrhage which was caused by vomiting, the latter the result of a disordered stomach. The physicians also said that there was no reason to believe that Mr. Ross' recovery would not be absolute and complete and that after a complete rest from all care and worry for a month or two he would be as strong and vigorous as ever. His treatment has been largely electrical and it has proven efficacious beyond our wildest hopes.

"The commissioner left Whitehorse for Victoria Wednesday morning, the 20th, in General Manager Newell's private car which was kindly placed at his disposal. He was accompanied by Dr. Pare, a trained nurse, a sergeant from the Whitehorse post who has been on night duty throughout his entire illness, J. D. McGreggor, Mr. Harrison and his two little boys. It is not likely that he will return for some time as he realizes now that he has had quite a serious time. He told me just before he left that he intended consulting the best

specialists to be found before he came back. Major Snyder also accompanied the party as far as Skagway as Mrs. Snyder is going outside for the purpose of putting the children in school.

"No, I know nothing whatever about the election or political matters. As to the meeting of the Yukon council I have not had an opportunity to talk with Major Wood about it and do not know whether he has fixed upon a date or not. You had better see him."

At the time that Mr. Newlands left Dawson he hoped to arrive at Whitehorse in time to see Mr. Smart before the latter departed for this city, but was disappointed as they passed en route. He desired a leave of absence for a few weeks in order to pay a short visit to his family, but as his plans failed to connect he has returned and is once more wrestling with the legal problems of the territory.

Work on Hellgate Resident-Engineer P. E. Mercier has completed the river improvements at the head of Lake Labarge and will on Wednesday or Thursday of next week, in company with fourteen men, leave for Hellgate to finish up the work at that point, which will probably take until the end of November.

The improvements at the head of Lake Labarge have resulted in the opening of a channel 200 feet in width with an average depth of five feet of water, the shallowest part being a little over four feet.

After the completion of the work at Hellgate operations will be commenced at Rink and Five Finger rapids, and about the 1st of April of next year the Thirtymile river will receive attention.

Mrs. Mercier will accompany the party to Hellgate next week, where Mr. Mercier expects to remain for three months.—Whitehorse Star.

Atlin Is Busy

The Atlin mining district is unlike some of the other northern camps in one particular at least. There are no idle men in the district. Every man who wants it can find work at the prevailing wages, which are \$5 per day. Such is the information brought out by Mr. Kelly. Said he:

"While Atlin, and for that matter Discovery, seems dead and business is quiet at the present time, a different aspect is put on things when one goes out on the creeks. Everybody out there now is at work. More than \$100,000 has been shipped out and the hydraulic companies are yet to get in their best work of the season. It is estimated that the output will be greater than it was last year.

"All the creeks are having development work done on them. The hydraulic and quartz owners are pushing work on all their properties and prospects, and there is every reason to believe that it will be one of the big camps of the north for many years to come and that it will get better as time goes on.

"There are many people in the Atlin district to come out this fall, and the returning miners and operators from that camp will contribute not a little to the prosperity of those whose wealth comes from the traveling throng."—Alaskan.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

Edith Godfrey at Auditorium. Mons Montjole at Auditorium. Felice at Auditorium.

GENELLE ON TRIAL

Charged With Complicity in Arson.

Jury Was Secured This Afternoon—McMillan on the Stand Repeats His Story.

Joe Genelle is on trial this afternoon before a jury in Mr. Justice Dugas' court charged with complicity in burning the steamers Glenora and Mona in steamboat slough last winter, accounts of which have been repeatedly published in the Dawson press.

The jury selected to try the case is composed of Messrs. J. S. Barron, H. B. Pigott, R. C. McDonald, Dan Stewart, J. A. Bruce and J. R. Hamilton.

Joseph McMillan, the watchman on the steamers who alleges that he was hired by Genelle to burn them in order that the latter might collect the insurance policies on them, he being their owner, was the first witness called. He told very much the same story he told on his own and Genelle's preliminary hearings before the police magistrate, but on cross examination he became somewhat mixed as to his statements.

McMillan was still on the stand at 3:30 this afternoon. It is not probable that the trial will be completed this evening.

Later.—The above case came to a sudden termination at 3:45 this afternoon when the crown announced that all its evidence was in. Mr. Justice Dugas stated from the bench that there was no evidence whatever against Genelle and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving the box.

Immediately after Genelle was discharged Joseph McMillan was sentenced to the penitentiary for a period of ten years at hard labor.

She Wore a Jag.

When the steamer Casca was ready to pull out last night Dolly Mitchell, she of the sun-kissed tresses, was on board bidding good-by to Alex. Pantages and a number of other celebrities who were leaving. Dolly was asked to go ashore but she took a sudden notion to remain with her friends and, baggageless and ticketless, with nothing save the clothes she wore and a bright red and jured jag, she took her departure from Dawson.

Press Muzzled

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11.—The Russian press censor warned the press not to describe the German emperor's departure from Revel, where he visited the czar, last week, or to view the Russian naval maneuvers. No explanation of the order was made.

M. Witte, the minister of finance, has gone to Odessa. The purpose of his visit is not known. The press was forbidden to mention it.

Mons Montjole at Auditorium. Felice at Auditorium.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Waiters' Aprons (\$.25), Celluloid Collars (.25), Boys' Overalls (.75), Painters' Overalls (1.00), Painters' Blouses (1.00).

HALF PRICE SALE ON SLATER SHOES CONTINUES.

Sargent & Pinska, 118 2nd Avenue. Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

LAMPS SPECIAL PRICES.

Medium sized glass stand lamps, complete... \$.75. Large sized glass stand lamps, complete... 1.00. Beautiful line of Vase and Parlor Lamps with globes and shades in newest shapes and designs... \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.50, 5.00, 7.50.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

The Klondike Nugget

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

Subscription Rates Table: Daily, Semi-Weekly, Yearly, Six-months, Three months, Per month, Single copies.

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

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

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



GOVERNMENT FEES.

The present prices of all commodities in the Dawson market are in striking contrast with the prices of three years ago. Flour which then sold at \$6 to \$8 per sack is now worth only \$3.

Clothing, boots and shoes and other articles of apparel have undergone a similar reduction, in many cases now selling at figures but slightly in advance of outside prices.

This condition has been brought about partially by the reductions that from time to time have been made in transportation charges and partially by the force of competition, which is the final arbiter of prices the world over.

While these changes have been taking place in the commercial and labor markets of the community, the schedule of government fees, being subjected to no competition, has remained stationary.

Ten dollars for a miner's license, fifteen dollars for recording fee and the same amount for renewal of claims are still required of the miner although his earning capacity has been reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

The existing condition of affairs furnishes a sound basis for the general demand for a reduction in government fees. Cognizance should be taken by the government of the reductions that have been made in all other lines and a similar cut made in the schedule of fees.

Such charges as are demanded in Dawson are not equalled or approached in any other portion of Canada, and are more than twice the amounts required for similar service in Alaska.

The fees are altogether out of proportion and should be reduced by at least one-half.

THE CONFERENCE OF PREMIERS.

The conference of colonial premiers which constituted an important feature of the coronation aftermath has come to an end and the distinguished participants have departed from London.

form, and it is difficult to tell what bearing if any they will have upon future relations between the imperial and colonial governments. It is not to be supposed that such radical changes as were discussed at the conferences could be brought about or even begun within so short a time.

In point of fact the deliberations so far as they have been made public were largely of a general nature and calculated merely to give expression to the widespread feeling in favor of closer and more effective commercial arrangements between the various portions of the empire.

After looking over his territory and determining on a permanent location Mr. Greaff will return to Dawson for his winter supplies and for his blanks which will be forwarded from Washington.

Sentence Was Revoked

San Francisco, Aug. 12.—Corporal Thornton, who kept accounts for Second Lieut. John S. Davis, quartermaster of McKinley camp, Hawaiian islands, was recently court-martialed and tried on the charge of falsifying reports.

The counsel for the defense declared that the testimony in the case showed a condition of affairs that permitted of lax and careless, if not dishonest, methods. Maj. General Hughes, to whom the court martial's final report and recommendations were referred for approval, has reversed their decision.

When newspapers can be brought through from Seattle in six and seven days there seems to be no good reason why letters should be four and five days longer en route.

The city council should instruct the pound keeper to look after stray horses and cows as well as dogs. Just why those taxpayers who have gone to the expense of fencing and in other ways improving and beautifying their property should need to stand in constant fear of an invasion from stray animals does not appear.

The way of the millionaire is not always strewn with roses. Chas. M. Schway the president of the billion dollar steel trust is losing his health so rapidly that his retirement at an early date is predicted.

Brother Beddoe's political hopes have suffered sad disaster. After two years spent in nourishing a "congressional boom," the whole thing has suddenly gone up in smoke.

"Mrs. Phedem's boarders seem to be nearly all students who belong to the normal class. "Yes, but she tells me that their appetites are abnormal."

Juneau, Aug. 11.—John F. Wallace yesterday forenoon while driving the horse hitched to the car in one of the lower tunnels of the Mexican mine, was caught between the car and the chute and crushed so badly that he died a short time afterward.

New Goods!

OILCLOTH, LINOLEUMS, MATTING, TABLE OILS, ETC.

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

Miniature Canine

The smallest thing in the canine line ever seen in Dawson can now, with the aid of a glass, be seen in a small box which is kept close to Mrs. Andie McKenzie's stove.

Extensive Jurisdiction

Mr. Sam Greaff will leave on Monday for the lower river country to take a survey of a portion of the field over which he will preside as United States commissioner.

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Drew the Color Line

New York, Aug. 5.—When "Major" Taylor, the former champion bicycle rider, visits Newark again he will likely carry a lunch basket with him or else put himself outside of a good meal before he strikes that town.

When the "Major" reached Newark on his way to Vailsburg to participate in the National Circuit Meet, he dropped into one of the leading restaurants with Mrs. Taylor.

While the "Major" looked over the bill of fare the waiters busied themselves in other parts of the room. When he was prepared to order they continued to busy themselves. He tapped gently on the table at first to signal a waiter, and then tapped louder.

"Don't you know," said a customer at another table, "that you are liable to damages for refusing to serve those people?"

After the "Major" had waited nearly a half hour he got up and left. He and his wife were plainly embarrassed, but they said nothing. They were similarly treated in another restaurant, but in a third, while not permitted to dine in the main restaurant, they were served in a private room.

Killed at Treadwell

Juneau, Aug. 11.—John F. Wallace yesterday forenoon while driving the horse hitched to the car in one of the lower tunnels of the Mexican mine, was caught between the car and the chute and crushed so badly that he died a short time afterward.

Fatal Accident

Juneau, Aug. 14.—Steve Radolovich, a Slavonian, yesterday afternoon while at work in the Treadwell mine, lost his footing and fell from the 110-foot level to the 220-foot level and was instantly killed.

Notice to Creditors

All persons having claims against the Dawson Transfer & Storage Company, Limited, are notified to send in same duly verified to the undersigned before noon of Monday, the 25th day of August, 1902.

DRY GOODS! Opening Up New Lines. Now on Display. N.A.T. & T. CO.

Squandered Estate

Boston, Aug. 1.—By his own admission, Willard C. Vanderlip, a prominent Boston lawyer, who has had for years the care of several estates, is guilty of embezzlement, and the estate of the late George B. Emerson, of which he had charge for sixteen years, has been dissipated in ways of which Mr. Vanderlip is unable to give account.

Seized With Cramps

Seattle, Aug. 13.—Emery Lee Benjamin, the 24-year-old son of Samuel Benjamin, of 1826 Seventh avenue, and a nephew of ex-Councilman Scott Benjamin, was drowned in the Snohomish river near Marysville Monday afternoon under somewhat tragic circumstances.

He is supposed to have been seized with cramps, for he sank without warning, drowning immediately. Grappling hooks were unobtainable at the time. When a pair was finally improvised all effort to locate the body proved futile.

The news of Benjamin's death was a shock to his friends in this city. He was of an ambitious nature and for some time past had studied hard in an effort to equip himself for the law.

Peculiar Tragedy

Seattle, Aug. 6.—Geo. Moorehouse a member of the senior class in the university of Washington was drowned yesterday afternoon in Lake Union while trying to learn how to swim.

Accompanied by his younger brother, Moorehouse left his parents' home at 2521 North Fortheth avenue, Lakona, late in the afternoon to go in bathing. They went a short distance to the head of the lake and there prepared for the bath.

Moorehouse determined to learn how to swim, so strapping himself on the two planks as stated, he plunged into the water. For a time he floated about all right and then the planks turned and his head was pushed under the water.

His brother who was playing in the water near the shore, saw the predicament his older brother was in, and realizing that he was drowning, ran off screaming for aid. Finally several persons came to the drowning man's assistance. He was hastily pulled out of the water, but by the time he was dragged ashore he was dead.

Regular Service on Stewart River

STR. PROSPECTOR For DUNCAN and Stewart River Points Monday, Aug. 25th, 8:00 p. m.

Apply W. MEED, Mgr., S.-Y. T. Dock

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson. Str. "Selkirk" Will Sail for Whitehorse Friday, August 22, 8:00 P. M.

Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway. J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson. J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

STAGE AND LIVERY

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

Reduced Rates

No Agreement! You do not have to contribute to a Public Benefit. **No Combination!**
Our Rates Will Be the Lowest

And you **DO NOT** have to buy your ticket until you are ready to go. **STEAMERS SAIL EVERY DAY.** Purchase Through Tickets and Save Money.

NO EXTRA CHARGE MADE FOR MEALS AND BERTHS ON OUR STEAMERS

THE BEST SERVICE

J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent.

J. H. ROGERS, General Agent

Bailed From Mississippi

The trouble all began in Gus Molden doing the unexpected thing. Everybody predicted, and with reason, that if Molly Cartwell got engaged before the season was over it would be to young Maxwell Barton, the broad-shouldered newspaper man from Mississippi. And up to that momentous afternoon it is fair to say that Molly and Max shared the common conviction. They were great friends. Everybody else said that it would be an excellent match. "For Molly," some of the women added. But that was only a spurt of feminine meanness over which the men shrugged their shoulders. They knew the state of Max's finances.

And now Molly had sent down word that she was sorry, but that she would not be able to go boating this afternoon, and Max had swung off to the wharf, covering his disappointment with one of Rightor's songs:

"Oh, my Mexican Juanita,
 In the moonlight I will meet her,
 Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

Molly heard, and the hand that held the beautiful ring twitched nervously.

"What a voice he has! And everything about him is as big as his voice," she added regretfully. "I wonder if he would care, much. I would hate to hurt him. He is such a happy hearted fellow in spite of his bad luck." Her eyes went back to the ring.

For this was the unexpected thing Gus Holden had done. He had written Miss Molly Cartwell a business-like offer of marriage and backed up his offer with a perfect love of a diamond. "If I see the ring on your hand tonight, I shall understand that you have decided to make me one of the happiest of men," had been the formal ending of that formal letter.

"I suppose I will have to get married some day," she reflected. But of a truth, this was not exactly the way she had intended to be made love to by the man she would eventually marry. Heaven knows what she had intended should happen. Most girls crave a romantic love affair, and there was no romance about this straight-cut and thrust letter; nothing but the ring.

Oh, that ring! What a beauty it was. How the other girls would go on over it.

Everybody knew Gus Holden had more money than he could spend. This was all they did know about him.

The idea of marrying a man she had not met a dozen times! Why under the sun had he taken it into his head to be in such a hurry! "The happiest of men!" How cold it looked on paper. No doubt he had written it because he considered it the correct thing, like the "Yours truly" at the bottom of a business letter.

For a minute she gave place to pettishness and wished with all her heart that Gus Holden had kept his old letter and his old ring to himself, and that she was out on the water having a good time with Max. Dear old Max, with his huge head and deep voice, and, best of all, his honest, happy heart.

All very charming attributes, no doubt, but yet not much in the way of assets when looked at from the dollars and cents point of view.

"And I'll have to get married some day. Gracious knows I don't want to be an old maid." She picked up the ring and looked at it lovingly.

"You are a beauty, aren't you? Why, Max would have to sell every-

thing he owns, down to his golf clubs before he could give a girl such a thing as this. But, then, Max is a man, and he does work hard. My goodness, how gloriously he could make love to a girl, if only he could afford it." And Molly pushed aside the ring and dropped her face into her hands, that she might the better recall a certain delicious afternoon she and Max had spent together tramping over the hills with their kodaks. The huskiness that had come into that big voice of his when he thanked her for having given him such a happy two hours. How strong and tender he was always.

"Oh, bother, I'd rather wait for Max half a lifetime than marry anybody else. I shall learn telegraphy or something and turn bachelor girl. I'll write to Gus Holden and tell him so. And I'll send back—" The exquisitely cut stone flashed up at her from its purple cushion. Molly just had to stop and look at it and while she looked the resolution died out of her face.

"You pretty thing," she said softly. "I wonder if you would fit. Just exactly! Why, how did he know what size to get? Maybe he does care, in his way, and of course he couldn't be like Max. But, then, I really don't know that Max cares or that I would care if he did care. I suppose I could learn to love Mr. Holden if I had to. After all youth and love are very fine in blank verse, but you can't make a living at them. The best thing you can do, Molly Cartwell, is to take the gifts the gods provide you and say 'Thank you.' He doesn't ask you to say that you love him, only to wear the ring. And gracious knows that will be easy enough to do. Especially when those girls from the other club are to take supper here tonight." She turned the ring slowly and a blaze of light leaped out from every apex.

"My goodness, how I would hate to see you flashing on another girl's finger. And that's what would happen, you know. Gus Holden isn't the man to dally over a thing. If you don't wear it some other girl will, and pretty quick, too." She gazed at the flashing stone wistfully. It was very beautiful, yet not so beautiful as the light in Max's eyes had been when he told her huskily that she had made him happy.

"Well, it was decided at last." The diamond in her lap winked up at her knowingly. Presently Mr. Holden would come in with his eyeglasses. She wondered a trifle drearly what kind of a figure he would cut as one of the happiest of men. But she knew she would be glad when he did come and it was all over.

There was a step outside and Molly felt that she was quite equal to the occasion. It was not a precise middle-aged man, however, that came through the open window. Nothing but a bass voice trolling out a vaudeville song:

"Oh, my Mexican Juanita,
 In the moonlight I will meet her,
 Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

"Max, my splendid Max. No, I'm—"

Molly clenched the ring in her palm and started upstairs on a run.

"Why, Molly!"

"Beg pardon, Max. I was in a hurry—I didn't see—"

"All right, but see here. I've been made editor and I'm going to get married."

"Who to?"

"Why, to you."

"Oh, Max. I'm so glad!"

"Are you, dear? I know I am."
 "Max, you silly. I didn't mean that. Of course, I am glad, too. But what I meant was—let me go just a minute. I want to get rid of this miserable thing."

Wasps Worse Than Bullets

Richard Harding Davis relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the English-Boer war.

A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action during the heat of the battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behavior was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over the colonel of the regiment was summoned before Gen. Roberts.

"What the devil was the matter with your regiment?" asked Bobs.

"Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steering into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were in kilts and with bare legs."

Why Townsmen Seek the Country

What is the reason for the recent exodus of well-to-do Americans from our towns into the country? It increases with every year. What is the cause of it?

As I look into the matter, some curious facts come to view which I think I will set down here. The subject is not one that requires close reasoning. Perhaps a little gossip may throw more light upon it than any argument would do.

I have here a ouer book, printed early in the last century in the old town of Cumberland, Maryland. It is the autobiography of a hunter, Browning by name, who, before the Revolution, shot deer, bears, panthers, and sometimes Indians, in the wilderness of the mountain ranges in Virginia and the Carolinas. In his old age, somebody who could read and write took down his recollections of his early days, and made a book of them. They give us some startling and suggestive glimpses of the condition of human nature when it is brought, during the solitude of many years, close to the brute nature, and to the old mother herself.

Here is one story, for example. Browning, in his old age, lived with a married daughter in a town in civilized fashion. But his two sons, who were trappers, came down one winter from the mountains and begged him to go back with them for a last hunt.

The old man, then over eighty, went, and at first was rheumatic, weak, and irritable. But, after they had been in camp for a week, he went out alone, one day, and got scent of a stag. He followed, lost it, and then "winded" another. For two days and nights he ran through the mountain passes like a madman; the snow was deep, and the jungles of thorns tore his clothes off his body. During this time he had not a mouthful of food except the nuts which he took from the squirrels' storehouses. At the end of the third day, his sons who were searching for him, frantic with fear, found him naked and exhausted on one of the peaks of the Cheat Range. "But," he says, "I was none the worse. I had the 'woods fever' on me, and, therefore, I felt neither cold nor hungry. While the 'woods fever' is on you, you are never cold or hungry."—Ex.

LOST—Gold Locket with small Diamond setting. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

LOWEST IN HISTORY

Potatoes Sell in Dawson at 5c Per Pound

Chilly Weather Puts Dampner on Lemonade Business—Staples Unchanged

It is not difficult to give the market quotations this week as aside from a very few articles there have been no changes since last week. Potatoes have sold as low as five cents per pound during the past few days, the lowest quotations ever reached in Dawson. Lemons are a drug at \$6 per case and a small lot sold for \$5 a few days ago. This is due to the cool weather which has decreased the demand for lemonade. In the whole category of meats there has not been a single change of price in the past week. Quotations are as follows:

STAPLES.	
Flour	2.50 3.00
Sugar, per 100	7.00 9.00
Beans, per 100	8.00 8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00

MEATS.	
Beef, pound	19 25@50
Veal, pound	50 75
Pork, pound	20 50
Ham, pound	25 30
Bacon, fancy	25 35
Mutton, pound	25 35@50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agens' butter, 60-lb.	\$37.50 1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	37.50 1.50can
Coldbrook	23.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, fresh	12.50 1.50

MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	9.50 10.00
Highland, case	8.50 12.00
Carnation Cream	9.00 10.00
St. Charles	7.00 9.00

CANNED GOODS.	
Roast beef, doz	3.00 3 for 1.00
Mutton	3.50@4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	9.00@11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00
Choice California Mission Fruits	8.50@10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.00 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Poultry, pound	40 45
Broilers, pound	50 60
Greyling, fresh	40
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	25 35

Picketed	40	50
Salmon	10	25
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Potatoes	5	8
Onions	7 1/2	9 1/2
Cabbage	10	15
Turnips	10	15
Lemons, case	5.00	7.00
Oranges, case	9.00	11.00
Rolled oats	9	9
Oats	5	5 1/2
Hay	4 1/2	5
Soap	12.50	
Tobacco, Star	1.00	

A Knowing Machine

"You can give that machine plenty of cotton yarn and just go a-fishing." That is what an observer said after watching the operation of the new-

est knitting machine in the Charleston Exposition. He probably exaggerated a little, but was not so far wrong as might be supposed, for the machine will make a complete sock without any attention whatever, if it is furnished with the thread. It knits heel and toe, and uses a double thread as a rule, but at certain stages of the process it becomes necessary to use but one, then the machine promptly cuts one thread, uses the other just so long as it is required to make a perfect sock, and then quietly takes up the cut thread and goes on with its work. It makes a good sock in five minutes.—Philadelphia Record

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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Failure Made Happiness

"Miss Marshall will see Miss Huntley in the office," said Thomas, the elevator boy, as he appeared opposite the door of Ward 3.

Then he went on his upward way, soaring to St. Mary's Ward on the floor above; and Agnes Huntley dropped the pillow cases she was putting away in the linen-press, and leaned her forehead against the great oak door for a moment, steadying her whirling thoughts.

This interview with Miss Marshall would let her know within the next fifteen minutes, if she was accepted as a nurse, to complete her training in the work she had chosen. It seemed to her, in the blind moment after Thomas had disappeared, that the hopes of a lifetime were to stand trial in those fifteen minutes. She looked back over the three months of her probation with dread and confidence alternating.

There were ugly little memories of occasions when she had been hopelessly stupid; encouraging bits of praise from one or two doctors; but above them all rose the face of Miss Marshall, inscrutable as always. Miss Marshall never gave hints of her decision. A probationer could never know before she was summoned to the fateful interview in the office whether acceptance or rejection was to follow.

Agnes roused herself in another instant, and walked down the stairs with such self-possession as she could muster.

For a minute after she entered the office Miss Marshall went on writing at the desk, and Agnes could not see her face.

But when those quiet gray eyes were lifted to her own, the girl said to herself, "It's all over." Miss Marshall looked as she looked before a capital operation.

"You are not the kind of woman that needs sugar-coated preliminaries," the elder woman said, in a tone that Agnes remembered hearing only once or twice by besides of great suffering. "I am very sorry to tell you that we cannot accept you."

Agnes did not try to speak. Her hands clutched the back of the chair by which she was standing, but she waited quietly while Miss Marshall went on:

"It's our rule, you know, that no rejected candidate ask the reason for her rejection. But something is due you in this case. You have a right to know that you are not charged with wilful neglect of duty. You have worked hard, with every effort to be faithful.

"Certain questions of physique and temperament lie outside our control," she continued. "I have watched you with unusual care, because I realized something of your love for the work and your ambition. But it is better for you to know at once, trusting the experience of another rather than your own, that in the matter of physical strength alone you are not qualified for a nurse's life. Your health will serve you very well if you do not lay unnecessary strain upon it, in home life or some other profession. But I have no right to allow you to bankrupt it at the outset."

Agnes had lifted her eyes, and watched Miss Marshall's face intently while she spoke, noticing, as never before, its strength and sweetness. She thought with dull pain how completely Miss Marshall fulfilled the ideal she had set before herself—the life of successful ambition, of beautiful helpfulness. Beside that vision rose the image of the sleepy little town, the dull, stagnant life to which she must return with her defeat.

"You are kind to put it on that ground, Miss Marshall," she said, hopelessly. "But I know—I feel—so much more than you say, and it all amounts to this—I am a failure."

"Better, then, to realize that at once than a year from now, when some one's life is hanging on help that you are not able to give," said Miss Marshall, inexorably, but with a strange tenderness in her face and voice.

That tenderness broke down the reserve with which Agnes had meant to fence her misery. Suddenly without any conscious intention of such undignified action, she found herself kneeling at Miss Marshall's side, with her face buried in the folds of the gray dress.

Miss Marshall did not repulse her or laugh at her; she laid one hand on the brown hair, and stroked it softly.

"You are everything I want to be!" said Agnes, brokenly. "I don't want to go away from you! I don't want to go! But I'm just a wretched failure."

"My dear," said Miss Marshall, very gently, "this life of mine has grown out of a failure far more serious than yours. It isn't what I should have chosen when I was your

age. Perhaps you are going back to the opportunities I missed. But you may take the word of an old doctor for this—there is never a failure up to the very moment of death, which does not bring with itself a duty, a fresh responsibility. And that means opportunity."

Agnes arose after a moment, and paused at the door of the office.

"My time is just up today, Miss Marshall," she said with some hesitation. "If you are willing, I should like to go home at once—it will be so much easier for me. I can leave on the one o'clock train."

"Very well, if you choose," Miss Marshall answered. She came a step nearer, holding out her hand, and Agnes, moved by a sudden impulse, did what no other girl in the hospital had ever ventured to do. She bent and kissed the border of Miss Marshall's cap and the gray hair beneath it.

The nurses were very kind when she went up-stairs to say good-bye. She had been popular with most of them and they were sorry to lose her. But there was no time for long condolences, and none of them could be spared to go with her to the station.

A drizzling rain was falling as her train pulled out. She looked from her window over a landscape full of commonplace and the discouraging, unkempt cottages and ragged fields on the edge of the city.

Very different was the quiet country town to which she was going, but the dull misery in her heart grew sharper as she thought of it. To go back to emptiness of days, aimlessness of life! To say good-by forever to the hope she had cherished for years!

A baby across the aisle cried with renewed persistence, and she roused herself to notice it. She had always a "knack" with babies, and the last month of her probation had been spent in the infants' ward.

This baby, helpless in the helplessness of his pale little mother, soon fixed his gaze upon Agnes and enunciated a fresh appeal, stretching out his hands. She laughed, and took him in her arms, while the mother sank back with a sigh of relief.

"I'm all worn out, miss. Yes, he's my first, and I'm not very handy, and I'm always careless."

"I think I have something here that will help you," said Agnes, eagerly. "It always helps me. There—let it dissolve in your mouth. Now lean your head back and shut your eyes. I'll attend to this young man."

In twenty minutes the baby was sleeping quietly, and the mother looked up, refreshed and grateful.

"You're the kind of young lady that's born to help folks, I guess," she said, as she left the train. "You'll be making some home a happy place."

Agnes laughed again, but a little sadly. Years before she had thought this ready helpfulness was part of her call to work. Did it only mean "filling up the chinks," after all? But, upon reflection, there were unnumbered chinks of human need to be filled in this world!

Her father met her at the little country station—slightly alarmed at her telegram, anxious to be sympathetic over her disappointment, but quite unable to conceal his delight at having her at home again.

"Your cough is worse," she said, reproachfully, as they drove home in the rain.

"A little," he acknowledged. "It's this raw weather. And somehow I haven't been feeling quite so strong lately. Viola tries hard, but she's only a young girl, and the new cook doesn't understand my dyspepsia. Didn't I write you that Bridget was married last month? You see, dear, I haven't had anybody to take care of me since you left."

"I'll make some broth for your supper myself," said Agnes, laying her cheek on her father's shoulder.

"And I know just what to do with that cough."

How she blessed the course of dry lectures on bronchitis, and the days she had been allowed to help in the diet-kitchen!

"Her health was good enough for home life," Miss Marshall had said. How had she ever imagined that there could be a lack of duty and opportunity in her mother's home?

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And the little woman on the train—was not "keeping some one's home happy" a career large enough for any girl?

"Robert Carr is back," her father said, suddenly, flicking the whip over gray Mollie's tail. "He's finished his medical course and hung out his shingle. A fine fellow."

The color came to Agnes' cheek and she turned her face away. She asked herself, in sudden bewilderment, whether she had been really forgetting Robert in the pressure of ambition and disappointment.

"A fine fellow," her father repeated. "Does me good to hear him speak. I wish you had a brother like that, Agnes; I'd like to have him in the house all the time."

This remark made Agnes laugh outright—and this time the laugh was not sad.

That evening, when the tea things had been cleared away and the fire-light shone out brightly over the hearth, Viola brought a book to her sister for help.

"You don't know how good it is to have you home again, Agnes! This algebra has been worrying me dreadfully; but that's nothing to the other worries."

Agnes kept the pencil in her hand a moment after Viola's problem was solved. She glanced at her father, reclining peacefully in his armchair, his cough already soothed; at Viola's happy face; at the room, many degrees cozier and neater since she had entered it; at a little note from Robert, which lay on the table beside her.

Slowly, with a smile dimpling her lips she drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote:

"I Failure plus Opportunities."
"What are you writing, dear?" asked Viola.

Agnes crumpled the bit of paper in her hand and threw it into the grate.

"Just an equation I have been studying today," she said with a gay laugh.—Youth's Companion.

Cuban Loan

Havana, Aug. 5.—The senate has discussed and approved in part of a bill to empower the executive to raise a loan of \$4,000,000 at the minimum price of 90 and at the maximum rate of interest of five per cent. payable in thirty years to be used to assist the sugar cane growers of the island who will be paid at the rate of 50 cents per arrobas of sugar cane ground from the last crop. It is to be repaid by the cane growers in February, March and April of 1903 at six per cent. interest.

The bill provides that the executive be authorized to pledge the customs receipts as a guarantee for the principal and interest of this loan and to guarantee increased expenditures on account of the loan. The executive is also to be authorized to pledge the customs receipts upon certain articles, tariffs being raised proportionately.

Six months after date another loan of \$35,000,000 is to be raised on the same conditions as to time, price of issue and interest, as the above mentioned loan. Four million dollars' worth of the bonds of the second loan are to be devoted to taking up the first loan.

The rest of the \$35,000,000 loan is to be used for paying the debts of the revolution referred to in the constitution and to pay the Cuban revolutionary army. This latter obligation amounts to \$23,000,000. It is provided also that congress before the closing of the present session is to vote a certain portion of the income of the island to pay the interest on and provide a sinking fund for the second loan.

It is said that this bill will substantially pass the house. The senate is said to be really opposed to raising a large loan, but to have agreed to this measure.

New Sand Diggings

Seattle, Aug. 9.—If the news current around the hotels as to Yakataga beach in the Valdes country be correct, Alaska is on the verge of another gold excitement.

Several people who arrived here on the steamer Bertha, a couple of days ago, brought out the story.

They report that a man named A. Cothbert and his son rocked out thirty-five ounces of gold from the beach there in two days' time.

The rich spot is said to exist midway between Yakutat and Kayak.

Judge Thompson, a prominent mining man from Cripple Creek, is on his way here now, heading a party of miners who will take passage on the next sailing of the steamer Bertha for Valdes. They are equipped with a plant adapted to this method of mining and are headed for this latest discovery.

Judge Thompson, it is said, was in that locality last year and came out for the express purpose of getting machinery.

Considerable local interest has already been credited over the stories afloat and many predict that another boom similar to Nome is on the way.

Body Is Identified

Chicago, Aug. 8.—The body of the young woman found last night in a vacant lot at Seventy-fourth and State streets has been identified as that of Miss Minnie Mitchell, of 604 Forty-fourth street, and the police are looking for William Bartholin, a young mechanic, who was with her at the time of her disappearance.

The police are firmly of the opinion that the girl was murdered by Bartholin, and that he also murdered his own mother, Mrs. Anna Bartholin, who mysteriously disappeared three weeks before the Mitchell girl went away with the young man.

The body of the girl was beyond identification, but her sister, Lillie Mitchell, tonight positively identified the dress and the hat worn by her sister at the time of her disappearance.

Miss Mitchell was last seen by the members of her family on the night of July 30, when she left her father's home in company with Bartholin, the couple saying that they intended to take a walk. She did not return to the house that night, and nothing was heard of her or of Bartholin until two days later, when the girl's father received a note from Bartholin that he and the girl had eloped, and had started for California to spend their honeymoon.

Great Salt Lake Receding

Salt Lake City, Aug. 9.—Great Salt Lake, which for several years has been slowly but steadily receding, has, according to Director Muddock of the United States weather bureau, now reached the lowest level ever recorded since observations have been taken by the department. Up to August 1, the lowest mark ever recorded was July 11. Since that time the lake has receded an additional four inches. The fall of water since 1894 amounts to nearly six feet, and on the eastern shore this has resulted in a recession of the water line during that time of fully three-quarters of a mile. In speaking of this phenomenon Director Muddock said today: "Utah has been a dry cycle for seventeen or eighteen years. In this period the precipitation has been considerably below the average. Precipitation is nearly due. But it will take several wet years to bring the lake back to its former level."

For suits and trousers see Brewitt's new fall goods.

The Englishman had been listening to several newspaper men who were ridiculing some alleged bits of humor in a John Bull publication, and at length blurted out, angrily:

"You Americans have beastly manners. You are always making fun of my jokes. I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at."—Judge.

"There isn't much money in inventions," said the young man with long hair and a thoughtful manner.

"That's nonsense!" answered Senator Sorghum. "Look at the men who invented trusts and watered stock. The trouble is that you don't invent the right thing."—Washington Star.

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Stroller's Column.

A seedy looking individual entered the office of R. W. Calderhead one morning and asked for one of the special \$25 tickets that were then on sale.

"How long is this ticket good?" inquired the seedy one.

"Until October," replied the polite ticket salesman.

"But I don't think I can get away by that time."

"Well if you can't use the ticket before Oct. 1, you may apply the twenty-five dollars when you are ready. If the rates advance, meanwhile, all you will need to do is pay the difference."

"Well, the fact is, I don't expect to get out before next spring. I thought if I could keep it over until then—"

"You will have to see the manager," said the clerk. "I am not authorized to sell tickets on that basis."

"Well I might die before spring, and unless you will agree to take my body out for the ticket, I don't think I'll get one," and on being told that the cut rates did not apply to corpses the seedy stranger took his departure.

The above was outdone on the same day and in the same office by a gentleman who called an hour later. It was on Wednesday and the last day of the special ticket sale. Calderhead was busy at his desk assorting twenties, tens and fives.

"Do you ship passengers by veight, alrehty?"

Calderhead looked up and there stood a man he remembered as having arrived on one of his first boats this year. To the question he replied:

"No, we do not. A large man, however, can travel just as cheaply as a small man. Our space is not sold by the cubic feet."

"Well," said the stranger, "I haf been here three months alrehty, unt as I haf been boarding mit some Japanese peoples I haf lose forty pounds my flesh of, unt I tink if you carry me by veight I stay two months longer unt maybe I get out for twelf unt a half tollars. But if you nod make some difference I will go mit your next steamer out. Ven does you oxpuct it will be in?"

And when Calderhead said one of his steamers was due from Whitehorse any hour the customer said:

"Well, I will buy a ticket unt den I will board mit you unt der boat sails. Dont it?"

.....

The Stroller had a thrilling experience the other night when a wild bear from the forest visited his part of the town. It had to pass his home in order to reach Third avenue, the only place in the Yukon territory where it could have a nice romp without getting its feet muddy, and as it did not care to go out of the country for a romp it decided to romp on Third avenue at night when the city fathers were not using it.

It was owing to the neighbor's dogs that the Stroller knew of the bear's visit. Forty of them sleep on his front porch and at the slightest disturbance they all bark. But that night it was an unusually wierd and frightened bark and the Stroller as he awoke from slumber that was guileless and simple, could hear the dogs barking against the front door in a manner that betokened unusual fear.

He arose and with great care took from beneath his pillow a copy of Smith & Wesson's great work on "puncturing." He said to himself that he would sell his life as dearly as possible so that whoever got it would always regret the deal. His next thought was to strike a match and light the lamp. In the excitement he essayed to strike the match

on the leg of his pants which, unfortunately, were hanging on a chair at the other end of the room, and as it was a strong match, the basting thread where it was scratched will not be ready to come out before the middle of next week.

Having given up getting a light the Stroller cautiously opened the door and addressed a thirty-eight calibre remark in the direction in which all the dogs were looking. There was a hurried movement and a some large animal said "bah" and disappeared into the shroud of night. With the first break of day the Stroller was looking for drops of blood where he had directed his shot but he found only cow tracks.

It is humiliating to the Stroller to write the foregoing himself, but he prefers doing so to having the affair garbled by careless hands, and in addition he thinks he owes an explanation to the neighbors who rushed out in robes de nuit thinking he had been so self-denying and obliging as to humer the public by committing suicide.

.....

In these days of conventions, nominations and campaigns, candidates are apt to have singular experiences especially when a canvass of a rural district is being made. A Minnesota congressman tells the following story on himself. He was making a canvass of his district and was traveling through the country on a bicycle. Something went wrong with his wheel and he had to dismount and trundle it along for several miles before he came to a house. He hastened up and rapped at the front door. A tall rawboned Swede appeared.

"Have you got a monkey wrench?" asked the wheelman.

"No," said the Swede, "Ay not have monkey ranch."

"Do you know where I can find one?"

"Vel, Ay don't know. Nels Nelson, seven, eight miles up de rode, he got cattle ranch, Ay got sheep ranch, Ay tank a man must be a dam fool to hav monkey ranch en dees country."

A woman on Dominion writes the Stroller and asks if it is possible to be happy with a man you don't love. She also asks: "In case a woman is left a widow in September would it be recherche for her to attend roadhouse dances the following winter—that is, if she lost her husband early in September?"

The Stroller in his heart to heart talks with mothers will bear in mind the woman's first question and he may be able to obtain for her the desired information as many of them have hinted to him that it is a subject on which they would be pleased to give him their ideas.

As to the second question, if the roadhouse is close by she might go over to fill out a "set" sometime the latter part of February, but if she promenades to the bar she should not take anything stronger than red vanilla or soda pop. Half an hour before the dance is over she should quietly pass out at the back door and go home alone in order that people may say she is discreet.

The next winter, however, she can set the pace for everything below discovery, including all the hillside and benches, for nothing is more prepossessing than a woman entering her second year of widowhood.

The Stroller is sorry to note a tendency on the part of some to be careless about gladdening the lives of others. Too many people go through life with the latch strings of their hearts on the inside, their principal stock in trade is selfishness and the last thing they think of doing is to make an effort to diffuse a ray of sunlight in the pathway of some unfortunate individual who finds himself or herself, as the case may be, astride the barbed-wire fence of adversity.

People can cultivate a happy disposition until if it is not first, it becomes second nature to them and after that they will unconsciously be instrumental in doing much good in this cold and clammy world.

Years ago the Stroller began the practice of sowing seeds of kindness. Everybody he met he handed a pansy blossom in the form of a kind word, a smile or a benign look. The result

was that the kindly look became a fixture and even when he was asleep women who had casually met him in dining rooms at hotels would climb over his transom at night for the privilege of seeing him in repose. One woman afterwards wrote:

"To gaze on you in repose, an innocent smile on your face and your winsome mouth slightly ajar was once my privilege and it has since served to gladden my life."

And thus it is. Everybody can reflect an occasional pale pink ray if they will only make an effort. Yet there are people who misunderstand such motives. Only one evening this week the Stroller passed a couple, man and wife, standing at their gate quarrelling. He endeavored to brighten their hearts by smiling and the man said:

"Grin, you fool! It's none of your business."

.....

After the convention of Saturday there will be a number of men in Dawson who, although the election is yet months ahead, can very properly sign "M. P." after their names. The affix, however, instead of meaning "Member Parliament" will mean "Mud Pie."

(The Stroller thought of that little bon mot—pronounced mo-himself but it would not come until after midnight and the house was quiet.)

.....

To W. W. Bittner—
Your communication received and contents noted. Your idea of drilling a reserve company is a very good one but the play you mention, "One Blanket For Three" is too suggestive for this country, unless you work it up as a minstrel show and allow the Stroller to be middle man.

On the whole the Stroller is much delighted with your late efforts (this will cost you tickets for tonight) and his sincere hope is that you will keep up the stroke until you will be required to hire a man to guard the box office receipts at night instead of putting them under your pillow.

The Stroller knows something of the worries of a theatrical manager. He was once on the stage and as he had nothing to do but walk on in the third act and say, "Sir, your baggage has arrived!" he had plenty of time to take note of the manager's troubles.

We who cater to the public have sorrows of which that same public wots not. Therefore, we understand each other. Any time you wish to trade jobs with the Stroller for a week, just to show that we are versatile and resourceful, it is a go. The Stroller will help you out by reading proofs and giving you free tickets and you can help him out by paying the company for the week.

Is there anybody else in town that can do our respective work? We can do, and if it was our last throw we would not change it, would we, Willie?

My Dearest Stroller—
I will give you seven dollars and fifty cents if you will stay up to-night and boost me for the nomination at tomorrow's convention. I will also furnish all the money you can spend among the delegates and every time you don't "get in" yourself you may "cop" two bits.

Oh, sir, you do not know how much I will appreciate your efforts in my behalf. Come to the convention tomorrow and every time my name is mentioned scream like a wild cat and I will make it even ten for tonight and tomorrow.

YOU KNOW ME.
The Stroller objects to being "dearest" by a man. It is a sissy expression for one man to use towards another and if the Stroller permitted it to go unchallenged some jay would be calling him "dearie tootsie," "dovie wovie," or "dearie carrie" before the campaign is half over.

As the Stroller expects to make a good thing out of the various campaigns this fall and winter, he must be circumspect and not butt in on the first \$7.50 offer he gets.

Hire some cheap man to do the wild cat turn.

Besides, it is too early in the game for the Stroller to play favorites.

Those cigars you sent the Stroller were crushed by him and turned over to his grocer who is selling them on commission as associated cabbage.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.

See Capt. Daniels—Auditorium.

.....

Messrs. Barwell and McMurray, 2 o'clock.

Mr. Simpson vs. Mr. Sanson, 3 o'clock.

Mr. Staley vs. Mr. Barwell, 4 o'clock.

Mrs. Simpson and Miss Holbrooke vs. Mrs. White-Fraser and Miss Miles 5 o'clock.

Mr. Herbert vs. Mr. Moreton, 6 o'clock.

In the club championship which is almost finished there is yet to play Mr. Hughes vs. Mr. Finnie. The winner will then challenge Mr. Herbert, who won the cup last year and who must defend it. If he wins it again it becomes his property. In the ladies' game Mrs. French is to play Mrs. White-Fraser. Last year the ladies' trophy was won by Mrs. Seddon who this season loses by default, she at present being in England and unable to defend it.

Says She's a Flirt
New York, Aug. 5.—"My wife is a flirt, demands six dresses a season, six hats and pairs of shoes, and likes to drive around in cabs."

That is the plaint of Henry Bronner, who is sued for a separation on the ground of cruelty. Mrs. Cora E. Bronner, fair, and but twenty-four, answers thus:

"I have to keep a boarding house at No. 694 Madison avenue, and my husband won't pay me a single cent for his keep. Then, too, he drives the best boarders away by his unpleasant ways."

To Mrs. Bronner was awarded a counsel fee of \$100 and temporary alimony amounting to \$60 a month by Justice Hall in the supreme court, in consequence of her representations. The custody of her little daughter Ella was also given to the mother.

In protest Bronner said that he was a salesman getting \$3,000 a year, and this his wife's "extravagance was something awful."

He admitted that he was a boarder in his wife's house.

"But she made me sleep on the lounge in the parlor," he declared, "and would not give me a regular place at table."

He says his wife received a fortune of \$25,000 from her mother's estate a couple of years ago, which she spent in her extravagant mode of living, and against his wishes she opened the boarding house. She is entitled to a sum of about \$7,000 from her father's estate, which she will be paid in November, 1904. She has, Bronner said, wiped out all his savings, and has compelled him to borrow money to pay for her extravagances.

Str. "LA FRANCE"

...WILL SAIL FOR...

PELLY RIVER

...SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 8 P. M...

For Tickets, Rates Etc., Apply

Merchants' Transportation Co.,

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Mgr.

L. & C. DOCK.

TOURNAMENT COMMENCES

For Lawn Tennis Championship.

Will Last Three Days and Bring Together the Best Players in the Territory.

Yesterday marked the beginning of the open tournament for the lawn tennis championship of the territory and from 10 o'clock in the morning throughout the entire afternoon the courts of the club near the Administration building were occupied with players battling for supremacy. Some half dozen or more of the entries are non-members of the club, at least one of whom was for several years a player of note in eastern Canada. H. H. Moreton, now a constable in the N.W.M.P. and until recently stationed at Selkirk, held for a number of years with Mrs. Osborne the championship in the mixed doubles. Mr. Moreton has not played for several seasons and is not in good form but in his opening game yesterday evening with Mr. Finnie he gave abundant evidence of what he was able to do with a little practice. His service is excellent and he has a back handed stroke that is as efficacious as it is sensational. The Moreton-Finnie match was one of the best ever seen on the courts.

The tournament comprises five events in each of which there are a generous number of entries. In the men's singles there are 24; ladies' singles, 8; mixed doubles, 8; ladies' doubles, 6, and men's doubles, 14. If the weather is favorable the tournament will be ended by Saturday evening when the prizes in each of the events will be awarded the winners. Five games were played yesterday, the first coming on at 10 o'clock when Mr. Herbert defeated Mr. Pattullo by a score of 6-1, 6-3. At 2 o'clock Miss Davies-Colley won from Miss Miles 6-3, 7-5. At 3 o'clock Mr. Hughes defeated Mr. Holbrooke 6-1, 7-5. The first of the mixed doubles came on at 4, Mr. Herbert and Mrs. White-Fraser winning from Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, 6-3, 6-2. An hour later occurred the match between Mr. Finnie and Mr. Moreton, the former playing an exceptionally strong game and winning by a score of 6-1, 3-6, 9-7. In the men's doubles which was the last game played Messrs. Heyman and Staley defeated Messrs. Nicol and Long, 6-4, 6-0.

For today there are ten games scheduled, beginning at 10 o'clock and lasting until, as follows:

Mr. Heyman vs. Mr. Berry, 10 o'clock.

Messrs. Herbert and Hughes vs. Messrs. Sanson and Moreton, 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Simpson vs. Mrs. White-Fraser, 12 o'clock.

Miss Davies-Colley and Mr. Hughes vs. Miss Miles and Mr. Heyman, 1 o'clock.

Messrs. Simpson and Finnie vs.

Died of His Injuries

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 12.—The fire at Princeton, Ky., sixty miles above here, is under control. The Urey block, the opera house, Terry & Frayer's drug store, Case & Bros.' dry goods, Henry & Butler, dry goods, Cumberland Telephone exchange, and the Postal Telegraph office were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. Dr. W. B. Terry, who lighted a match and caused an explosion of gasoline in Terry & Frayer's drug store, which started the fire, died tonight from burns.

Signs and Wall Paper

...ANDERSON BROS...
SECOND AVE.

Ladies Early to Wear
FALL HATS
SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

EMIL STAUF
REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Ladou Townsite Co., Harper's Addition, Benz's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to
Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.
Gold Dust Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg., King St.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
LAWYERS
PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

SURVEYORS
G. WHITE-FRASER—M. Can. Soc. C. E., M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 106b. Cor. Church and Third avenue.

—THE—
White Pass & Yukon ROUTE
B. Y. N. CO.

Regular Service Between
EAGLE CITY AND FORTYMILE

...The Fast...
Str. Zealandian

Leaves Dawson for Fortymile Mondays, 2 p. m. Returning leaves Fortymile, Tuesdays 9 a. m. Leaves Dawson for Eagle, Thursdays 10 a. m. Returning, leaves Eagle, Fridays, 10 p. m. Fortymile, Saturdays 10 a. m.

J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr. J. H. Rogers, Gen'l Agt. J. W. Young, City Ticket Agt.

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

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.

Exceptional Service the Rule

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

SPECIAL CASH DISCOUNT SALE

On Ranges, Cook Stoves and Heaters

Dawson Hardware Company, Limited,

TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION.

TELEPHONE 36

SECOND AVENUE.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY

Bed of Conglomerate on Twelvemile

Forty Claims Recorded Yesterday and More to Follow—Ore Assays \$7 to \$12.

A new bed of conglomerates has been struck almost within sight of Dawson and if a title of the claims made by the locators proves true the riches obtainable will almost be beyond conception. The new strike is on Twelvemile creek, 18 miles below Dawson, and about five miles back from the Yukon, the first discovery being made last winter by an old timer by the name of Shepard. What he found at that time was merely the croppings and this season as soon as the snow had disappeared he went to the scene of the discovery for the purpose of looking into the matter further. Day before yesterday he returned and filed the first location on the reef with Quartz Recorder Gerald Petre in the gold commissioner's office. The ore exhibited is identical with other conglomerates found in the territory, tiny specks of gold being visible in some of the specimens with the naked eye. Soon after the discovery was announced a stampede followed and today there were 40 claims recorded with probably half as many more to follow tomorrow. Assays of the ore give returns from \$7 to \$12 to the ton. Recorder Petre is particularly well pleased with the way in which the stakers presented their applications. All had their sketches, locations and maps made out in perfect form which greatly facilitated the making of the records.

After Six Years

Seattle, Aug. 13.—Family quarrels will result in James Gibson, a local cigar dealer, accompanying a police officer of Sacramento back to the California capital this morning.

He is charged with grand larceny, and the warrant on which the requisition papers were issued was sworn to by his sister-in-law.

This is the second arrest to which Mr. Gibson has been subjected in the settlement of the estate of a brother who died six years ago. His brother, on his deathbed in San Francisco, so Gibson claims, gave him \$20,000 to take to his mother at Sacramento. This disposition of the bulk of the estate angered the widow and she caused Gibson's arrest. He was tried before Judge Low and acquitted. Yesterday Deputy Sheriff Jacks of Sacramento arrived in the city armed with the necessary legal authority to take Gibson back. The latter agreed to accompany the officer without a legal fight, and spent last night at home with his family, while the deputy registered at a downtown hotel. They will leave early this morning on their way to Sacramento, where Gibson declares he will put up bonds for his appearance when the case comes on for hearing later in the fall.

"It is nothing but a family quarrel," declared Mr. Gibson last night. "I was arrested through spite work once before and beat the case, and will do it again. My sister-in-law, who has since married a man named Johnson, has held a bitter grudge against me since my brother requested me to see that his mother received the bulk of his ready money. I will give ample bonds for my appearance, and will be back in the city by the first of the week."

Barcelona Is Sacked

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Aug. 12.—Details of the fighting at Barcelona, Venezuela, received here by boat, show that a terrible battle started on Sunday, August 3, and that on the following Wednesday the revolutionists entered the city. They kept up a continuous firing day and night, destroying houses, one by one, to reach the center of the city. At midnight on Thursday two-thirds of the city was in the power of the revolutionists. On Friday the government strongholds were carried, and the last survivors of the government officers tried to escape by the river to the sea, but failing in this they made one last stand, after which, at noon Friday, they surrendered to the revolutionist commanders, Gens. Francisco, Monagas and Platero. Among those taken prisoners are Martin Marcano, president of the state of Barcelona and commander of the government troops, eight generals and twenty six

colonels. The dead on both sides numbered 167.

All houses in the city were sacked, and in some instances inoffensive women and children were maltreated and killed. All stores were pillaged, especially those belonging to foreigners, and the French cable office was robbed. The American, Italian and Dutch consulates were pillaged, and the consuls have asked for men-of-war to protect property and lives.

United States Minister Bowen, at Caracas, has cabled the United States cruiser Cincinnati to go to Barcelona without delay, and to take provisions. The Topeka is anchored at Porto Cabello, the Marietta is on the Orinoco, the German warship Falke is at Curacao, and the Italian cruiser Giovanni Bausan and the British cruiser Pallas are at La Guayra.

Gambled With Death

Some British soldiers were recently attacked with fever in the Transvaal, and were removed to a hospital. After a few days they began to recover, and, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, they resolved to gamble, and formed what they called the "temperature pool."

New patients were arriving daily, and the physicians took the temperature of all the invalids every morning. When this was done the temperature was written on a piece of cardboard which was fastened at the head of each bed. It was agreed that each soldier should put a shilling into the pool every day, and that the entire amount should go to the patient who had the highest temperature on that day.

It frequently happened that the patient who received all the money in the pool died a few hours afterward, the elevation of his temperature indicating that his malady had become more serious, but this did not prevent the survivors from continuing to play their uncanny game until the very day when they left the hospital.

Ready to Take a Hand

Washington, Aug. 12.—Minister Bowen has cabled the state department from Caracas that our consul at Barcelona has informed him by wire that Barcelona has been taken by the revolutionists, that they are sacking the town, and that in his judgment the protection of a vessel should be immediately accorded him. Minister Bowen says he has cabled the Cincinnati to return without delay. He notes that the Topeka is at Porto Cabello and the Marietta up the Orinoco river.

After a conference between the state and navy department officials in regard to Minister Bowen's dispatch, the following instructions to the commander of the Topeka, at Porto Cabello, were prepared:

"Vessel needed immediately at Barcelona. If you sail before the Cincinnati arrives from Curacao, leave for her instructions cabled you yesterday."

Before the instructions were sent, the Cincinnati reported her arrival at Porto Cabello, whereupon the instructions were modified so as to direct that one of the ships proceed immediately to Barcelona. This leaves it discretionary with Capt. McLean, of the Cincinnati, the senior officer present, to send the Topeka or go himself with the Cincinnati. The vessel which remains will be prepared to land bluejackets at Porto Cabello in case of necessity.

Tennis This Morning

But two games were played this forenoon in the tennis tournament. In the ladies' doubles Mrs. White-Fraser and Miss Miles defeated Mrs. Simpson and Miss Holbrook by a score of 6-1, 6-0. In the men's doubles Messrs. Herbert and Hughes won from Messrs. Sanson and Moreton, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2. Games are being played continuously this afternoon. An interesting event will be that of Mr. Finnie against Mr. Herbert scheduled to come off at 5 o'clock.

Licensed Victuallers' Association

A meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association will be held tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock at the Pioneer Club rooms. A full attendance is urged.

Good News, Oil is Struck Fourteen Miles From Dawson

So quiet has it been kept that but few know that a gusher has been struck close to our city. Saturday night two men came quietly into town and purchased a supply of grub. Upon leaving they told Dunham, the family grocer, who keeps the best, all about it.

Judgment Tomorrow

The hearing of the two women, Polly Berge and Margot Benoit, arrested Wednesday night for street walking, took place yesterday afternoon. Magistrate Wroughton with-holding judgment until tomorrow morning.

My Mother at Aud. to-morn.

TYPHOID ON BONANZA

Caused From Drinking Impure Water.

Ed. McConnell and Associates Are Taking Out Much Gold—General Creek Notes.

Miss Bertha Sandvig of Grand Forks will leave for Seattle tomorrow.

Mr. W. P. Murphy of 25 Eldorado is confined to his room with an attack of lagrippe.

Mr. Geo. Moffat of Grand Forks has purchased the Summit roadhouse from J. H. Raymond and will in future conduct that popular hostelry.

The big 8-inch tripple expansion force pump just below the Monte Cristo hotel is owned by Ed. McConnell and associates, and is used to force water up onto the point back of the Edby roadhouse. A conservative estimate places the output for the claim on the point at \$80,000.

Mr. Roy Jensen and partner have purchased from Chas. Anderson No. 29 Eldorado and have a force of men at work in a shaft on the left limit of the claim at present.

Several cases of typhoid fever have recently developed on lower Bonanza owing, it is claimed, from drinking the seepage water along the creek.

Vale, Charley Anderson

Charley Anderson, after taking nearly one million dollars from his claim, 29 Eldorado, and having sold what was left of it for \$10,000, was a passenger for the outside on the Casca last night. He has some notion of going to Valdes, but unless he gets a move on himself he will not reach San Francisco in time to figure in his annual divorce or breach of promise suit. He has a record which requires action to sustain.

Married Last Night

Mr. Andrew McPhee and Mrs. S. J. Scotland were united in marriage last night at the residence of the bride's brothers, Messrs. A. and L. C. Anderson, Rev. C. J. Larsen officiating. Mr. McPhee lately came to Dawson from New Zealand to which place he will return with his bride in the near future. Mrs. McPhee is well known and highly respected here. She came to the country with her brothers in '98.

For Relief of Cuba

Washington, Aug. 12.—Advices received here indicate that President Roosevelt will call the senate in extraordinary session early in November.

Ever since it became evident that nothing would be accomplished as to reciprocity with Cuba at the recent session of congress, rumors of a more or less definite nature have been in circulation that the president would call an extra session, either of the entire congress, to enact Cuban reciprocity legislation, or of the senate to ratify, if possible, a reciprocal treaty with Cuba.

During the past week it has been stated that it was the purpose of President Roosevelt to call a special session of the senate early in September. It can be stated on authority that he has no such intention. His time and that of many members of both political parties will be occupied during September and October. It is understood to be the belief of the president that a session held for the purpose of ratifying a reciprocity treaty with Cuba would be much more likely to be fruitful of results if held after the November elections than if held before. It is assumed that the question of the relations of the United States with Cuba will enter largely into the approaching campaign, and it is stated that the president feels the Democrats will be less likely to offer serious opposition to a reciprocity treaty after the election than they would before that time.

A treaty with Cuba practically has been prepared. It requires only the finishing touches and the signatures of Minister Quesada and Secretary of State Hay to make it ready for presentation to the senate.

No definite date, it is understood, has been fixed upon for the meeting of the session in November, but that it will be soon after the election it is reasonably certain.

The president, it is said, hopes to have the reciprocity question cleared away entirely before the regular session of congress.

WE'RE GOING TO MOVE!

On or about August 20th we will move to our new store on First Avenue, 3 Doors North of Queen St.

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock
HERSHBERG
The Reliable Clothier,
1st Ave.

Very Much Sued

While George Rice is engaged in dispensing liquid refreshments and otherwise booming the Koyukuk country the Skagway Alaskan is engaged in printing about him such items as the following:

"Lewis P. Shackleford, as attorney for Lee Guthrie, began suit yesterday in the district court against George L. Rice on a promissory note for the sum of \$1500 with \$292 additional for interest. This is one of eight suits now pending against Geo. L. Rice."

Geo. Rice has been the pioneer saloon man in nearly every town in Alaska, his "Back Train" saloon being the first and largest in Skagway. He was in business in Juneau ten years or more ago.

Japan Is Civilized

New York, Aug. 12.—Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, former minister to Spain, has returned to his home here after a trip through Japan. In speaking of his trip the general says:

"What most impressed me there was the really brave attempt that is being made to raise the standard of education among the people, particularly among the women. The public school system is extensive, embracing schools of all grades from the kindergarten up to the two imperial universities at Tokyo and Kiota."

"The empress has established a special institution for girls at Tokyo known as the Peers school, where the daughters of the nobility, of high government officials and of officers of the army and navy are educated. Among the professors in the universities are several graduates of Harvard and Yale."

"The Japanese are a wonderful people. Compared with the rest of Asia, Japan is almost immeasurably in advance. Her people are clean, polite and industrious and indicate that Japan is certainly to be at the front in the development of the new Orient."

Takes Only Money

Seattle, Aug. 13.—J. O. Innis was held up last night by a lone highwayman at the corner of Sixth avenue and Columbia street and at the point of a revolver forced to part with \$85. This is the first reported robbery of the kind in the city for a month.

The victim of the robbery lives at 1216 Second avenue. He had been visiting friends and was returning home when the hold-up occurred. The robber was leaning against the corner when Innis appeared and waited until he was only a few feet distant before he leveled the revolver, which was accompanied by the order to "Throw up your hands!"

Innis put up his hands and with the revolver pressed against his body the robber went through his pockets. The amount taken included \$40 in gold, \$35 in bills and \$10 in silver. His watch was not molested.

After securing the money the robber walked rapidly up Columbia street. He cautioned Innis to make no outcry or he would kill him. The only description Innis could give of the highwayman at police headquarters was that he was rather tall and wore dark clothing. He had no mask.

Defense of Gen. Smith

Columbus, O., Aug. 12.—A special to the State Journal from Portsmouth, O., says:

Judge James Bannon, brother-in-law and attorney of Gen. Smith, today made the following statement regarding General Smith's retirement by President Roosevelt:

"The sentence of the court-martial was that Gen. Smith be admonished for his order. President Roosevelt seems to have construed the word as meaning reprimanded."

"I have said it once, but before I am through I will repeat many times—the president had no legal or moral right to increase the sentence of the court-martial. I have advised the general and will continue to advise him to go into the contest with heart and soul. Under such circumstances his army friends can do no less, for they are more vitally interested than he. Many of them are now impelling him to begin action at once."

Scotland's Law Forbids Golf

Scotland, as everybody knows, is the land where golf originated and the land where it most flourishes. But if the law was strictly enforced north of the Tweed it would go hard with the players of the royal game in "Bonnie Scotland." Golf players there may not know it, but they are liable to a sentence of death for their indulgence in their favorite sport. Technically this is literally a fact. In ancient times, when Scotland always had work for her soldiers to do, all young men were required to perfect themselves in archery. They preferred to play golf and so serious a rival did the game become that it was for a time suppressed and made a capital offense. That curious law never has been repealed, and may still be found on the statute books. There seems to be no record, however, of the law ever having been enforced. This legislation in regard to golf reminds one of Kipling's charge that football and cricket are occupying the attention of the youth of England to the exclusion of the more serious business of fighting—his attack on "The flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal."

She Kept Her Word

A few days ago the usually clever Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table in his usual clever manner about the inconsistency of women.

"These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry," he broke out, "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex, but that discreet woman held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

Female Birds "On Strike"

Birds are famous for "women's rights" strikes—that is, the females sometimes flock together, abandoning or driving away the males, and refuse to do any "housework" whatever. They desert their nests and will not finish building. They leave their eggs to grow cold and unhatchable, and nothing will induce them to return. The male birds grow extremely concerned at such times, but they have no remedy, for throughout the beast and bird creation the male will never attack a female, though the opposite often happens. Warblers and starlings, especially are given to these "female workers' strikes."—Ex.

We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

How Is Your Nerve ?

We sell KOLA to build you up. Fine for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Take one drink of Kola and you will find it O. K. For sale by all dealers.

I. Rosenthal & Co.

Wholesale Liquors... In Their New Quarters
McDONALD HOTEL BLDG.
SECOND AVENUE

AMES MERCANTILE COMPANY.

SIX HOME RUNS

Washoe Steel Picks No. 2 \$1.25	Half and One-inch Steam Hose, 5 and 6 In. 50c ft.	Refined and Norway Bar Iron 9c lb.
All Kinds of Steam Fittings at a Saving of 25%	Dust Proof Car Wheels, Best Quality \$25 Set	2000 Cases Coal Oil. Before Buying Get Our Price.....