

WILL RETURN INDICTMENTS

Seattle Grand Jury Is Hard at Work. Police Officers Who Stood In With the Gamblers Will Be Given a Chance to Explain Themselves.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Jan. 17.—Seattle's grand jury has returned its first indictment. It is against Michael Bartlett, who is accused of murdering his wife. The investigation of alleged police corruption has been renewed with vigor. The grand jury has evidence sufficient to make several additional indictments. It is believed that several police officers are loaded with more trouble than they can carry, as also four big gambling house proprietors, two city officials and a politician or two. Evidence of corruption grows stronger.

LAST HOPE VANISHES

La Belle Informed of His Certain Fate

Scaffold Completed. This Evening and Will be Officially Tested on Monday.

The last straw to which Edward La Belle was clinging in the hopes that his life would be spared and the hangman cheated of his prey has parted asunder and the hope that has kept the condemned murderer buoyed up so long has left him with the certainty of an early death at the hands of the law staring him in the face. For the past week his sole anxiety has been concerning the condition of the telegraph and to every visitor he would ask if the wire was up. Sheriff Ellbeck visited him yesterday afternoon and to him was the same question put, "Is the wire up yet?" The sheriff replied that it was not but that the moment communication with the outside was established he would so inform him. Later in the evening the sheriff received the news that it is of such import to the condemned, but deferred breaking it to him until this morning. This forenoon he repaired to La Belle's cell and informed him of the word he had received, that the supreme court had refused to interfere in the execution and that it would take place on Tuesday as arranged some time ago. The priest was with La Belle at the time and heard the sheriff tell the condemned man what his fate was to be.

"The time has arrived, La Belle," said the sheriff, "when I must be plain with you. The supreme court has refused to allow you a new trial and I am clothed with full authority to carry out the sentence of the court next Tuesday morning. You are in good hands now and I would advise you to put more confidence in your spiritual adviser than in anything else. Anything that I can do for you let me know and I will see that it is done, but the law will take its course on Tuesday morning next."

La Belle was very much affected and felt very badly. He had hopes all along that the influence of his relatives would be sufficient to bring about a new trial or at least a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment, and now that they have failed his last hope has disappeared. The death warrants that will be read in the cells this morning of the execution prior to the march to the scaffold have been in the hands of the sheriff for several days. They bear the signature of Mr. Justice Craig, before whom the case was tried, and J. S. McKay, acting territorial clerk. The scaffold will be completed this evening and will be officially tested on Monday in the presence of a few invited guests and the members of

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NO HOPE

Ottawa, Jan. 17.—The Dominion cabinet finally concluded this morning not to grant the appeal of La Belle for a new trial nor to exercise the prerogative of mercy.

the press. The beam from which the ropes will be suspended is a huge, well seasoned stick in size 10x10 and large enough to support with ease a dozen men. The condemned will be given a drop of seven feet. Straps for binding their arms and legs have been received and all is in readiness for the final act of the tragedy, which began by the murder of three helpless and harmless individuals ten miles below the mouth of the Stewart river.

But little attention has been given to Fournier as he has been so morose and sulky he would speak to no one. This morning for the first time he was detected reading his bible. He has seen the priest once but refused him admittance to his cell and conversed only a few moments through the grating. He may die repentant, but it is believed by his captors that he will go to his death with sealed lips as to the past, fearing neither God, man nor the devil.

THE THIRTY-NINERS

Victor Grant Was a Mauvaise Quart d'Heure.

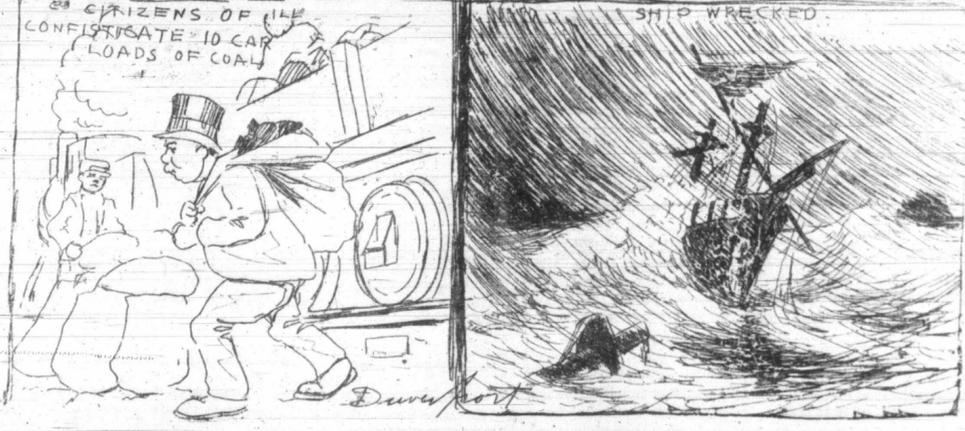
Victor Grant, the mining recorder, had to laugh this morning, though when lunch time came, and the hour of closing his department came, the laugh was a little awry. In accordance with the ruling of the gold commissioner in the protest case as to No. 4 Lovett gulch, it became his duty to issue certificates to each of the thirty-nine who were adjudged the stakers, of this claim, and of course he had to write these thirty-nine names upon each one of the certificates of location. It was fun the first time, and Mr. Grant said, when he had written all these names close together on the back of one of the forms—'for there was not a tenth of the space required on the face of the document.' "Did you ever see anything like that?" But when other applicants came and he had to write that undecipherable hand of his on several, with a contingency on sight that he will have to write those thirty-nine names thirty-nine times, he grew desperate and read all the blue laws of the Dominion before the confederation was effected. There was great sympathy expressed throughout the department by Jack McLagan, Mr. Noble, Mr. Finnie, and others.

FAREWELL BENEFIT

Tomorrow Night at the Auditorium to Leading Players.

Mr. Readick, the leading man of the Bittner company, determined during the week to go to the outside, and of course his wife, who has become popular under the stage name of Miss, goes with him. Mr. Readick could not gauge his popularity until he had announced his intention to leave, and the notes of regret that he has since received have been remarkably flattering. But his arrangements were made, and the next best thing that his friends could do was to give him a good send off. A benefit was therefore arranged for the Auditorium tomorrow night, and all the theatre people in town most willingly give their services to make it a success. The entertainment tomorrow night promises to be one of the best that have ever been given in the city.

She's sent me a "bid" to her wedding. And I, when I think of my debts, Am glad that I've something to send her— It's cheap. I shall send my "regrets." —Philadelphia Press.



TODAY'S DISPATCHES ILLUSTRATED.

SUFFERING FROM WANT OF COAL

Cold Weather Finds People in the East Totally Unprepared as Result of Great Strike—Ten Car Loads of Coal Confiscated by Citizens of Tuscola, Illinois—Mayor Was Powerless to Prevent Action Being Taken—Grand Jury of Chicago Will Investigate the Situation—Congress May Interfere and Confiscate the Mines.

Washington, Jan. 17.—The fuel famine stringency has resulted in a resolution in congress to take over the operation of all coal mines and railroads for the relief of national suffering, and that duties on coal be removed.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—Citizens in many places have seized carloads of coal, refunding the regular market prices.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—The coal stringency is leading to many turbulent scenes. At Tuscola, Ill., 200 citizens today confiscated ten carloads of coal at the Illinois Central Railway

yards and distributed the fuel among the sufferers. There is not a pound of coal in the salesmen's yards there and when the people saw the loaded cars sidetracked they determined to relieve the situation. The mayor tried to stop their action but the board of health was against him. It passed a resolution stating that the action was for the preservation of the health of citizens.

Chicago, Jan. 17.—The Chicago wholesale price of anthracite advanced \$3 in one jump and now is \$11.50 per ton. The grand jury is investigating the coal situation and witnesses have testified that a dozen companies are parties to an agreement to keep up the price, even in these terrible times. Indignation is expressed at this extra heartlessness of the corporations and the Hearst papers are making a great battle against the companies. The press generally is inclined to side with the Tuscola raiders, especially in view of the fact that business men and bankers joined in the raid and appointed a committee to collect money to pay for coal. They say necessity was the mother of the seizure.

New York, Jan. 17.—The price of coal broke slightly in New York yesterday. A further decline is expected today.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 17.—A coal train was also held up in this city and at Arcola. The citizens stopped a train of 30 cars. They paid for the fuel.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 17.—In Kansas the coal famine is taking on a very serious aspect. The state reform school is entirely out of fuel and many manufacturing concerns have closed down.

New York, Jan. 17.—The price of coal broke slightly in New York yesterday. A further decline is expected today.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Of South Carolina Attempts Murder

Quarrel Arose as to Outcome of a Notorious Senatorial Dispute.

Columbus, S. C., Jan. 17.—Lieutenant-Governor Tillman of South Carolina on Thursday shot J. G. Goggin, editor of the State. The wound is serious, and probably will result in death. The quarrel was the outcome of the notorious fight between Senators Tillman and McLauria at the last session of the house. It increased the editor's opposition to Tillman's election. The governor was arrested immediately.

No Plot. Washington, Dec. 8.—The Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, authorizes an absolute denial of the report, circulated from Vienna that a plot had been discovered to assassinate the czar at Livalla. At Auditorium—Virginia.

YES, IT IS COLD

But It Was Much Colder This Time Two Years Ago. It was a trifle chilly yesterday, and people who got up too early this morning complained that it was really cold. Well, for the twenty-four hours ending nine o'clock this morning the thermometer had wavered between 24 and 47 below, and at noon today it was only 44. The sun shone bright yesterday and tried his best to do so today, but not with quite the same success. There was too much fog. But at this time two years ago, it must be remembered, we had the coldest snap of all. The thermometer fell to 89 1/2 by half past nine in the morning, just the time when the lawyers and doctors were considering whether it was worth while to get up that day or not. That was the coldest on record so far, and the fact that the thermometer had no such desperate intentions this year may be accepted as some consolation.

Dr. Isadore McWilliam Bourke was in court this morning in response to a warning issued at the instance of the city health department. No information has been laid yet and at the request of the prospective defendant his honor promised that in case an action was brought it would not be heard on Monday. The complaint against the doctor is said to be due to the alleged uncleanly condition of the rear of the premises occupied by the Hotel Metropole.

AT THE RINK

Programme for Next Week if the Weather is Moderate. It is expected that the weather is too inclement to expect a big crowd at the Athletic rink tonight, but on Monday evening there will be general skating with the police band in attendance. On Tuesday will be played the great game of hockey between the Athletic team and the City Eagles. On Wednesday evening the long-talked-of game between two teams of lay men will take place. Willie Rittner, one of the principal players, is attempting to bring his weight down from 550 pounds to 270 pounds, so that he will be able to play in the same class as Dick Cowan. On Thursday there will be general skating to the music of the police band. On Saturday night will be the great fight between the City Eagles and the Civil Service, hockey, and the ambulances will line up at an early hour.

DID'NT DO IT

Story of Desertion is Officially Denied. Vienna, Jan. 17.—Countess Lonyay, former Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, who was asserted in the newspapers to have deserted her husband, Count Elemer Lonyay, has telegraphed from Cape Martes, France, as follows: "Stories untrue, count here. Deny impertinent rumors."

CAUSED BY LEAKING BOILERS

Steamship St. Louis Completes a Perilous Voyage Across the Atlantic—Passengers Highly Indignant and Adopt Resolutions of Condemnation.

New York, Jan. 17.—Leaking boilers caused an unusually long voyage by the American liner St. Louis, which arrived at New York this morning. The ship could only steam five knots an hour in fine weather.

New York, Jan. 17.—The St. Louis passengers passed resolutions condemning the American Line for permitting them to embark in a steamer whose condition was so pitiable. Much indignation is expressed at the company. The passengers say the vessel was unfit to go to sea. They cannot too severely condemn the recklessness of the management in sending a crippled vessel to sea with a cargo of human freight to contend against the storms and perils of the Atlantic at a particularly perilous season of the year. The passengers requested the captain of the steamer to transfer them in mid-ocean but he pointed out that it would be a most dangerous undertaking. They thanked him and the officers for uniform courtesy under trying circumstances. However, it is believed that the company placed their lives in jeopardy. The company has issued a statement that nothing was known as to the condition of the boiler, but would have prevented the vessel reaching New York after a normal passage. The marked loss of steaming power could not be foreseen and even in the light of present knowledge nothing in any way affects the perfect safety of the ship.

PRUSSIAN DIET EIGHTEEN WERE LOST

Speech of Throne Takes a Gloomy View. Berlin, Jan. 17.—The Prussian diet has been reopened. The speech took a gloomy view of the finances of Prussia, showing a deficit of \$9,375,000. Bills are announced for furthering the Germanization of Polish provinces in Prussia, and to improve the administration of railroads and the extension of the state railroad system.

WON FIGHT

Brokers Sold Cotton Without an Order. Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Jan. 17.—A fight for \$52,000 has been won in the American courts by Michael H. Thomas of Dallas, Texas, whose New York brokers sold 23,000 bales of cotton without his order.

HEAVY LOSS

Fire Breaks Out in the Gould Home. Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Jan. 17.—Fire began in a mysterious manner in the Fifth avenue home of George J. Gould and burned valuable tapestries and several paintings, causing a damage of \$125,000.

JEALOUS RAGE

Ends in Double Murder and Suicide. Chicago, Jan. 17.—E. J. Conley, in a fit of jealousy, killed Miss Jennie Dyer yesterday and painfully injured her escort, Frank Fay Merritt. He then put a bullet into his own heart.

SHAMROCK III.

Is Rapidly Approaching Completion at Ship Yards. Special to the Daily Nugget. Dumbarton, Jan. 17.—Shamrock III is rapidly building at Dumbarton. She is now completely framed and more than half plated. Typing this morning completed all arrangements for the launching.

HEART DISEASE

Carries off a Famous English Philanthropist. Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Jan. 17.—Quinton Hogg, founder of the great London Polytechnic, died suddenly of heart disease this morning aged 54.

TREATED SERIOUSLY

Government Appoints Veterinary Surgeon to Look After Glanders. Dr. Zera Strong, veterinary surgeon, has been appointed veterinary surgeon of the Dominion government to handle the outbreak of glanders, of which disease several cases have recently been reported. It does not seem, however, that the disease is likely to become epidemic and so doubt Dr. Strong will at once take steps to prevent it spreading.

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends. At Auditorium—Virginia.

EIGHTEEN WERE LOST

Bark Hanson Wrecked Off Flattery. Story of the Disaster as Told by Second Officer of the Ship. Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Jan. 17.—Second Officer Hanson of the bark Prince Arthur, which was wrecked near Cape Flattery, resulting in the loss of 18 lives, gives the following account of the disaster: "At 1 o'clock in the morning the vessel was running eastward with a strong westerly wind. Capt. Markussen had made no observations for three days but felt confident that the ship was inside Cape Flattery and sailing up the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Suddenly a light was seen ahead and the officers decided it was the lighthouse ashore. Orders were quickly given to wear ship, the vessel was brought about and stood off the shore. "The officers were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape when the bark struck a rock. Capt. Markussen ordered the pumps manned and investigated the damage. He found the vessel had struck a glancing blow and one of the plates was split. Preparations were made to stop the leak and the vessel was making good headway seaward when the second reef was struck. Captain Markussen remarked that they would soon be in deep water and out of danger. A monstrous sea was running and the bark rising on a huge wave fell on a jagged rock, literally collapsed and was swept by a tremendous wave which took everyone overboard and almost annihilated the vessel.

SEEK INVESTIGATION.

Macdonald Desires Dr. Bourke's Charges Investigated. When the Nugget appeared yesterday, denying the statement of Dr. Bourke that Mayor Wood had asked a commission to investigate the doctor's charges against certain members of the old city council, Alderman Macdonald telephoned to Mayor Wood that he desired such an investigation to be made. The alderman says today that he shall apply for such an investigation, but what form this application will take has not yet been decided upon.

RECORD TIME.

Dawson to Whitehorse Less Than 4 Days. A telegram was received from Whitehorse this morning, by Mr. H. Jones from his partner, Mr. Grey, of the Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd., to the effect that his party had arrived there at 8 a. m., breaking all previous records—three days and eighteen hours. They will catch the steamer Cottage City at Skagway. Mr. Grey and Mr. Geo. Murphy both left on Tuesday morning last at 11 a. m. Auditorium—Virginia.

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(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
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And Small Packages can be sent to the Greeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

\$50 Reward.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Virginia."

THE CLAIM JUMPER

Several decisions have been handed down by the gold commissioner of late, wherein a very strong position has been taken against the practice of claim jumping. The decisions point conclusively to the fact that men who have expended large sums in the development of their property are not to be nudged in their holdings through simple failure to comply with insignificant technicalities.

There may be a question as to the extent of the discretionary power of the gold commissioner in giving interpretation to the provisions of the regulations and that matter may be determined only through appeal to the proper tribunal.

It may be said, however, that the attitude of the commissioner is based upon common sense and equity and is in accord with the usages and traditions of mining camps the world over.

The aim and purpose of law is to secure justice, and when laws either through ignorance or accident are so framed as to work a manifest hardship, it certainly becomes the duty of the courts to make use of such discretionary powers as they possess to the end that equity may be secured as nearly as possible.

The claim jumper is the curse of every mining camp. His sole object is to prey upon the efforts of his fellows. He is a parasite upon the community. Instead of setting himself to the task of securing a claim, through following the ordinary rules and practices which prevail in the community, he spends his time in spying upon the operations of the legitimate miner. He has no regard for a poor claim but almost invariably watches his opportunity to "jump" a piece of ground, the rightful owner of which has demonstrated to be of exceptional value.

He never works himself and has no desire to work. He simply watches his chance until some man who has developed a paying claim happens to be ten minutes late in securing his renewal. Then the deadly work of the claim jumper begins. He familiarizes himself with the ground and probably knows beforehand the reason which prevents the owner from complying with the law within the specified time. He has acquainted himself with the technicalities of the regulations and knows the minute that the claim will lapse. Without the expenditure of a dollar or an effort

other than is required in staking the ground, the jumper essays a plain steal of the fruits of another man's labor.

In less orderly communities claim jumpers have been driven from the camp or perhaps visited with punishment even more severe. But in Dawson where the dignity of the law is properly maintained he must be reached through legal processes.

There are weak spots in the regulations governing the mining industry of this territory which will not be entirely overcome until a mining code drafted upon broad lines and in the light of thorough knowledge of conditions is substituted for existing regulations.

But until that time arrives the Nugget will offer the hope that the chair of the gold commissioner will always be occupied by a man who will brush aside technical quibbles when they are manifestly opposed to justice and equity.

EPIDEMIC OF DISASTER
Average Yukoner who reads the dispatches dealing with existing conditions in the great outside world may well feel contented with his lot.

An epidemic of disaster seems to be raging in many portions of the world from which we in the Yukon, with all our isolation, are comparatively free.

Throughout the east, there is extraordinary suffering due to failure of fuel supply which combined with the arrival of cold weather has created untold misfortune.

The situation has become so critical that the United States congress has taken the matter in hand and pressure is being renewed to effect nationalization of the coal industry.

In other parts of the continent terrific storms are raging, disastrous fires have occurred, and fatal accidents are the order of the day.

Far removed from the scenes of desolation which form the main theme of the dispatches, the Yukon territory goes on its way, undisturbed and untroubled. Multimillionaires are an unknown commodity but extreme poverty is almost equally so.

Certainly the Yukoner seeks much of cold weather, but he has a snug cabin and a comfortable wood pile and is not terrorized even though the mercury hovers around the 40 below mark.

To those people who feel discontented with their surroundings in this far northern community, we commend a perusal of the dispatches which tell of what tens of thousands of people are suffering in far distant places.

The Nugget takes occasion to inform those persons who engaged themselves a few days since in shoveling snow from their roofs, that golden spring has not yet put in an appearance.

Russia's Earthquake
Ashkabad, Russia, Turkistan, Dec. 23.—Even the worst of the earlier reports of the recent earthquake disaster at Andijan are underestimated. The appalling loss of life. A telegram today puts the number of victims in the native quarter of the town at 1000. Already 800 corpses have been disinterred from the ruins. The work of excavation progresses slowly.

The state treasury, containing five million rubles, is in the ruins and excavations to get the money are carried on under the supervision of a strong cordon of police. The water in the wells has disappeared, and a general subsidence of the site of the town is feared. Large numbers of laborers are being sent to excavate. Sappers have arrived, and are expected to make more rapid progress. The shocks continue with increasing violence. The area of seismic disturbances comprises two hundred square versts.

The Russian population is camping at the railroad station, where five hundred cars are placed at the disposal of the populace. The local government officials are quartered in tents. Sheds for the destitute are being built as rapidly as possible. Free soup kitchens have been started, and officials are aiding the departure of the inhabitants by distributing food, money and free railroad tickets.

At St. Petersburg it is estimated that nearly five thousand have been killed by the earthquake at Andijan. The engineer officers at Andijan, who are superintending the excavations being made with the view of recovering the buried treasure at the sites of the army department, state treasury, postoffice, etc., and the erection of sheds to shelter the officials and other homeless people, report that although the work is progressing as rapidly as possible, a month must elapse before even the civil and military authorities will be housed. The railroads are aiding in the work by all possible means, furnishing free transportation for provisions and materials, and conveying the inhabitants free of charge to towns in the government of Fergana. The cash remittances in aid of the destitute people thus far have been very small.

A NEST EGG

BY J. W. RILEY.

But a few miles from the city here and on the sloping banks of the stream noted more for its pleasurable "chubs" and "shiners" than for its gamier two and four pound bass for which, in season, so many credulous anglers flock and lie in wait, stands a country residence, so convenient to the stream, and so inviting in its pleasant exterior and comfortable surroundings—barn, dairy and spring-house—that the weary, sunburnt and disheartened fisherman, out from the dusty town for a day of recreation, is often wont to seek its hospitality.

The house in style of architecture is something of a departure from the typical farmhouse, being designed and fashioned with no regard to symmetry of proportion, but rather, as is suggested, built to conform to the ideas of its owner, who, if it pleased him, would have small windows where large ones ought to be, and vice versa, whether they balanced properly to the eye or not. And chimney—he would have as many as he wanted, and no two alike, in either height or size. And if he wanted the front of the house to stand out all possible view, as though abashed at any chance of public scrutiny, why, that was his affair, and not the public's, and, with like perverseness, if he chose to thrust his kitchen under the public's very nose, what should the generally fagged out, half-famished representative of that dignified public do but feel in his dead mien, shoulder his fishing rod, clamber over the back fence of the old farmhouse and inquire within, or jog back to the city, inwardly anathematizing that very particular locality, or the whole rural district in general. That is just the way that farmhouse looked to the writer of this sketch one week ago—so individual it seemed—liberal, and yet so independent, it wasn't even weather-boarded, but, instead, was covered smoothly with some cement, as though the plasterers had come while the folks were visiting, and so unable to get at the interior, had just plastered the outside.

I am more than glad that I was hungry enough, and weary enough, and wise enough to take the house at its first suggestion, for, put away my fishing tackle for the morning, at least, I went up the sloping bank, crossed the dusty road, and confidently clambered over the fence.

Not even a growling dog to intimidate that I was trespassing. All was open—gracious-looking—pastoral. The sward beneath my feet was velvet-like in elasticity, and the scarce visible path I followed through it led promptly to the open kitchen door. From within I heard a woman singing some old ballad in an undertone while at the threshold a trim, white-spurred rooster stood poised on one foot, curving "his glossy neck" and cocking his wattled head as though to catch the meaning of the words. I paused. It was a scene I felt restrained from breaking in upon, not would I, but for the sound of a strong male voice coming around the corner of the house.

"Sir, Howdy!"
Turning, I saw a rough-looking but kindly-featured man of sixty-five, the evident owner of the place.

I returned his salutation with some confusion and much deference. "I must really beg your pardon for this intrusion," I began, "but I have been here myself out fishing, and your home here looked so pleasant—and I felt so thirsty—and—"

"Want a drink, I reckon," said the old man, turning abruptly toward the kitchen door, then peering as suddenly, with a backward motion of his thumb, "jest foller the path here down to the little brick—that's the spring—and you'll find at your own home to the right place for drinkin' water." Hold on a minute, let I get you a tumbler—there's nothin' down there but a tin.

"Then don't trouble yourself any further," I said hastily, "for I'd rather drink from a tin cup than a goblet of pure gold!"

"And so'd I," said the old man, reflectively, turning mechanically and following me down the path. "I'd rather drink out of a tin or jest 'er fruit can with the top knocked off, or—er—er a gourd," he added in a regretful reminiscent tone of voice, that so heightened my impatience that I reached the spring-house fairly in a run.

"Well, sir," exclaimed my host in evident delight, as I stood dipping my nose in the second cupful of a cool, revivifying liquid, and peering in a congratulatory kind of way at the blurred and rubicund reflection of my features in the bottom of the cup, "well sir, named if it don't do a feiler good to see you enjoyin' it that way! But don't you drink too much o' the water," cause there's some sweet milk over there in one o' them crocks, maybe, and ef you'll jest, kind o' keeblee like, lift off the lid of that third one, and dip over there to yer left, and dip you a tumbler er two o' that w'y, it'll do you good to see you at it— it'll hold up—hold up," he called abruptly, as, nowise loath, I bent above the vessel designated. "Hold

one o' the whole three o' 'em, and so when mother told me 'at the signs pinto to rds Annie, w'y, of course, I hedn't no particular objections to that, 'cause Morris was of good family enough, it turned out, and, in fact, was as stirrin' a young feller, as ever I'd want 'er a son-in-law, and so I hed nothin' more to say—ner they wasn't no occasion to say nothin', 'cause right along about then I begin to notice 'at Marthy quit comin' home so much, and Morris kep' a comin' more. Tet finally, one time he was out here all by hisself, 'long about dusk, come out here where I was feedin' the cattle and he asked in his straight-forward way ef he couldn't marry Annie, and, some-way-another, blame ef it didn't make me as happy as him when I told him yes! 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...The Eldorado of the Ancients...

In his work "The Eldorado of the Ancients," Dr. Carl Peters, the German explorer, deals with his enquiries as to the identity of the ancient gold mines of the Zambesi country with the Ophir of Solomon's days.

In 1895 Dr. Peters was looking over an old historical atlas published in the years 1705-9, and examining that portion of the map representing the Zambesi region, was surprised to see a mountain which bore the name of Fura. Dr. Peters writes:

The name Fura, as the Portuguese authors stated, was a corruption of the word Afur or Aufur, by which Arabian traders called the mountain. Adir, however, was, as I was taught by the Arabist, the South Arabian form of the Hebrew word Ophir. Was not here a possible starting point toward a solution of the Ophir problem? The entry on the map, as well as the description in the letter press, gave the impression of reality. Here was certainly no question of one of the numerous myths which characterize the history of African geography. By all appearances everything rested on reliable historical sources.

The doctor on this theory started for Africa. For years, he writes, my attitude toward this question has been that it was impossible to arrive at the situation of Ophir by means of theoretical deductions, and that one must actually discover it somewhere on the earth. It stands to reason that an Eldorado from which a single expedition lasting three years returned to Jerusalem with a mass of gold weighing 420 talents of 114 pounds Troy must be indicated today by unassailable archaeological remains. One must reflect that this amount represents a value of over \$1,750,000. And in First Kings, ix, 4, we even read that King David had brought together 3,000 talents of gold from Ophir, representing a value of \$12,500,000.

No solution of the Ophir problem is worthy of scientific consideration that does not start from the clear and irrefragable evidence of ancient and to be more precise, ancient public gold mining operations.

References to Ophir are shown in First Kings, ix, 26-28. King Solomon sent his ships, and they came from Ophir, and fetched from thence gold 420 talents and brought it to King Solomon. Then in Kings again, x, 10-11, the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon "an 120 talents of gold." Many are the references to Ophir, as in Job you read "Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the Ophir as the stones of the brooks."

Was Ophir in Arabia? Then gold or the traces of it ought to be found as existing today. It is enough to show that the precious metal was found here and there in the old world. We want to see actually with our own eyes a section of country where it was found in great abundance, and was regularly mined, and on a very large scale.

...A Strange Buried City...

Senor Leopoldo Batres, the eminent Mexican archaeologist, passed through Chicago on his way to the City of Mexico from the congress of Americanists recently held in New York, says the Record-Herald. Senor Batres has long been an authority on the archaeology of his country, and for many years has been in the service of the government with the title of "Inspector generally conservador de monumentos en la Republica Mexicana."

His published works have made his name familiar to scientists all over the world, and his discovery six months ago of the buried city of Monte Alban, four miles from the city of Oaxaca, in the southern part of Mexico, not very far from the ruins of Mitla, is the most important of its kind ever made in America.

Senor Batres and Senor Barriobal, the Mexican consul in Chicago, were guests on Tuesday evening of "El Circulo Espanol," and by special request of the members, the former gave an account of his explorations in Monte Alban. Senora Corbella Phipps acted as interpreter, and with the ease and fluency of speech which characterize her, Senor Batres told in charming conversational style of the great city covering millions of cubic meters, with its spacious palaces, pyramids and tombs, built of stone and mortar on the top of a high ridge of mountains so steep and rough as to be almost inaccessible.

In the absence of any indication of there having been water there, the supposition must be that not only were all the building materials brought from a great distance below, but also the water for mixing the mortar. It was a mighty enterprise. The speaker calculated that it would take 10,000 men a hundred years to construct such a city in that place. The walls are still in an excellent state of preservation, and have upon their carvings which throw some light on the belief and customs of the inhabitants, who, according to Senor Batres' calculations, must have lived over 2,000 years ago.

He traced several points of resemblance between these ruins and those of Egypt, the most striking being the obelisks, which, as in that country, stand facing the tombs of the monarchs, who apparently erected their own tombs before their death. On the four sides of the obelisks are carved statues seven feet in height in a sitting posture, with the head bent forward and the eyes closed. The inscriptions on the sides are in picture language and commemorate, present only the achievements of the rulers.

The speaker thought there was no hope of the inscriptions ever being correctly interpreted, as they show conclusively that ancient people had no knowledge of an alphabet to which a key might some day be discovered, as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. One of the pyramids of Monte Alban is larger than that of Cheops, and, as in Egypt, gives every indication of having served for the purposes of burial. The stone steps of the stairways in the ruins are evenly hewn with sharp cut corners. The origin of this ancient city is as mysterious as the cause of its destruction. Some of the stones of the stairway are found thirty meters from their original location and have the appearance of having been hurled there by some mighty force.

Society during the last week has been just about as brilliantly effervescent as usual. Several small functions have been held and many of the ladies took advantage of the mild weather in the early part of the week to return calls long deferred, but there has been nothing in the shape of a dance or anything of an ultra swagger sort. Society will hear with regret the news of the determination of St. Andrew's society to not have a ball this year in honor of their patron saint. It will be the first year since '98 that such neglect has been shown good St. Andrew and the strange part of it is that no one seems to be able to give any very rational excuse for so doing. It has been rumored quietly that the balls for the past two years have shown a deficiency when the finance committee came to report the receipts and expenditures and in consequence of which members have had to go down in their pockets and make good their pro rata, but that would appear to be bad management rather than a lack of appreciation by the social element of the city. Every dance ever given by the society has been very well patronized, tickets were never less than \$15 and with a fund of over \$2000 at their disposal one would naturally think that quite a well laid affair could be given even in this land of high prices and still keep the expenditures within the limits of the receipts. The first intimation had that there would likely be no ball this season was last November, a week or so before St. Andrew's day arrived. Then it was stated that on account of political matters being at such a state of ebullition the ball would be postponed until January and then a dual celebration would be had of both St. Andrew and Bobby Burns, the birthday of the latter falling on the 25th. Now comes the news that there will be none at all, at least none directly under the auspices of the Scotch society. Well, I suppose the society knows its own affairs, when to dance and when not to dance, but it seems really too bad. I know of several handsome gowns that have been kept religiously under cover in anticipation of either St. Andrew's or the police ball and now there is to be neither one nor the other.

Apropos of the police ball. I was speaking a few days ago with one of the force and I asked him point blank why it was they did not intend giving another ball this year when their last was so successful? He was very frank in his reply and I must admit there was a world of logic in his conclusions. He said: "The dance last year being wholly complimentary cost us each \$7 which made quite a little hole in our meagre small-monthly stipend. Of all the men on the force there were not a dozen who attended the dance. The enjoyment of the affair was wholly partaken of by the civilians who care not a fig for us. We have not the entire into society and why should we contribute a fifth of our monthly salary toward entertaining a lot of people whom we do not know and who care nothing at all for us? Dawson is not much like the Territories in that respect." And I was forced to admit that Dawson had ways peculiar to herself.

But there will be a big dance this month just the same and those in charge assert that it will be quite the most elaborate affair of the winter. The Arctic Brotherhood will be the sponsors and the date has been fixed for Monday, January 26. It will be a Bobby Burns ball and the probabilities are that the Scotch society will attend in force and give several of their national dances. Full dress will be de rigueur, the A. B. hall will be specially decorated for the occasion and the collation will be something more than salads and sandwiches. The price of tickets has not been fully agreed upon but it is thought they will not exceed \$7.50 or \$10.

\$10 at the utmost. Cards of admission can only be secured through members of the committee, the personnel of which will be announced later. As the ball will be in honor of the favorite poet of bonny Scotland, the A. B.'s will follow the custom fashioned by the Scotch society and give a preliminary ball on Friday evening preceding the dance. The latter is intended more as a rehearsal of the Scotch dances, but there will be plenty of others as well. The attendance will be strictly limited to those holding tickets to the dance on Monday evening following, one ticket admitting to both without extra charge for the preliminary.

Mrs. R. J. Ellbeck was "at home" to her friends on Thursday, the 15th, from 3 to 6. About forty cards were issued and but very few sent regrets, the whole soured hospitality of the Ellbeck mansion being so proverbial and so well known. Mrs. Ellbeck was assisted in receiving by Miss Craig, the accomplished daughter of Mr. Justice Craig, and the Misses Bourke. Small talk and seven-handed euchre was the frolic of the afternoon, at the latter trophies being won by Mrs. J. Langlois-Bell, Mrs. A. Ross Cutbert and Mrs. D. W. Davis. A dainty collation was served at the conclusion of the games. Those participating in the joyous occasion included Mrs. C. D. Macaulay, Mrs. Z. T. Wood, Mrs. A. Ross Cutbert, Mrs. Wroughton, Mrs. C. E. Thompson, Mrs. Frank J. McDougal, Mrs. H. D. Hulme, Mrs. A. G. Smith, Mrs. F. G. Crisp, Mrs. Geo. Craig, Mrs. J. Langlois-Bell, Mrs. Henry B. Macaulay, Mrs. Arthur Davey, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. D. W. Davis, Mrs. R. P. McLennan, Mrs. P. McLennan, Mrs. George Byrne, Mrs. N. F. Hagel, Mrs. T. Dufferin Patullo, Mrs. A. M. Thornburg, Mrs. W. H. Parsons, Mrs. Shannon, Mrs. Charles Macpherson, Mrs. Walter O'Gax, Mrs. A. R. Hayes, Mrs. Dr. Grant, Miss Craig, Miss Miles, Mrs. Macaulay and the Misses Bourke.

I was at the theatre a few evenings ago and witnessed an awfully pretty little love scene not down on the bills and not depicted on the stage. It was not made conspicuous and I probably would not have noticed it myself had I not known that things in that direction were progressing in the same old way, through channels plentifully sprinkled with an oasis of sweetness here and there. With a poet's license the contributor of the following little sonnet, which the occasion inspired, has substituted a Wagner opera as being on the boards instead of a melo-drama. More euphonious, don't ye know.

When Hattie talked across the crimson sea of plush,
From which her shoulders rose as sunlight fair,
Her voice was sweeter than the notes of wren or thrush—
When Hattie talked.
Forgotten then the sainted maiden
Elsa's prayer,
Lost to his soul entranced the rich harmonious gush
Of muted strings and sighing flutes,
His heart was there.
To Hattie's box, with passionate and unchecked rush,
It flew upon the viewless wings of Love's sweet air.
But some unshackled Wagnerite cried loudly, "Hush!"
When Hattie talked.
Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Frank J. Heman entertained a crowd of little folk from 4 to 7, the occasion being the eighth birthday of young Master Byron Heman. Children's games were indulged in and at 6 o'clock when tired of their play dainty refreshments were served in the games prizes were won by Hazel Shaw, Lena White, Charles Cunningham and Alfred Townsend. A novel conceit originated by the hostess for the entertainment of the children was a huge birthday cake in which a coin was concealed. This was consumed to the extent of the little ones' capacity and still none had been fortunate enough to draw the lucky piece. With no more space to fill and the prize yet to be drawn the hostess was in a quandary what to do. The problem was solved by recovering the coin and having a miniature lottery, Hazel Shaw being the lucky little girl to win it. The guests on the afternoon were Ivah Elise, Frankie Cross, Lillie Townsend, Lena White, Fay Perry, Hazel Shaw, Audrey Rose, Violet Townsend, Lillian Mangold, Aurel Mangold, Alfred Townsend, Charley Cunningham, Norton Townsend, Howard Heman and Edwin Heman.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Hutehinson were "at home" to their friends on Thursday and Friday of this week and the popularity of the happy couple could not have been more forcibly evinced than by the throng of callers each day who paid their respects and warmly extended the congratulations of the hour. Mrs. Hutehinson was assisted by Miss Wilson. The bride was handsomely gowned in white and while reclining in an easy chair and chatting with her callers made a veritable picture of satisfied happiness.

Ex-mayor Macaulay played the good spirit to a bowling party of youngsters Wednesday afternoon. At 2 o'clock he called at the school with a two-horse rig which in a moment was loaded to the guards with a noisy band of happy school children. They were driven about for an hour or two and thoroughly enjoyed the outing given them by the former father of the city.

Mrs. Smythe's dancing class has a soiree d'adieu Tuesday evening at Eagle hall which was participated in by some twenty-five couples. The dance was a sheet and pillow case party, the first of the season. At midnight the ghostly hall'ants were laid aside and the young people continued in their joy unconfined until an early hour.

Mrs. R. A. Kalenborn returned today from a week's visit spent with Mrs. Chitlock and Miss Daly, friends residing on 28b above on Bonanza.

Private theatricals will engross the attention of a number of the society folk during the next two or three weeks. The date of the production and where it will be put on has not been announced, but doubtless will be very soon. Dawson has plenty of theatrical as well as musical talent and the presentation of one of the old standard comedies would be very acceptable.

After his approaching departure having been announced several times and as often denied, Mr. Freimuth, the violinist, has at last torn himself away from Dawson, leaving on Tuesday's stage. He will spend a few weeks at his old home in Vancouver and expects to return the latter part of March, bringing with him a quantity of the latest music out. Mr. Freimuth's absence will make no difference in the forthcoming production of the "Pirates of Panance" by the Operatic Society. A very capable substitute has been found in the person of Mr. Theilborn, an excellent leader with a record of experience in operatic productions. Mr. Searelle informs me the rehearsals are progressing famously and it is quite likely that the presentation will be the best of any yet attempted by the company.

THE CHAPPIE
"Son' de man dat swears may be a real gen'l man, but he got to prove it to me befo' I trust him."
"Son' de worst ob de imitation ladies isn't always to be found among de scrub ladies or de kitchen maids."
"Son' when yo' think yo' an havin' de bes' luck is de time to watch out, fo' dat's when bad luck an a-layin' plans de hardest to swipe yo' outen de persimmon tree."
"Son' nowadays it an extremely obfuscatious fo' de too honest man, he jes' done seems to stand in de way to be skinned. To be a first-class business man, be sho' yo' an doin' nothin' illegal, den go ahead."

The Groom—What are you thinking of, dearest?
The Bride—I was thinking if your father and mother had never met, or mine had never met, or we had never been born, or hadn't loved each other or—or—something, how dreadful everything would have been.—Brooklyn Life.

Virginia—At Auditorium.

SHORT OF GRUB.

Freighting to Duncan is Now Particularly Active.

Ex-Mining Recorder Hyles got in yesterday from a trip to Duncan and Clear creek districts, where he has been assisting surveyors Barwell and Rentier to run the base lines. He says that grub was very short there, and as they came out they met Jimmy Butler and Corby and a dozen others taking in supplies. They met five horse sleds on Dominion, and dog teams all along the trail. He says that there is not a large amount of work going on on Duncan owing to the scarcity of supplies and many men are coming to the city in consequence, but he believes the outlook is good, and one reason that he has for this conclusion is that the men having claims there are doing very little talking.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

OTTAWA DECISION

As to Dawson Murderers Labelled and Fournier.

Ottawa, Dec. 21.—The government has decided that the law must be allowed to take its course in the case of LaBelle and Fournier, the Dawson murderers. The former will, therefore, be hanged on January 19th and the latter on January 20th. The circumstances in this case were just as atrocious as in the celebrated O'Brien case, and the mounted police were equally as prompt in bringing the murderers to book. The victims were three unsuspecting and honest French-Canadians from the province of Quebec—Boutillier, Constantine and Beaudin; who while on their way up to Dawson fell into the company of LaBelle and Fournier and were deceived to a lonely islet and shot down in cold blood. This awful crime was committed for the sake of the money which the victims carried, amounting to about \$200. The corpses, weighted down with stones, were cast into the river, but the waters gave up their dead, and the finding and identification of the bodies led to the discovery of the crime. The murdered men's remains were found in June last, and LaBelle and Fournier were convicted and sentenced in November. This speaks volumes for the detective work performed by the mounted police and the swiftness of British justice. The two men are suspected of having killed a miner named Gullback, but as the fourth murder took place at Circle City, in United States territory, it was not investigated by the British authorities.—Toronto Globe.

Will care for one or two good dogs for their use during the balance of the winter. Apply Nugget office.

Monogram Hotel AND STORE

No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska. Good meals, good beds, good bar. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-out at the mouth of Lost Creek which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

Advertisement for 'THE KLONDIKE NUGGET' JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT. Features 'FOUR CARLOADS OF JOB PRINTING MATERIAL' and lists prices for Letterheads (\$6.00 per thousand), Business Cards (3.00), Meal Ticket (4.00), and Dodgers (4.00). Includes the slogan 'The finest and Largest Assortment Ever Brought to Dawson.' and 'DO YOU NEED PRINTING? IF SO THESE PRICES WILL GET YOUR WORK.'

Advertisement for 'DOWNING'S EXPRESS' for Fortymile and Eagle City. Carrying mail, passengers and express, leaves every Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. From Calderhead's dock, Dawson. Four-horse stages, plenty of fur robes, careful drivers, insuring a fast, comfortable service. All road house stations on this route are strictly first class. For rates apply at office of Merchants Mail & Express Co., L. & C. Dock, Dawson.

Advertisement for 'In-LADIES' COATS AND DRESS SKIRTS' with 'Great Reductions' at 'Summers & Orrell' located at 112 SECOND AVENUE.

BOUCHER RETURNS

Last Precinct in the Election.

Twenty-One Votes Were Cast and Five of the Number Were Plumpers.

Returns in the late election are now complete. F. R. Alley, deputy returning officer for Boucher, having arrived last night with the results from his district.

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The foregoing are the complete returns in so far as the ballots have been counted. In addition to them there are 15 ballots that have been allowed by the court of revision, but which candidates are favored by them will not be known until the recount is made by Sheriff Ellbeck, returning officer for this district.

RED ROCK CREEK.

N. A. T. & T. Co. Applies for a Water Right.

Gold Commissioner Senker this morning handed down his decision in the protest of G. Kyrle Allen, Chas. Johnson and J. A. Pounder against the N. A. T. & T. Company in regard to a water right on Red Rock creek.

This is a case where the plaintiffs object to the defendant company obtaining a water grant to divert water from Red Rock creek at a point above claims held by them on said creek.

From the evidence I do not think that I should order that the defendants be refused a grant. Whether a grant shall issue or not will be left in the hands of the mining engineer who shall make an examination of the ground.

Gertrude (the big sister)—Maud, I do wish you'd stop your chattering to that dog. Can't you see I'm talking to Mr. Lovelade?

NEW COMMISSIONERS

All the Appointments for Election to be Cancelled. For the purposes of the last election it was necessary for the territorial government to appoint a large number of commissioners for taking oaths.

DOG TEAM RACE

Delarge Lost the Race Because of an Accident. The long talked of dog team race for \$250 a side came off today, and the N. A. T. & T. Company's dogs driven by Taylor, the runner, came in ahead by ten minutes and was awarded the victory.

WATER RIGHTS

Three Granted Today By the Gold Commissioner. Three water rights were granted today by the gold commissioner, as follows: E. Hoffenbrodel et al from a tributary at 45 below on Sulphur to the lower half of 52 below, 50 inches for three years; G. Crumby from a tributary 10 below lower on left limit of Dominion for creek claim 10a above lower, 60 inches for three years; Andrew Anderson, from tributary 22 below upper, right limit, Dominion, for hillside claim, opposite, 60 inches for three years.

COUNCIL MEETING

Will be Sometime Next Month Before First Session. The territorial council will probably not meet before the second week in February. Acting Commissioner Wood has first to be duly informed of the results of the election by the returning officer, and this cannot be done until the 23rd. Then he will have to officially notify the members elect from Whitehorse, and receive their report. So that the earliest possible time for a meeting cannot be earlier than the second week of next month.

Religious Services

Methodist Church—The pastor will preach tomorrow morning on the subject "How do you do," and in the evening on "Halfheartedness." At the latter service the following music will be sung: "Antiphon," "Saviour, Breathe An Evening Blessing," by Schlinger; soprano and baritone solos and quartet, Mrs. Eddy the Walker, Miss Larsen, Mr. McLeod and Corporal Cobb. Offertory solo, "Behold How Good and Joyful," by Danko, Mrs. Mullen.

Mother's Champion

"I wish, sister," said Aunt Helen as little Kate's mother thanked her very profusely for arranging some flowers. "I wish you would get the idea out of your head that you must thank me for every little thing I do for you."

Pioneers of Klondike

The next meeting of the above order will be held at the Eagles' hall on Saturday, the 24th instant, at 8 p. m., when several matters of great importance to the members will be discussed. A large attendance is requested.

With a Horse Dentist

The latest animal to receive the serious attention of the dentist is the horse. Already quite a number of valuable animals, such as racing and trailing horses, have had their damaged molars attended to, and when they smile display glittering gold teeth.

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\$100 REWARD

Will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest of Thomas Buren Grimesly. (Signed) A. ROSS CUTHBERT, Supt. Commanding B. Div., N.W.M.P., Dawson.

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TANANA STRIKE.

Number of Tributaries of Chenoa Reported Rich. In company with Wallace Evans and Tracey Hope arrived in town from Fortymile two days ago a Jap named J. Wada, who came from what will probably prove to be a new mining district on the American side, among the tributaries of the Chenoa Mr. Wada had a few nuggets with him, but spoke very modestly of the new diggings.

SUIT FOR WAGES

Woodchopper Asks Judgment in Extent of \$146. Mr. Justice Macaulay was engaged this morning in hearing a wage case in which Joseph Martelle, a wood-chopper, was suing Wm. Coppard and W. H. Parkinson for \$146 said to be due him as wages. The work that was alleged to have been performed was done at a wood camp about six miles below Dawson, the time of such being between November 25 and December 31. Martelle took the stand and through an interpreter swore to having worked the time mentioned for which he by agreement was to receive \$4 a day and his board. He had demanded his money and had been unable to collect it. Had done his work well and had put in an average of ten hours a day during the entire time. His testimony as to the time put in and the character of the work performed was substantiated by Ferdinand Martelle and partially so by John Heising.

CUBAN RAILWAY

First Through Train From Santiago for Havana. Two thousand persons witnessed the departure of the first regular train over the Cuban railway from Santiago to Havana, with 150 through passengers. The crowd gave the train an enthusiastic send-off. The Cuban Company publishes liberal freight and passenger rates, and it is anticipated that the opening of the railroad will lead to rapid development of the interior of the island.

Where Charity Reaches a Science

Every observant tourist is astonished and somewhat nonplussed by the sight which greets his eye as his train approaches Berlin, the German capital city. After passing through the beautiful suburbs of Potsdam, the Versailles of Germany, of Schlachtensee, with its placid lake, of Grunewald, with its grim forests, the train rolls slowly through large stretches of level ground. At first the scene resembles a gigantic country fair. The large stretches are covered with rudely constructed huts, foliage pavilions, tents of all shapes and hues. There is a sea of potato patches, beds of cabbage, onions, turnips, cauliflower and melons interspersed with typical German flower beds, rearing sunflowers and flag poles upon which waves the German national emblem. The picture is enlivened by herds of rosy-cheeked children at all sorts of native games, or cavorting in true pastoral fashion upon the greens. Men and women in their picturesque native dress are at work in the gardens, watching the children at play. Tiny wreaths of blue smoke curl peacefully from crooked stove pipes protruding from the "hatched" roofs.

SHOT HIMSELF

After Attempting to Kill the Object of His Affections. San Francisco, Dec. 28.—Frenzied by the jealousy of the woman of whom he was enamored, Curtis T. Beck late yesterday afternoon killed himself and tried to kill Mrs. Georgia Albin. She lies in a critical condition at the Central Emergency Hospital. Two bullets from a revolver aimed by Beck struck the woman in the chest. One ripped its way through the lungs and the other buried itself where it will be a mere nuisance until removed. Beck's body, with a bullet hole through the heart, rests on a slab at the Morgue.

Canada's Growth

Exclusive of returned Canadian arrivals in Canada from outside countries for the eleven months of the year ending November 30 last, was 86,479 of an average of 7,348 per month. If this average is maintained for December it will make a total of 87,795 arrivals for the whole year. At this rate of increase we shall have added nearly a million to our numbers at the expiration of ten years, irrespective of the natural gain in population. And it must be borne in mind that this estimate is a conservative one. Of the present year's arrivals about 56,000 settled in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories and only 25,000 in eastern Canada. Furthermore, there was a movement of population from eastern Canada to the west aggregating 14,300, thus making a total of 70,300 persons who located in Manitoba and the Territories during the eleven months. The number of persons from the United States reported as having settled in western Canada during the same period is 31,289.

May Not Fight

Paris, Dec. 8.—Saturday's riotous scene in the Chamber continues to occupy the attention of the public and press here. The incident is criticized as a lamentable reflection on the parliamentary institution of the republic, which is certain to discredit and which may possibly overthrow the present parliamentary system. The seconds of Deputy Systeon and M. Valle favor an arbitration but have not agreed on the number of arbitrators. A challenge was issued by the former as the result of words with M. Valle during Saturday's debate.

The Governor's Generosity

The rumor that Lord Milner is coming to Canada bears improbability on its face. It is said that he is in ill-health and desirous of taking a rest. It is true that Canada does not make any great demands upon the energy of a governor-general, but as a man like Lord Milner, after he had got over the first exhaustion of fatigue, would probably find inaction irksome. He would also be in danger of being worried by indolent friends into doing something "strong."

A Clever Girl Artist

Miss you acquainted with a very smiling gentleman named "Sunny James"? His picture is displayed in so many places that almost every one is familiar with him, and is wondering "who drew the pictures?" I will tell you who drew some of them. It was not a high-salaried artist but a big little girl. She is 15 years old and has never had any instruction in art; she draws out her own weird faces, all of them in caricature and yet many little figures attract so much attention that her work is quite in demand. She does not support a large family with her earnings for she is not poor, but she thinks her success is all a grand joke and enjoys every bit of the work. Just at present her greatest desire is for a horse to ride, and every cheap, big and little, is carefully deposited in the bank to buy a thoroughbred and die horse next spring.

Cause of Stage Fright

An expert claims that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons in Dawson contemplating appearance should be careful of their diet and always buy groceries of Dunham, where they are always sure of getting the purest and best.

The Strain o' Scots

There's naethin' like the clasp o' a guid Scot's hand. Tae a Scot when he's far awa', Far frae the dear auld mitherland, An' hame, an' fren's, an' a' Tho' the ban' that grasps yer han' be hard An' scarr'd wi' years o' toil, 'Tis the grasp that speaks o' oor warm regard For the things a' Scottish soil.

There's naethin' like the sight o' a guid Scot's face.

There's naethin' like the sight o' a guid Scot's face. Through harsh in lika like, For Honor there has left its trace An' Truth has made its sign. 'Tis a face the world can a'ways trust. An' g'e' respect at maist, For, hoover sudden ill-fortune's thrust, It-aye was bravely faced.

There's naethin' like the sound o' the guid Scot's tongue.

There's naethin' like the sound o' the guid Scot's tongue. As it fa's on a Scottish ear, For, whatsoever it be spoke o' sung, It has its memories dear. Memories that ca' tae the exile's heart Frae oot his native glen, Till fierce an' sudden the tear well start, Ye canna hand it ben.

There's naethin' like the bill o' an auld Scot's sang.

There's naethin' like the bill o' an auld Scot's sang. Tae cheer ye whan yer wae, Tae bring back the days that are fled sae lang. As it were bit yesterday, Tha' saigs that yer neither used nor croon. As she dabbled ye on her knee, O, there's naethin' the auld Scot's saigs aboon. Tae mak' yer bluid flow free.

There's naethin' like a strain o' the guid Scot's bluid.

There's naethin' like a strain o' the guid Scot's bluid. Juist tak' it through an' through, Tae keep ye aye in a cheerie mood. An' mak' yer heart beat true. Tae haud ye aye tae the ways o' God. As weel's the ways o' men. Tae gie ye strength in life tae plod. Along tae the journey's end.

Thank God, my lads, for the auld Scot's strain.

Thank God, my lads, for the auld Scot's strain. For the stream that courses in Ika vein. It bluid that nane can scorn. Heroes an' martyrs deid lang syne. Gave o' that bluid tae flow. That Scotland's honor-richt never tyne. Or cringe tae a foreign foe.

Sae, here's again tae the dear auld land.

Sae, here's again tae the dear auld land. —Oor forebears lo'd-ae-dear. St. Andra's Nicht? lat ks rav a hand. Tae Scotsmen far an' near. For the sake o' the bluid in a' oor veins. An' the land o' a common thought, An' may nane gae back, while life remains. On the honest name o' a Scot.

May Not Fight

Paris, Dec. 8.—Saturday's riotous scene in the Chamber continues to occupy the attention of the public and press here. The incident is criticized as a lamentable reflection on the parliamentary institution of the republic, which is certain to discredit and which may possibly overthrow the present parliamentary system. The seconds of Deputy Systeon and M. Valle favor an arbitration but have not agreed on the number of arbitrators. A challenge was issued by the former as the result of words with M. Valle during Saturday's debate.

The Governor's Generosity

The rumor that Lord Milner is coming to Canada bears improbability on its face. It is said that he is in ill-health and desirous of taking a rest. It is true that Canada does not make any great demands upon the energy of a governor-general, but as a man like Lord Milner, after he had got over the first exhaustion of fatigue, would probably find inaction irksome. He would also be in danger of being worried by indolent friends into doing something "strong."

A Clever Girl Artist

Miss you acquainted with a very smiling gentleman named "Sunny James"? His picture is displayed in so many places that almost every one is familiar with him, and is wondering "who drew the pictures?" I will tell you who drew some of them. It was not a high-salaried artist but a big little girl. She is 15 years old and has never had any instruction in art; she draws out her own weird faces, all of them in caricature and yet many little figures attract so much attention that her work is quite in demand. She does not support a large family with her earnings for she is not poor, but she thinks her success is all a grand joke and enjoys every bit of the work. Just at present her greatest desire is for a horse to ride, and every cheap, big and little, is carefully deposited in the bank to buy a thoroughbred and die horse next spring.

Where Charity Reaches a Science

Every observant tourist is astonished and somewhat nonplussed by the sight which greets his eye as his train approaches Berlin, the German capital city. After passing through the beautiful suburbs of Potsdam, the Versailles of Germany, of Schlachtensee, with its placid lake, of Grunewald, with its grim forests, the train rolls slowly through large stretches of level ground. At first the scene resembles a gigantic country fair. The large stretches are covered with rudely constructed huts, foliage pavilions, tents of all shapes and hues. There is a sea of potato patches, beds of cabbage, onions, turnips, cauliflower and melons interspersed with typical German flower beds, rearing sunflowers and flag poles upon which waves the German national emblem. The picture is enlivened by herds of rosy-cheeked children at all sorts of native games, or cavorting in true pastoral fashion upon the greens. Men and women in their picturesque native dress are at work in the gardens, watching the children at play. Tiny wreaths of blue smoke curl peacefully from crooked stove pipes protruding from the "hatched" roofs.

SHOT HIMSELF

After Attempting to Kill the Object of His Affections. San Francisco, Dec. 28.—Frenzied by the jealousy of the woman of whom he was enamored, Curtis T. Beck late yesterday afternoon killed himself and tried to kill Mrs. Georgia Albin. She lies in a critical condition at the Central Emergency Hospital. Two bullets from a revolver aimed by Beck struck the woman in the chest. One ripped its way through the lungs and the other buried itself where it will be a mere nuisance until removed. Beck's body, with a bullet hole through the heart, rests on a slab at the Morgue.

Canada's Growth

Exclusive of returned Canadian arrivals in Canada from outside countries for the eleven months of the year ending November 30 last, was 86,479 of an average of 7,348 per month. If this average is maintained for December it will make a total of 87,795 arrivals for the whole year. At this rate of increase we shall have added nearly a million to our numbers at the expiration of ten years, irrespective of the natural gain in population. And it must be borne in mind that this estimate is a conservative one. Of the present year's arrivals about 56,000 settled in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories and only 25,000 in eastern Canada. Furthermore, there was a movement of population from eastern Canada to the west aggregating 14,300, thus making a total of 70,300 persons who located in Manitoba and the Territories during the eleven months. The number of persons from the United States reported as having settled in western Canada during the same period is 31,289.

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Cause of Stage Fright

An expert claims that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons in Dawson contemplating appearance should be careful of their diet and always buy groceries of Dunham, where they are always sure of getting the purest and best.

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