

JUNE 2, 1902

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Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave.

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Aurora Dock

Swell wear in smell, just like solutely Water-sealer coat for

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Hotel Metropole, Dawson

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Week's

N. C. Co.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR

Elected in Oregon by a Small Majority

Republicans Elect Remainder of the Ticket Overwhelmingly.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Portland, Ore., June 3.—Partial returns from yesterday's election in Oregon give Governor Chamberlain, Democrat, a majority of eleven hundred and fifty in all but six of thirty-three counties of the state. He runs ahead of his ticket and will have a majority of twenty-five hundred. The Republican state ticket, except for governor, will have ten thousand majority, and the legislature will be Republican, insuring the election of a Republican United States senator to succeed Joseph Simon. Thomas H. Tongue, Republican congressman from the first district, is re-elected, the latest estimate being six thousand majority. Williamson goes to congress from the second district by from seven to ten thousand majority.

Fear the Law
Special to the Daily Nugget.
New Orleans, June 3.—Four representatives of the New Orleans Packing House trust, against which the government instituted criminal proceedings, have disappeared with the tools.

Old Engineer Dead
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Toronto, June 3.—Thomas F. Johnston, engineer of the first Grand Trunk Railway train between Toronto and Montreal, is dead.

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

EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD, MAN. LANDREVILLE
Everything New, Elegantly Furnished, Well Heated, Bar Attached.
SECOND STREET, Near Second Ave.

Hoff's Dentifrice
perfection for the teeth and breath.

ONEER DRUG STORE

Fire Proof
Asbestos Paper, for interior finish of rooms. Asbestos Building Paper for exterior use on buildings.

Fuel Savers
Asbestos Corrugated Paper, for pipe covering. Asbestos (ground) for boiler covering mortar.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

PEACE ARTICLES ARE SIGNED

British-Boer War Terminated Saturday Night by Signing of Peace Agreement at Pretoria—On Hearing News Kruger Exclaimed "My God It Is Impossible"—British Empire Gives up to Inexpressible Joy—King Edward's Brief But Sensible Message—Kruger Not Likely to be Permitted to Return to Transvaal—Cape Colony Will Not be Disfranchised Joy in Concentration Camps Over Peace Declaration.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, June 3.—"My God, it is impossible!" In these words Kruger in Holland received the news Sunday that the Boers had agreed to terms of surrender and the war was at an end. Kruger had been asleep but was awakened when word was cabled that Kitchener had announced from Pretoria that the Boer leaders had given in. The terms of surrender show that the British carried every vital point while minor concessions were made, particularly in regard to generous financial treatment which greatly appeals to the Boers in general.

The empire gave itself up to joy. London went wild Sunday evening and the king's message after midnight served to make the celebration splendidly enthusiastic. Word is that all over Canada joy bells rung. It is noticed with gratification that the terms of surrender were signed by all the Boer leaders present at the conference.

The king's message reads: "The king has received the welcome news of the cessation of hostilities in Africa with infinite satisfaction and his majesty trusts peace may speedily be followed by restoration of prosperity in his new domains and that feelings necessarily engendered by the war may give place to earnest co-operation on the part of his majesty's South African subjects in promoting the progress of the country."

How greatly the king's insistence that peace in Africa be secured prior to the coronation influenced the present agreement will probably never be known until private memoirs of the present regime are given to the public.

Kruger hopes he will be permitted to return to the Transvaal. This, however, is quite unlikely.
Pretoria, June 3.—The signing of the peace agreement at Pretoria Saturday night was marked by little

Galician Riots
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 3.—Strike riots are in progress at Limburg, Galicia, and several children have been killed and a number of adults wounded have since died.

SMALLPOX CURE
Unnecessary if you keep your system in a good, healthy condition, for if you do this you will never have the smallpox or any other contagious disease. This is the time of year when you need a good spring tonic to tone up your system. Cribbs, the druggist, has a large stock of spring tonics, the merits of which are too well known for any comment, and to introduce same will sell a limited amount at special prices. Large list of references on file.

All drugs sold at popular prices.
CRIBBS, The Druggist
SUCCESSOR TO CRIBBS & ROGERS,
King St. Next to Post Office.

ceremony. The delegates met at a residence occupied by Boer delegates and amid profound silence the Boer and Free-State leaders signed in order of precedence. Kitchener's military secretary, Col. Hamilton, is bearing the signed agreement to King Edward.

Capetown, June 2.—Sir John Gordon Spriggs, premier of Cape Colony, has announced at Capetown that Chamberlain has informed him that the imperial government does not contemplate suspension of the constitution of Cape Colony. The premier added that "disfranchisement of Cape Colony will defeat the enemies in the house as effectually as they have been beaten in the field." The premier said further "at a colonial conference to be held in London at the coronation he intended to uphold free trade with the empire. Considerable opposition developed during his address and windows were broken with stones."

Pretoria, June 2.—There is great rejoicing at the concentration camps over the declaration of peace.

The announcement that the Boer war was definitely ended, and that the ending was, as an old miner expressed it this morning, "distinctly a peace-with-honor proposition," was probably received with as deep feelings of relief and joy in Dawson as in any other place of its size in the imperial realm. For the Yukon has undoubtedly sent her full quota per population to help fight this great battle for the mother country, and it is a proud fact that every Canadian regiment sent to the front gave a good account of itself and in very many instances won distinction for itself and the soil it represented.

"The Maple Leaf for ever" has been heard and doubtless cheered to the echo on the most important battlefields of the South African campaign, and from Nova Scotia to the far northern Yukon there is proud exhib-

Go creek, because it made eyes at them but offered no further encouragement. These prospect holes mark a trail twenty-five miles long.

About Christmas time they returned to their cabin and began trapping marten, wolverine and wolverine. Game was in great plenty in the immediate neighborhood, it rarely being necessary to walk more than a half mile from the cabin to sight and kill a moose. There was a party of French prospectors settled about three miles below them, and a party of Trappers some miles higher up. These were their nearest neighbors.

The first news they received from the outside world was on April 10th when a couple of prospectors chanced that way and told them of the hanging of George O'Brien and of the wreck of the Islander. They had heard nothing of the "Kid" campaigns, the incorporation of Dawson and other great events in local history until well on their return journey a couple of weeks ago.

The party broke camp on May 18th and journeyed leisurely. They found little doing about McQuesten, but a lot of machinery was being taken to Clear creek. Dick Butler's machinery was in operation there, and two of the exploration party, Patterson and Smith, staked claims Nos. 27 and 66 above discovery. They will probably return in a few weeks to work them. Joe Barrett has a large force at work on Barlow creek.

The party lined their boat over Fraser falls instead of carrying it over the portage and it went through safely. But the boat of another party, in making the same journey, went under a rock and came up in two pieces. Ten miles above the mouth of Stewart the boys sighted an enormous bear, into which Mr. Sime says they insinuated thirty rifle bullets without occasioning the animal any apparent inconvenience.

REMOVAL NOTICE
The Dawson Dental Parlors will move to the Portland Block on June 1st, 2nd Ave. and King St.

The announcement of the establishment of peace was this morning the first and only topic of conversation on the streets, and many and various were the expressions of opinion as to the grand result this peace would bring in its train. Here are a few of them.

D. A. Cameron, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, said: "The news ought to be very gratifying to the people of Greater Britain all the world over. It will be of great benefit to mining, in which we are so deeply interested. So much capital was so long tied up in South African mines and now that these mines will be in operation again the financial condition of the whole world will be benefited, but particularly Great Britain and the United States, many of the citizens of both countries being heavily interested in those mines. One result will be that we shall have in South Africa a British colony as loyal as we have in Canada or any other part of the world—not of the Boers; who fought in a way we could not help but admire, perhaps, but of their children, or at any rate their grandchildren. When they find that they enjoy the same liberties the British do, and greater liberties than they ever enjoyed before, they will be among the most appreciative subjects of the British crown."

Postmaster Hartman said: "It is particularly gratifying to Canadians, as our soldiers have helped so largely to the successful termination of the war. It is the first time we have ever had a chance to fight for the old country, and we are all proud of the showing our boys made. There is scarcely anybody in the Dominion who has not had a relative or a personal friend engaged in the Boer war and the result is a relief and one to be justly proud of."

John T. Bethune, secretary of the Liberal Association, said: "I think we should have some sort of public

rejoicing, as undoubtedly they will have in other parts of the Dominion. But while congratulating ourselves on the results of victory, we must give the Boers credit for having put up a splendid fight. Col. Steele, in a letter written from the old house of Paul Kruger at Pretoria, which I received in the last mail, says: 'The Boers are a brave but stubborn people.' I feel confident that when they get over the soreness of defeat they will make good and loyal citizens of King Edward."

Registrar Girouard said: "We are all very glad indeed to get the announcement of peace. It means much to us in the Yukon. The South African war numbed the energy of British capital. Now that this is relieved not only will it seek South Africa for investment but the encouragement of mining will be general and much London capital is now likely to find an outlet in Yukon mining."

Captain Olsen, manager of the telephone company, said: "That first Britain has brought this war to a successful termination is an honor to the nation and to the benefit of humanity at large. It means a greater prosperity to Britain and all her dependencies than they have ever known."

Col. Donald McGregor said: "While we deplore many sad occurrences of the Boer war, especially the calamity that befel the brave Highland brigade at Magersfontein, we have just cause of pride in the gallant part taken by the royal Canadian regiments which were in the advance at the surrender of Cronje. We are all inexpressibly glad that the war has terminated in a manner that thoroughly sustains the honor of the nation. The announcement of the result is a great relief from every point of view."

(For the terms of peace as signed at Pretoria see page four of this paper.)

is given by Mr. Sime as one of their most thrilling experiences. It may happen that he is too modest a teller of explorers' tales. For all this apparent lack of blood-curdling adventure the trip is said to have been thoroughly enjoyed by all, and they returned to Dawson in their own boat well browned and toughened by their year of roughing it in the wilderness.

Youthful Suicide
Toronto, June 3.—Mabel McDonald, fourteen years old, of Oxy, Ont., committed suicide by taking strychnine.

Coal Miners Wanted
WANTED—Ten experienced coal miners. Apply on board steamer Eldorado at Electric Light Co.'s dock, 7 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Nome Bound
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, June 3.—Miss Emma H. Steiner, who is perhaps the most prominent woman mining operator in America, is in Seattle en route to Nome to oversee work of the Fraser American Mining Company, of which she is secretary and general manager. With her is her niece, Miss Florence Helly, of New York, who has achieved a reputation on the operative stage.

Criminals Garrotted
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, June 3.—Four criminals convicted of murder and outrage were garrotted at Ponce, Porto Rico, this morning. All confessed and two assisted at their own execution.

Joe Clarke Acquitted
The jury in the case of Joseph A. Clarke, charged by Police Magistrate Macaulay with criminal libel, returned a verdict of not guilty at three o'clock this afternoon.

Small-Pox ON BOARD
The steamer Whitehorse with 130 passengers arrived last night at 2.30 o'clock, among the passengers being a small-pox suspect, a Frenchman who had not been well since leaving Vancouver. Health Officer Macaulay and Dr. Cassels boarded the steamer on her arrival and examined the suspect who was found to be broken but in a rash. The result was that the Frenchman was taken off and hauled through the streets en route to the post house at the mouth of Bonanza while the steamer with her remaining 129 passengers and crew was ordered to quarantine at Dog Island between Dawson and Moosehide where they will probably remain for two weeks and longer if there is any spread of the disease. Reports from the island today are that the people quarantined are making the best of it and that they fully appreciate that, while they may be subjected to considerable inconvenience, it is all that can be done; that health laws must be enforced and that it is their misfortune but the blameable fault of no one.

Agent Rogers of the White Pass will see to it that his guests at the island will receive all the attention it is possible to give them.

The mail brought down on the Whitehorse, 18 sacks, was taken off today, fumigated and delivered to the postoffice this afternoon.

The steamer Sifton left Whitehorse today with all the passengers she could carry.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000.
RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON,
Manager.
Dawson Branch.

SMALL-POX ON BOARD

Str. Whitehorse Carried One Suspect

Passengers to Number of 130 and Crew Quarantined at Dog Island.

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The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$3.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 25. Single copies 25.

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

PEACE AT LAST.

The final conclusion of peace in South Africa will be hailed with universal delight and satisfaction. The Boers have waged a prolonged and valiant struggle for what they have regarded as their rights, and as the under dog in the fight they have had the good wishes and moral support of a large portion of civilization.

There has been, however, much more involved than the question of the survival or absorption of a couple of small republics. The future of a large part of a continent has been hanging in the balance, it having been left to this war to determine whether Boer or Briton should be dominant in moulding the destinies of South Africa.

British energy, enterprise and progressiveness will take the place of Dutch sluggishness and conservatism and the work of redeeming Africa from the rule of savage beasts and equally savage men will soon be under way.

The terms under which peace has been brought about must be regarded as extremely liberal and well calculated to effect immediate restoration of tranquillity and ultimate harmony and contentment. The fact has been foremost in the minds of those who have been charged with the duty of conducting the peace negotiations that a moral victory must follow conquest in the field in order to realize the full fruits of the success that has been achieved.

The favorable terms of peace offered will prove a long step in that direction. It will not be long before the Boers will realize that they have a better opportunity to prosper under representative British institutions than under the patriarchal system to which Oom Paul had accustomed them.

necessity be the immediate result of the war, it may be anticipated that Great Britain will have in her new South African colonies a most valuable and prosperous possession.

Commissioner Ross is returning to Dawson at a time when his services are particularly needed. There are numerous improvements contemplated or in progress under government direction, and the guiding hand of the commissioner is necessary to their successful completion.

There is no occasion for any public alarm on account of the supposed case of smallpox discovered on the steamer Whitehorse. In sending the boat into quarantine the authorities have merely taken ordinary precautionary measures.

Uncle Sam has a surplus of one hundred millions of dollars, and congress is devoting itself to the herculean task of disposing of it.

It is difficult to realize that Dawson has only recently emerged from a long and hard winter, but such is, nevertheless, the case.

Dance at Caribou

At last the Dominion ladies have an opportunity to dance in a hall where dances are given for a purely social purpose and where no liquor is on the premises.

Mr. John Sinclair has erected a large tent with a 30x40 floor and a hall is thrown open for social occasions that will be largely sought by the public who have long waited for such a function. The Caribou Social Club gave the first dance last week and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Protest Begun

In the gold commissioner's court this morning was begun the hearing of the protest of Henry Baatz and Arthur Lewin versus George C. Vickery and C. J. Gove, which is a contention as to the boundary line of creek claim No. 5 above lower on Dominion.

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

SAILOR HATS

We have just opened a new line in Rough and Smooth Straws. Black - White - Colored. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

CLARKE CASE YESTERDAY

Progress of Trial in the Afternoon

Chief McKinnon and Judge Macaulay Give Evidence at Length.

In the Clarke trial yesterday Hugh McKinnon was the last witness examined by the crown before adjourning for lunch. He testified to having been a resident of Dawson for the past fifteen months and that he was a preventive officer connected with the liquor service.

His lordship here interposed by stating such proof devolved upon the defense if it wished to verify the truth of the allegations made. "When did you last see Mr. Lewin?" "I saw him for the last time on either the 1st or 2nd of May, prior to the delivery of this judgment."

In his cross-examination Clarke consumed about an hour and a half, both the court and counsel for the prosecution allowing him the most extraordinary latitude. Every effort made to shake the evidence of Mr. McKinnon and cause him to place a different interpretation upon the objectionable sentences than that which he had already given.

During one rather warm passage at arms a man in the audience inadvertently allowed his enthusiasm to bubble over. His lordship heard the quiet remark made and quickly caught him that the court room was not a political meeting.

The whole tone of the paper, said the witness McKinnon upon the conclusion of his cross-examination, "is that money had been subscribed for the purpose of debauching the judiciary."

Clarke attempted to introduce the evidence taken in the gamblers' case in the police court, but it was not allowed.

"I intend to show," said he with some warmth, "that money has been subscribed and partly paid over to others beside Macaulay."

Constable Lutes was called and proved the service of the summons in the Monroe case.

Judge Macaulay, the complainant, was the last witness introduced by the crown. Is the police magistrate in Dawson for the Yukon territory and has been such since last September.

"I saw him for the last time on either the 1st or 2nd of May, prior to the delivery of this judgment."

In his cross-examination Clarke sought to show that his criticism had been of the judgment rather than the man who had rendered it.

Clarke continually wandered away from the question at issue and though allowed the greatest latitude had to be called down every few moments by his lordship.

The first witness called for the defense was James Farewell a miner employed on I above, Bonanza. He has seen several copies of the Miner and has read the issue of the 17th.

After reading the article over carefully witness declared that the police magistrate's name does not appear in it at all and he saw no reason for thinking the article impugned Judge Macaulay's honesty.

Clarke read further, that portion referring to the criminal kodak and asked the witness if he thought that referred to the judge or the method of procuring a warrant.

The remainder of the objectionable articles were also gone into, but the witness could not discover anything in them to take offense at or ruffle the dignity of anyone.

Witness on cross-examination proved a run one and it required considerable diplomatic skill to secure his interpretation of "Oh, upright judge," etc.

"I was not and there was not," was the decisive reply.

"I did not submit it to Mr. Lewin. I spoke of the matter to Mr. Justice Craig with whom I discussed several points of law.

"I saw him for the last time on either the 1st or 2nd of May, prior to the delivery of this judgment."

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irony might be concealed in the words "oh, upright judge?" asked Mr. Congdon.

Clarke announced that he had another line of defense to enter, which might be quite lengthy and suggested an adjournment until the following morning, which was granted.

D. Macfarlane, superintendent of Dominion roads, is out on the creek roads paying off the gangs. The amount of the pay rolls for May over \$20,000.

Cracked corn and barley at Lilly's.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail at Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Week Day Service. GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Bonanza 7:30 a.m. and 9:30 a.m.

The White Pass and Yukon Route. The British Yukon Navigation Co. Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse.

DAWSON TRUCK & DRAY CO. FREIGHTING TO ALL CREEKS. City Drayage and Express Wagons Day & Night Service.

NORTHERN ANNEX. A. D. FIELD, PROPRIETOR.

Sweller'n Ever. Wines, Liquors and Cigars. FIRST AVE., COR. QUEEN ST.

The New Monte Carlo. WINES, LIQUORS 25c AND CIGARS. MCKINNON & NELS, PROP. First Ave. Opp. White Pass Bldg.

Draught Beer At Bonanza Saloon.

CIGARS. Before purchasing get our prices. We have a complete stock of Domestic and Havana Cigars.

Townsend & Rose. We have the most Complete Line of Steam Fittings in the City.

Steam Fittings. Dawson Hardware Co. Ltd., Second Avenue. TELEPHONE 101-B

The trainmen called the L. & N. "It was running north, and coming with the train were four men, mixed down in the afternoon at six. One train crew and the crew "Jotham" was seven. And had crossings on the days of the wood-burners. Son, was freeman Ira, was standing where all the H. Asa was seven. Was the family. He genuflected, a great deal in the time when about he had d. So it came at "spell" any me which was conveyed for the father-eral-rather eng-terests, such a and positions n-partment. "Old Man" H ally, the chief er. Seth was e, and the sta- chairman of the whose duty it v-erty removed t-ire. We are now q-what happened- "broke out" The noon tra- station ten mi- had backed t- down opposit- station. He o- half a mile do- barn was clos- Morning noon a-rangement exa-time. Half an hour- the morning h-loading his pa-cab and runni- to the barn. the same. T-smile and say- Man" Hale wo-gine to pull hi-his harrow. Now on this- just hoisting- powder into- came a clamor- The village- Methodus bell- followed, cling- bell on the Co- "Fire, boys- engineer, runni- rubber coat, -cried to "Old- Hoss!" "Old- name for the- Behind his fr- ing his fire co- et-box, As! " Then Ira, o- bolted out of- running down- "Tend the- Ave!" he gas- "Keep your a- Asa was qu- ing sole rui- a look at the- sprinkled fres- beds of coals, -till it breath- as slowly as- when he vent- "That fire- he thought. A- gone straight- balloon-shape- knob. The kn- som" into r- convulsions- in the upper- Ten minute- man came sh- of the station- He sprang o- fairly stoppe- under the wi- "Here, Asa- Asa quick a- Barker is spe- As Asa cli- come call, he- "Chief Fin- flatter burr- help on spec- man." "That's ri- selectman. As the me- the selectin- in the sawm- tory, and th- stern. The- board plac- and oil. A- this side ar-

The Fireman's Experience

The trainmen on the main line called the L. & B. Branch "the family cinch." It was a twenty-mile spur, running north from the State Central, and connected Lovell Junction with the village of Baxter. Its trains were four a day: passenger in the morning, mixed back at noon, mixed down at half past three in the afternoon, and passenger back at six.

One train crew did all the work, and the crew was all in the family. Jotham Hale was the engineer, and had toted for cows and crossings on the branch ever since the days of the "cow-hly stack" wood-burners. Seth Hale, his eldest son, was fireman, and another son, Ira, was station agent at Baxter, where all the Hales lived.

Asa was seventeen years old, and was the family pride on account of his ingenuity, a word that expresses a great deal in Yankeland. From the time when he could first run about he had devoted to the trains and the station all the hours he could get from his school.

So it came about that even before he was hired as fireman he could "spell" any member of the family, which was convenient for the family, for the father-and-brothers had several rather engrossing personal interests, such as gardens and horses and positions in the village fire department.

"Old Man" Hale was, quite naturally, the chief engineer of the steamers. Seth was foreman of Hose No. 2, and the station agent, Ira, was chairman of the citizens' committee, whose duty it was to look after property removed to the street during a fire.

We are now qualified to understand what happened when the "big Baxter fire" broke out.

The noon train had been in at the station ten minutes. Jotham Hale had backed the uncoupled engine down opposite his house below the station. He owned a tract of land half a mile down the line, and his big barn was close beside the track. Morning noon and night the train arrangement exactly suited his chore time.

Half an hour before leaving time in the morning he was in the habit of loading his pairs of swill into the cab and running his locomotive down to the barn. Noon and night he did the same. The neighbors used to smile and say that pretty soon "Old Man" Hale would be using the engine to pull his mowing machine and his harrow.

Now on this day the engineer was just hoisting two pairs of steaming powder into the cab. All at once came a clamor of voices from up in the village. Then—dong! dong! the Methodist bell boomed out. It was followed, clang! clang! clang! by the bell on the Congregational church.

"Fire, boys!" shouted the chief engineer, running to the house for his rubber coat. As he came out he cried to Asa, "Look out for Old Hoss!" "Old Hoss" was the family name for the locomotive.

Behind his father ran Seth, buttoning his fire coat. "Look up my ticket-box, Asa!" he yelled back.

Then Ira, of the fire committee, bolted out of the station and came running down the long platform.

"Tend the office while I'm gone, Asa!" he gasped, as he ran past. "Keep your ear-out for messages."

Asa was quite accustomed to being sole ruler in the station. He took a look at the gauges in the engine, sprinkled fresh fuel on the quivering beds of coals, slowed down the pump till it breathed its "oo-o-o wough" as slowly as a tired man asleep, and then he went up to the station.

"That fire looks rather savage," he thought. A great dun column had gone straight up, pushing a mighty, balloon-shaped, yellow and black knob. The knob had begun to "blossom" into rolling, puffy, ominous convolutions that tumbled high above the upper air-currents.

Ten minutes later, the first selectman came slewing around the corner of the station in his Concord wagon. He sprang out before the horse had fairly stopped and thrust a telegram under the wicket.

"Here, Asa!" he shouted. "Send it as quick as lightning will take it! The fire is spoken for, I guess."

"An Asa clackety-clacked the Lovell office call, he read aloud:

"Chief Fire Department, Lovell. Baxter burning up. Can you send help on special? O. Burr, Selectman."

"That's right!" corroborated the selectman. "Hurry it!"

As the message went rattling away the selectman explained, "It caught in the sawmill and leather-board factory, and they're afire from stem to stern. The grease in the leather-board place flashed up like powder and oil. All the main street blocks this side are ablaze, and clots of fire

the track to the small station building. The agent poked his head out of the window.

"Has Old Hoss gone past?" gasped Asa.

"No, but it ought to be going past," snapped the agent, "that is, if your family expect to keep their jobs! Seems from what I hear that they got in too much of a hurry down in the Lovell yard, and the engine bumped off the track at the Y-switch frog as they were making up. There's no other spare engine in reach on the division, and they've been drumming Baxter to send down your engine. Reckon the division super must be in a padded cell by this time if the operator has told him. Hear?"

Out from the open window came the angry chacker! chacker! of the instrument. Asa wheeled his horse.

"Break in and report special south according to orders!" he cried, and he dashed away up the track on the shoulder of the gravel bed, the horse's laboring hoofs throwing the sand in jets like a fountain. He had seen Old Hoss just rounding the curve.

As he approached the advancing delinquent, he whirled about and waited till the engine rumbled down on him. Then, as the cow-catcher came abreast of the plunging horse, he drove his heels against the animal's ribs and raced along for a few feet.

The locomotive was travelling leisurely. As the step came past, Asa threw down the bridle-reins, grabbed for the hand-rails, and dragged himself into the cab. The horse swung away into the field.

The next instant, throttle wide open, engine throbbing, and the white flames in the fire-box quivering with the exhaust blasts, Old Hoss roared past the South Baxter station, the whistle screaming for the crossing.

The station agent stared from his platform after the locomotive, till it was far down the tangent.

"Well, I swan!" he gasped. "Has the Hale family got Old Hoss so well trained that they let him go out for a stroll alone?"

It occurred to him that he ought to report, and he hastened to his instrument. The sander had been quiet for a little while, but now, just as he was about to call Lovell, that point called Baxter once more with impatient racket. Failing to get a response, the Lovell operator called South Baxter. It was a caution message.

"Hold track clear for fire special. Left her 1.22."

The South Baxter agent gasped; then he grabbed his sender-key and rattled this message:

"Special engine just left Lovell."

"Hold at South Baxter," clacked Lovell, very naturally not dreaming that a special could have been unreported as leaving the Baxter terminal, a special that had not as yet officially acknowledged receipt of orders to start.

"Has already passed," clicked South Baxter, with a tremble in the sending hand. Between South Baxter and Lovell there was only suggestions, without agents or instruments.

"That's what comes of dipping in where you don't belong," said the South Baxter man, drawing a quivering finger across his perspiring brow. "It's going to be the worst smash-up ever was on this road!" he moaned. "And there's nothing to do but just sit here and let things go. Reckon I'd better go climb a tree and then pull the tree up."

Again the sander began to rattle. It snapped bitter reproach at the South Baxter agent as the only victim in reach at the time. He broke in and sought partially to justify his action.

The man at the Lovell end was the local agent. He informed the South Baxter man that not only was the division superintendent on the fire train, but the general manager of the system as well. In fact, it was owing to the general manager's presence that the difficulty of the engine had been arranged.

The Lovell operator explained that the manager's special had come along on the main line a little before, and when he learned of the fire and the delay, he ordered his engine to take the fire train. Naturally, he went along, too.

All at once the fierce "chack" of this long-range colloquy was interrupted by a "break-in." The two white-faced men who were sitting fifteen miles apart, listened with drooping jaws to the nervous clack! clack! clack! As the staccato jerked out its information, each man started from his chair and shouted with joy.

And this was what had happened:

All the way down the tangent below South Baxter Asa had been stoking and studying his gauges. As the jolting engine swung around the first curve he climbed to the engineer's cushion and put his head out. The billowing wind swept against his streaming face. His troubles were clearing.

But suddenly he thought of the

situation at the Baxter station that he had been compelled to desert under such desperate necessity. He realized that if telegraph calls were not answered at such a critical time, and that if the superintendent arrived there and found the place deserted by all the Hales, the family would in all probability be retired to think the matter over.

In some way his people must be apprised. Some one must be called to that telegraph instrument. The livelihood of the whole family depended on it.

Again Asa's ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Tucked in the box under his cushion he always carried a roll of wire, a telegraph instrument, wire-cutters and clippers—a loneman's outfit.

He jammed down the throttle, set the brake, and as soon as the locomotive grated to a halt he seized his tools, and in thirty seconds was up a telegraph pole. A few minutes sufficed for him to install his relay box.

The wire was still busy as the immediate chatter of his instrument indicated, and he waited a bit to learn the condition of affairs before he acted. His intention was this: To ask the agent at South Baxter to send a messenger post-haste to Baxter and hurry his brother Ira to the station.

But Asa heard with bristling hair the despairing lament and bitter taunts—passing between the two operators. He heard that the special had started from Lovell, and was then coming up the rails at a mile-a-minute speed.

With nervous haste he broke in. His hand trembled so with fear, joy and excitement that he could hardly work the key. But his few jerky sentences sent two men out of their chairs, shouting their delighted surprise.

It must now be a race between lumbering Old Hoss, with only one slender youth as both engineer and fireman, and the great engine of the general manager's train, with its seven-foot drivers and its mighty reach of piston-rod.

Asa left his instrument still clicking, ran to his engine, swung into the cab, threw down the reverse lever and started, his drivers throwing sparks as they whirled for a clutch.

He glanced at the chronometer now. The fire train must be close on him. His swaying, drooping trail of smoke obscured the vista down the track, but he knew that just beyond the veil the pursuing engine was quivering at the head of its train.

He screamed a shrill whistle for the crossing at South Baxter. When he roared past the station he flung a gesture of greeting to the agent, who swung his cap and danced in delight on the platform.

As Old Hoss wrenched around the curve, Asa, through the shredded smoke, perceived the fire special far down the tangent. By the white jets puffing against the pall of its smoke, he knew that it was hooting at his fleeing engine in hoarse and fierce protest at its presence on the right of way.

But Old Hoss gathered herself in renewed effort, and thundered on desperately along the snaky five miles between South Baxter and the terminal. The sign-board as the south end of the trestle warned "Slow!" But Asa rushed the engine across the groaning structure, and drove up the track in the yard limit to the round-house siding. Then he reversed and pulled Old Hoss to a stop that jarred her in every fiber.

Jerking out his keys as he ran, he flew to the switch-post, and in two minutes had his engine safely off the line. He stood there, still with his hand on the switch-lever, when the fire train rumbled past, men crowding its "flats" and massed around the gleaming steamer and hose-trucks.

The station yard was full of citizens, who were down to assist in unloading the equipment of their neighbors to the south. Asa hurried through the crowd and burst into the telegraph room. Ira was there at the instrument.

"I didn't hear you had cleared out and left till twenty minutes ago!" Ira grumbled. "I happened to come down with the rest and found the office open. Since then Lovell and South Baxter have been filling me up on what has happened, and what will probably happen as soon as the division super gets at us. What have you been trying to do?"

Asa interrupted his brother's complaints. "Old Hoss got away from me and I chased her, that's all there is to it," he panted, wiping the perspiration out of his eyes. "I just did the best I could, Ira, but I'm afraid the way things look now, there's going to be trouble when the management begins to investigate. There's no use talking; we've run things rather slack up here on the branch."

Then he told his story hurriedly, Ira listening with mingled wrath and amazement. Outside were the shouts of hurrying men, the squeak of pulleys and a tumult of excitement.

retire. But Asa stayed, rolling his cap in his hands.

"I should like to say just a word," he requested, humbly.

"I'll listen to no plea for your father and brothers," said the manager. "They are discharged."

"I think I'm the only one who ought to be discharged," said Asa.

It was the most bitter humiliation of his life, but he had made up his mind to it long before. He told his story through, not seeking to shield himself. The manager surveyed him after he had finished, his fingers tip to tip and his eyes steely.

"Do you think that a simple discharge is punishment enough for imperiling fifty lives and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property for the sake of some pigs and a few old cows?" he demanded.

Asa choked. He was merely a boy. "I realize what I have done, sir," he said.

There was a long pause. Then the manager leaned back and crossed his legs.

"But you had wit enough to save this road from damage suits that would have cleaned out our surplus and given us a floating debt," said the manager. Then he spoke more kindly. "My custom is to reward intelligence, honesty and loyalty on this road."

He turned to the superintendent. "Peters," said he, "here is such a case as I have spoken to you about. The thing that boy has been through today is a liberal education in the railroad business. Until a railroad man has been close to a thing like that he isn't an absolutely safe employe. Some people figure differently, but that's my notion. Young man," he said, "we need well-educated men, and I really do believe that the Hale family has taken the full degrees. You're all discharged, but your term of service will recommence tomorrow morning in season to take down the first train. Good night!"

To be sure, the railroad men of the state always have said that this general manager's great success in getting the most out of his men comes from his complete understanding of human nature. Here was another example.

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The Hotel Clerk's Story

"That was an all-right narrative in the Sunday Sun about the snags that the hotel manager runs into in the course of a day's work. But the day of the hotel manager is one long dream of hammock-swinging, hours and jugs beneath the bough, compared with the diurnal whizz of the average man behind the desk," said a New York hotel clerk who is famed over the land for his patience and shrewdness.

"The hotel manager can get away. The man behind the desk can't. When things begin to get a little too swift for the manager, he can point both hands to the zenith, and mentally declare everything off, clap on his hat and rush out into the air to cool off. But the man behind the desk has got to stay right there and fight 'em until the end of his watch.

"If there's any known job that's calculated to cause the man holding it down to long hundreds of times over to be sitting alongside some little old creek a-fishin', that job's the hotel clerk's.

"Come up to my flat some day and I'll give you a copy of my little brochure entitled 'Eighteen Thousand Immemorial Kicks of Hotel Guests.' For the next edition I'm going to amplify the treatise and make it 80,000 kicks. I'm taking over-doses of nerve tonic right now for the purpose of hauling myself together from the effects of a kick that spread all over the house only yesterday.

"It all fell on me. The manager saw the impending doom, and he passed me the vindictive smile and went out for a drive on the Speedway until he knew it would be all over. It was about the water.

"Every drop of water used in this house is filtered. Yesterday morning the filtering apparatus curled up on us and had to be taken apart for repairs. It just happened that coincidentally with the temporary suspension of business of the filtering layout the water was turned off on us for an hour owing to a break in the pipe caused by a subway blast.

"Well, for about an hour after the water was turned on again the fluid was of about the color of a passe blood orange and the consistency of maple syrup—and, of course, this had to happen when our filtering plant was being tinkered with in sections by tired plumbers.

"You ought to have heard them pile into me. They came flocking from all over the house, and they all but accused me of maliciously making my way to the reservoir and hurling half a ton of ochre or shellac into it. They wouldn't listen to any explanation of any kind. The manager, as I say, foreseeing the wrath to come, had ducked, and I got it all. One old Englishman yelled at me that he was going to write to the Times—Lunnon Times, y'know—about the infamy, and so I've got a first-rate, even money chance of being held up to odium in the pages of the Thunderer before the gaze of my friends of the American colony in London.

"There's an amiable little fiction, universally current, that commercial travellers are a jolly, happy-go-lucky lot, and as easy to get on with as shaking the jelly of a piece of lemon meringue pie with a fork. These are few dreamer notions than this. The drummers have got a kick coming for every hour on the dial, and few of them ever permit a chance to make a kick to get away from them.

"Most of them possess a rooted idea, amounting to an obsession, that they've got perpetual and perennial mortgages on certain rooms in the hotels they patronize on their rounds. They wire ahead a couple of days, as a rule, for 'my room,' and when the drummer who does this arrives at his hotel and finds that 'his' room is occupied he invariably puts up a snort that would make anything of that kind in a Mexican bull ring sound like the sneeze of a snail.

"He isn't mollified a little bit when the clerk tells him that the individual occupying 'his' room is going to give it up in a few hours and he mumbles dark forecastings as to what would probably happen to the hotel supposing that he (the drummer) should take it into his head to pack his grip across the way 'to the other house.'

"Then, the drummers are nearly always in a state of grouch about their mail and telegrams. If, when they arrive, they don't find waiting for them in the rack a stack of letters and despatches from their firms they give you the meaningful gaze which plainly hints their suspicion that you've withheld these communications from them for designing, if not criminal, purposes of your own.

"Then, the superstitions about

numbers gives us many a bad quarter of an hour per annum. There's no No. 13 room in this house. The room that formerly had that number was re-numbered years ago because everybody side-stepped it and would not have it on any consideration. And yet, every once in a while, some crank drifts along and demands that he be given room 13 — says that that's his lucky, win-out number.

"When we tell him that we haven't any room 13 on the chart he asks us why we don't sell out and start a tavern up in Skagway, where the conditions would suit us better.

"A few years ago the number idiots sprang a new one. They wouldn't have any room the number of which was divisible by 13. It didn't take this bunch long to increase so largely that now we haven't any 26, 39, 52, 65, 78, 91, 104, 117, or 130 rooms. Whenever a man walks in now and hands me that list of numbers, all written out on a little card like a policy slip, and tells me that he can't under any circumstances accept a room with any one of those numbers tacked on the door, it's pleasant to be able to smile cheerfully in his teeth and tell him that we ain't got no such numbers on the chart of the house. And some of 'em dislike having the wind taken out of their sails in this fashion.

"Then there is the tribe of men who have prejudices against certain numbers for individual reasons. There is one man who always comes to this house—he's postmaster of a big western city now—who has a violent detestation for the number 17. Last time he was here the only room that suited his requirements—front, second floor, with bath—was 17. He came near falling down when we handed him the key, and he took another room that didn't at all suit his requirements. When he went away the cashier cooked up a little job on him and made his bill an even \$17 — the bill really amounted to \$17.25.

"When the postmaster saw the bill he turned white and gave a clutch at his forehead, he spent half an hour with the cashier trying to figure the bill either over or under \$17, but the thing couldn't be done, and so he missed his train by going into the dining room and eating another dinner, which made his bill \$18.50. But he went away with a contented smile.

"Back in the '80s we had a suicide in this house. It happened in one of the best rooms. The room was completely refurnished, but people who stop at hotels read the newspaper despatches about these affairs, and they had us pat about that room until we abandoned the number. But there still remain about a dozen old-time guests of the house who remember that suicide and you couldn't drive one of 'em into that room with a pack of mastiffs.

"Many of the elderly ladies who come here make it a practice to turn down the bed coverings when they are shown a room. They want to make sure that the bed linen is bleached, I suppose. If it doesn't measure up to their idea of whiteness, the man behind the desk is the boy who hears from them. It always makes the bellboy very tired to see the fussy old persons turning over the bed coverings. We were compelled to fire, on complaint, one bellboy who when an old lady did this, said to her, 'D'ye t'ink them sheets has been used as tarpaulins, lady?'

"On the subject of beds, here's another one touchin' on an' appertainin' thereto. About eight years ago the proprietor of this house fitted up about half of the rooms in the hotel with fine folding beds, at an average cost of about \$125 per bed. He was a strong advocate of the folding bed idea, and he wanted to be up to date.

"Now, after the beds were nicely installed, there began an epidemic of folding-bed accidents throughout the country, and the newspapers made a great deal of these accidents. That virtually sealed the doom of the hotel folding bed, about five years ago. Our proprietor had to have 'em carted down to the auction room, and he was out about \$20,000 on his little folding-bed transaction.

"The women guests who are not out-and-out kickists have other little peculiarities that keep the man behind the desk busy being sad with himself, on account of the other kicks that these peculiarities produce. For example, we've got an iron-clad rule in this house against dogs of all degrees, high or low, coarse or refined, but the women guests smuggle the dogs in on us, all the same.

"Once the dogs are got in, they can't be got out by any means short of ordering the women guests out.

and this is not often practicable or possible. The mutts are all right in the rooms while their mistresses are with them, but when they are deserted for shopping tours or the like they set up their plaintive wailing and yowling. Then the man behind the desk has to stand for hot moans from guests located in rooms within half a block of the room containing the querulous canine.

"Then there's the piano. From the day it is installed in her room she drums on it incessantly, using it as an aid to her vocal lessons. Then the man behind the desk has to listen to the wails of anguish that the guests situated around the pianist's room fetch to him.

"The clerk also has to deal with the cranks who don't want running water in their rooms, for fear of sewer gas. Likewise the folks who wouldn't think of taking rooms that weren't right alongside the fire escapes. These people are all from Missouri obviously, and they want the man behind the desk to show 'em the fire escapes—the bellboy won't serve.

"The jealousies of the ladies who take rooms for the season have also to be assuaged by the clerk. A couple of weeks ago a dressy old lady, who has been with us for the season for a number of years, visited the room of a young married woman. In the latter's room she saw a chiffonier that had a side glass reaching to the floor. The old lady came to me with an instant demand for one of those chiffoniers. I told her that the one in the young married woman's room was the only one in the house.

"Very well, you may give me that one," she said, tossing her nice old white ringlets, and I spent half an hour trying to convince her that we couldn't take furniture out of one guest's room to give it to another. I couldn't get away with it, though, and she had moved over the way to the rival hotel before sunset that evening.

"Um, ye-es," wound up the hotel clerk with the reputation for patience and suavity, "the house manager rams into a partially-submerged rock or two in the course of his day but if you want to see the hotel official who's all the time on the lee shoals in a typhoon, and no chance to scud away even under a jury rig, all you've got to do is to take a look at the man behind the desk." — New York Sun.

Peace Articles Signed.

London, June 2.—In the house of commons today the Hon. A. J. Balfour announced the terms of peace in South Africa as follows:

"His Excellency Lord Milner, in behalf of the British Government, His Excellency Mr. Steyn, General Brenner and General De Wet and Judge Hertzog, acting in behalf of the Orange Free State, and General Schalkburger, General Reitz, General Louis Botha and General Delarey, acting in behalf of their respective burghers, desiring to terminate the present hostilities, agree to the following terms:

"The Boer forces in the field will forthwith lay down their arms and hand over all their guns, rifles and ammunition of war in their possession or under their control and desist from further resistance and acknowledge King Edward VII. as their lawful sovereign.

"The manner and details of this surrender will be arranged between Lord Kitchener and Commandant General Botha, assisted by General Delarey and Chief Commandant De Wet.

"Second—All burghers outside the limits of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony and all prisoners of war at present outside South Africa who are burghers, will, on duly declaring their acceptance of the position of subjects of His Majesty, be brought back to their homes as soon as means of transportation be provided and means of subsistence assured.

"Third—The burghers so returning will not be deprived of their personal liberty or property.

"Fourth—No proceedings, civil or criminal, will be taken against burghers surrendering, or so returning, for any acts in connection with the prosecution of the war. The benefits of this clause do not extend to certain acts contrary to the usage of war which had been notified by the commander in chief to the generals and which shall be tried by court martial after the close of hostilities.

"Fifth—The Dutch language will be taught in the public schools of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony where the parents desire it, and will be allowed in the courts of law for the better and more effectual administration of justice.

"Sixth—Possession of rifles will be allowed in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to persons requiring them for their protection on taking a license according to law.

"Seventh—The military adminis-

tration of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony will at the earliest possible date be succeeded by civil government, and as soon as circumstances permit representative institutions leading up to self-government will be introduced.

"Eighth—The question of granting the franchise to natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government.

"Ninth—No special tax will be imposed on landed property in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony to defray the expenses of the war.

"Tenth—So soon as the conditions permit a committee, on which the local inhabitants will be represented, will be appointed in each district of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony under the presidency of a magistrate or other official for the purpose of assisting in the restoration of the people to their homes and supplying those who, owing to war loss, are unable to provide for themselves, with food, shelter and the necessary amount of seed, stock and implements, etc., indispensable to the resumption of their normal occupations.

"His Majesty's government will place at the disposal of these commissions the sum of £3,000,000 (£15,000,000), and will allow the notes issued under the law of 1900 of the South African republic and all receipts given up to officers in the field of the late republics or under their orders to be presented to a judicial commission, which will be appointed by the government, and if such notes and receipts are found by this commission to have been duly issued in return for valuable considerations, they will be received by the first named commissions as evidence of war losses suffered by the persons to which they were originally given.

"In addition to the above named free grant of £3,000,000, His Majesty's government will be prepared to make advances on loans for the same purposes free of interest for two years, and afterwards repayable, with 3 per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel will be entitled to benefit under this clause.

After he had concluded reading the peace agreements, Mr. Balfour proceeded: "There are certain important points not dealt with in the document I have just read and which was signed Saturday night. Therefore, it may be convenient if I read a dispatch from Lord Kitchener to the secretary of state for war, which reads as follows:

"His Majesty's government must place on record that the treatment of the Cape and Natal governments, who have been in rebellion and who now surrender, will return to their colonial courts and in accordance with the laws of the colonies, and any British subjects who have joined the enemy will be liable to trial under the law of that part of the British empire to which they belong.

"His Majesty's government is informed by the Cape governments that their views regarding the terms to be granted to British subjects in Cape Colony now in the field or who have been captured or surrendered since April 12, 1902, are as follows:

"With regard to the rank and file, they should all, after surrender and giving up their arms, sign a document before the resident magistrate of the district in which they surrender, acknowledging themselves guilty of high treason and the punishment to be accorded them, provided they are not guilty of murder or acts contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, shall be that they are not entitled for life to be registered as voters or vote in any parliamentary or provincial council or municipal election.

"With reference to the justices of the peace, field cornets and all others who had official positions under the government of Cape Colony or who have been occupying positions of authority or who have held commands in rebel or burgher forces, they shall be tried for high treason before the ordinary courts of the country or such special courts as may hereafter be constituted, their punishment to be left to the discretion of such court, with the proviso that in no case shall the penalty of death be inflicted.

"The Natal government is of the opinion that the rebel should be dealt with according to the law of that colony.

"These arrangements," concluded Mr. Balfour, "the government has approved."

The following message from King Edward to the people was issued after midnight Sunday:

"The king received the welcome news of the cessation of hostilities in South Africa with infinite satisfaction, and trusts peace will be speedily followed by a restoration of prosperity in his new domains, and the feeling necessarily engendered by war will give place to earnest co-operation on the part of His Majesty's South African subjects in promoting the progress of the country."

How greatly the king's insistence that peace be secured prior to the coronation influenced the present agreement will probably never be known until the private memoirs of the present regime are given to the public.

An Editor Trowned.

Sausalito, Cal., May 8. — Edmond D. Sparrow, editor of the Sausalito Advocate, has filed an action in the Superior Court of Marin county against Thomas G. Frost, a saloon-keeper, for damages in the sum of \$13,100. The complaint alleges an assault upon the editor on March 31 last, when he was beaten by Frost until he became insensible.

Editor Sparrow has been particularly active in the local campaign against the pool-room element of the town. Frost took exception to an article in Sparrow's paper and the complaint says that a week ago Mon-

day he lay in wait for the editor on Water street and, seizing the latter by the throat, struck him in the face and battered his head against a concrete wall. Sparrow fell to the sidewalk, but Frost did not desist. The complaint filed yesterday states that he then searched the editor's pockets to ascertain if he were armed. The saloon-keeper then, as the complaint goes on to say, placed his knees upon Sparrow's arms, pinning him to the pavement, and continued to pummel him until he became senseless.

Sparrow alleges that his teeth were loosened, his lips, tongue and inside of his mouth badly cut, eyes blackened and both ears swollen. In addition to all this the editor sets forth that he has had a continuous headache from the time of the assault until the present.

The defendant is a muscular man, weighing 200 pounds, while the plaintiff is of slight physique.

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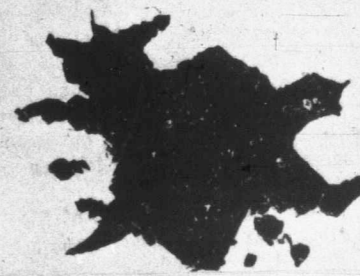
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Stroller's Column.

From all quarters come appeals to the Stroller for another lesson in ancient history. A lady writes from a roadhouse where they used to play blackjack, "hit me again," and from the convalescent ward of St. Mary's hospital comes the modest request for another chapter. Those making the request say they need it in their recovery.

For the Stroller to yield ancient history is easy but in this case he will describe one of the principal industries of that period instead of indulging in descriptions of individuals.

As all flour in those days was made from grinding or crushing grain, corn or wheat, as the case might be, between two rocks or in something like a mortar pot, the work of milling was one of the principal industries of the country.

At Pompeii there was a firm of millers known as Lycurgus & Asparagus, dealers in flour, bran, shorts, screenings, middlings, Del Monte flaxseed flour and Twin Brothers oatmeal. They had another sign on the south side of the building which read "Highest prices paid for Neapolitan wheat and Roman corn."

When business was not rushing Lycurgus would stay at home to look after the rat traps while Asparagus would travel around through the country and make suggestions to the

cockle, mustard and smut from the grain. We do it without the use of smut-ty language. This little bon mot is put in in order that the people of Pompeii may know that, while we are the best millers in the Roman empire, we are not above our little jokes. People dealing with us will find us very debonaire and affable.

"Respectfully,
"Toecorneous & Chilblaineous,
"Near the Stabian Gate, 27 doors from Billie the Mug's Saloon."
"P.S.—Farmers will find hitching posts and feed troughs for their canals and asses in the yard back of our mill, and their wives and daughters who have bought new clothes and wish to try them on may have the use of our shorts room."

This advertisement created great commotion in and around Pompeii and even farmers from the neighborhood of Athens and Sparta took to hauling their grain over to Pompeii.

In the meantime the old millers, Lycurgus & Asparagus, were at their wits end to retrieve the ground they had lost. They also put a handle on their upper burr, plugged up a lot of rat holes around their mill and almost ceased from mixing light colored clay with their Graham flour. But the old men had waited too long and they were at last forced to close down their mill and two years later

official, who, like Mary's lamb, had lingered near, interferred and explained that probably he was the party to blame, and, as the reporter was shy the price, the official was forced to pour oil on the turbulent waters by buying both the wheel owner and reporter a drink.

The reporter had succeeded in getting his story but his interview with the wheel owner frightened him until he was too nervous to write it up for the next morning's issue of his paper.

Hunker, May 31.
Dear Stroller, the only true friend I have on earth.

It is off with Popular and myself in a dozen or fifteen places. We have finished our clean-up during which, by taking dust out of the sack and putting black sand in its place, I managed to "coop" enough to take me outside provided there is a rate war between the river steamers.

My health is all shot to pieces. I am much thinner than when you last saw me, and for some time past I have been troubled with sore eyes.

"Pop" says I look like the old scratch. He is drunk all the time and sees double. For that reason he always addresses me as "you women" and says two wives is more than he is able to support. The other day I closed one of his eyes with the gray dish and when he looked at me out of his one open eye he said "Where's uzer 'oman?" But it fools him when he thinks he is sleeping in the middle, the poor dear.

I will probably stop two or three days with you before I go out.

Yours in tribulation,
JANE.

Don't do it, Jane! When you come down from Hunker to go out, go straight from the stage to a steamer and if there are none in, camp at the stage office until one comes. If you strike out to look up the Stroller you might get robbed. He would rob you himself if he had a chance. We men, Jane, are not to be trusted. "Pop" is as good as any of us and better than the majority. No woman knows what she is up against when she marries. You are lucky to have robbed the family sack of enough to take you out.

The Stroller wishes you bon voyage. You had better remain on the outside.

Man From the Creek.
"The man from the creek" is very much in evidence in Dawson today. From all of the various mining centres, laborers who have been employed in the mines have come to town intent upon converting their precious earnings of the winter into good currency of the realm.

The claim owners and men who have been working lays are also largely in evidence, making the best possible disposition of their summer's cleanup.

As a consequence the banks and other purchasers of gold dust are doing a tremendous business in buying dust. There is no absolute or unvarying price paid for dust. Valuations differ on the various creeks, and accordingly it requires a very close knowledge of all the different qualities of dust offered, to prevent the purchasers making mistakes.

There is considerable competition among the buyers and with much of the dust that is sold a regular canvass is made for offers and the highest bidder gets the dust. Among the heavy operators, however, particularly where their claims have been working several seasons, the value of the dust is pretty well understood. They have had assays made and know what price should be paid and ordinarily they receive that price.

The post of gold dust buyer is an important one at the banks, where hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the precious stuff is purchased each season, entirely on the judgment of the man behind the gold dust wicket.

A Good Opportunity.
Anyone contemplating the purchase of machinery would find it to their advantage to apply to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Whitehorse. Besides saws, belting and engineer's supplies, they have for sale:

- 1 Walrath 40 Horse-power Horizontal Engine.
- 1 Atlas 35 Horse-power Boiler.
- 1 Albion 20 Horse-power Tubular Boiler.
- 1 Albion 26 Horse-power Vertical Engine.
- 1 Mitchell 20 Horse-power Vertical Engine.
- 1 Complete Sawing Plant, including Saw Frame, Log Turner, Log Hoist, etc.
- 1 Pile Driver.
- Complete Blacksmith Outfit.

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Collections Promptly Attended to.
Money to Loan.
Gold Dust Bought and Sold.
N. C. Office Bldg., King St.



THE MILL OF TOECORNEOUS & CHILBLAINEOUS.

farmers as to what variety of wheat and corn they should plant. A local office one evening that the suggestions given by Asparagus to the farmers could be properly called "Asparagus tips."

For many years Lycurgus and Asparagus enjoyed a lucrative business but after a while dark hints of their taking too much toll and of their being clinkers in their XXXX brand of Get-there buckwheat flour began to be whispered around.

About that time two young men from Herculaneum dropped into Pompeii one day and after looking over the town for an hour or two called on a real estate agent. When they left they had a deed to the corner lot across from the old mill and two weeks later a building had been erected on the front of which in large Roman letters was the sign:

The user sold it for taxes. The last the Stroller heard of Lycurgus and Asparagus they were running a little feed store over by the gate of Padanarum. Toecorneous & Chilblaineous were furnishing the feed and the old men were selling it on commission.

A good local story is told in which the actors were a reporter who thinks everything he sees is a scoop, an official who does not accompany all his statements with an affidavit, and a total stranger to both the previously mentioned persons.

The official was standing in front of the Bonanza saloon when the stranger rode up on a bicycle, dismounted, leaned it against the window sill and went in, presumably for a glass of draught beer. Then it was that the reporter, rashing madly along the street, spied the official and the wheel immediately behind him.

"Loan me your wheel," said the embryo Horace Greeley. "I have to go up to the Ogilvie bridge for a scoop."

"Help yourself," said the official, and the reporter mounted the bike and rode off at a 2:40 gait.

Just as the fleeing wheelman passed out of sight the owner of the wheel, with foam still lingering on his mustache, came out and the first thing he noticed was the absence of his silent steed.

"Did you see anyone take a wheel from against the window?" he asked of the official, and that officer answered:

"Yes, I saw a very disreputable-looking stranger mount a wheel and ride away from here less than two minutes ago."

The stranger raved, ranted and pranced up and down the sidewalk like a madman. He was still raving, ranting and prancing half an hour later when the reporter, puffing like an exhausted freight engine, pedaled leisurely up the street and dismounted in front of the Bonanza.

"You ————" yelled the owner of the wheel, "I'll teach you how to steal my bicycle, you ———!"

He was about to make it very interesting for the reporter when the

Finest ice cream parlor in the city — at Gandolfo's. 1711.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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CHAS. S. W. BARWELL, D.L.S., C.E., DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR. Office, rooms 13 and 14 Bank Building. Phone 170, Dawson, Y. T.

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WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.
Time Table of Rail Division.

North Bound	STATIONS	South Bound
1st Class No. 1		1st Class No. 2
Daily Except Sunday		Daily Except Sunday
7:30 a.m.	BEAUGAY	7:30 p.m.
8:00	Shops	8:00
9:15	Beaver	9:15
9:30	Clifton	9:30
10:00	Clanier	10:00
10:15	Tennet	10:15
10:30	Whitcomb	10:30
10:45	WHITE PASS	10:45
11:00	Medows	11:00
11:15	Prize	11:15
11:30	Low Cabin	11:30
12:45	KENNETT	12:45
1:00 p.m.		1:00
12:45	Favey	12:45
1:00	Pennington	1:00
1:15	Dundalk	1:15
1:30	Winton	1:30
1:45	CARIBOU	1:45
2:00	Lampson	2:00
2:15	Le Sue	2:15
2:30	Minto	2:30
2:45	Ball Lake	2:45
3:00	Robinson	3:00
3:15	Cowley	3:15
3:30	Dugdale	3:30
3:45	Winton	3:45
4:00 p.m.	WHITE PASS	4:00 a.m.

*Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific Time.
†Meal Station.

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Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering
Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.
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Exceptional Service the Rule.
All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

For St. Michael and Koyukuk

Str. "Rock Island" Will leave for BERGMAN and BETTLES on
Thursday, June 5th, at 8 p. m.
This steamer will go DIRECT and will be the first passenger packet for Yukon River Points between Dawson and Mouth of Koyukuk and Bettles.
All baggage must be on the wharf TWO hours previous to the sailing of the steamer for Police Inspection for Gold Dust going out of the country.

Steamer "Sarah" Will leave for ST. MICHAEL on or about
June 7th
This will be the first through steamer and will arrive at St. Michael about ten days in advance of any other steamer. The Sarah will have a consignment of U. S. Mail for St. Michael and Nome which must be rushed to destination.
Our Steamers will NOT be hampered with Berges and there will be NO Delay at Way Points.

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**CITY COUNCIL
IN SESSION**

**Considerable Business
Was Transacted**

**D. C. Matheson Submits Pro-
position for Better Water
Service.**

At the meeting of the city council last night Aldermen Murphy and Macdonald were absent being off on the excursion to Eagle City. Only one communication was received, that from the Dawson Electric Light and Power Company. The company would be very happy to talk water business with the council and considers that it is in a position to furnish the city with a better service than any other corporation in the territory. They are equipped with machinery sufficiently powerful to maintain at all times 150 pound pressure in the pipes, they will lay 5000 feet of eight-inch mains and will maintain their service during the winter by pumping hot water through the pipes.

The chairman of the finance committee submitted the following report: "This committee recommends that pursuant to section 35 of bylaw No. 4, the monthly salaries appearing by the pay sheets of the following departments, the fire, police, city clerk's office and city solicitor's office as the same appeared on file for the month ending the 31st of May inst., be paid from month to month upon being certified and approved as provided in said section."

The following bills were also recommended paid:
Electric Light Co. \$105.30
Alvah Smith 5.75
D. Donaghy 300.00
Mrs. B. Gerow 100.00

The police committee filed its report containing that of Sergeant Smith showing the number of cases tried in the police court during the month of May and the fines collected. The latter amounts to about \$100.

Alderman Vachon called the attention of the council to the return of Commissioner Ross and suggested that the council should meet and welcome him officially. His worship spoke of the excursion today and it was arranged that an address be prepared by the council and be presented by the mayor. The question of a suitable arch and some sort of attempt at decoration was also discussed but nothing definite was decided upon.

Alderman Wilson thinks the city should have control of the water front and received the revenue derived therefrom, speaking with considerable warmth upon the subject. He stated that the revenue of \$10 a foot per year amounts to about \$30,000 which if turned over to the city would go a long way toward keeping the streets in repair. He also called attention to the fact that Ottawa had made no reply to the telegram sent by the council in reference to the appointment of an inland revenue officer for Dawson and that the question of an assay office had also been passed up like a white check. His worship remarked that he was somewhat surprised himself at their messages never having been acknowledged and he thinks the matters were certainly referred to Mr. Ross with instructions for him to investigate and report accordingly. Upon the commissioner's arrival some word will undoubtedly be received. In reference to the water front proposition, Alderman Adair is quite of the same mind as Alderman Wilson and suggested that the Yukon council at its next session be urged to recommend to the government the turning over to the city of all the land now bordering on the Yukon.

The mayor asked D. A. Matheson, manager of the Dawson Water Company, who had just stepped into the council chamber, if he had anything to offer the council in the way of explaining the proposed hydrant system his company were considering installing. Mr. Matheson submitted the following:

"Herewith I submit the following details for your information in regard to the proposed fire hydrants for the city of Dawson:

The pumps that we propose installing are high-duty, duplex compound pumps with a capacity of 1100 gallons per minute, with an initial pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, which will give the following results at the different hydrants, and the number of lines of hose, also the pounds of pressure at each one as per plans submitted."

Here are given the various pressures at each of the 19 hydrants, it varying from 82 pounds with two lines of hose at the one farthest removed from the pumping station to 200 pounds with four lines of hose at the one nearest.

"The above pressure can be increased and an additional 50 pounds on any and all of the hydrants before the pump is working to its full capacity, and six lines of hose can be used from all the mains at one time if necessary, providing both pumps are put in operation, which would furnish 2800 gallons of water per minute. A one inch nozzle under a pressure of 90 pounds will discharge 300 gallons per minute. The hydrants number from the pumping station, from No. 1 to No. 19, down Third avenue from said station and up Second avenue and down First avenue to number 19. Any hydrant on the six-inch water main on Third avenue will supply the fire engine with all ease all the water she can pump."

"I would also recommend the placing of a large tank on Third avenue to hold about thirty thousand gallons of water, said tank to be supplied from the water mains by an inflow and the engine could be supplied from said tank, without moving the engine from the building covering the tank, which, in fact, ought to be the fire hall. I could supply you with a tank of this kind at a very low price, as I have a tank of that capacity on hand at the present time, which is built of heavy timbers, and lined with galvanized iron."

His worship informed Mr. Matheson the council would be very glad to confer with him a day or two later and his communication was referred to the committee on fire, water and light with power to arrange a meeting the latter part of the week.

Alderman Vachon called attention to the fact that portions of Fourth and Fifth avenues were being used by various people for storage purposes. He moved that the owners of the wood, wagons and boilers thereon be instructed to move them at once. A vote showed a division, Vachon and Norquay voting yea, and Adair and Wilson nay. His worship voted in the affirmative and it was so ordered.

To Creditors.

In order that I may be able to go outside early in July and avoid being capiased I must pay my bills. To do so I must collect outstanding accounts. All persons owing me will please call and settle their accounts at their earliest convenience.

THOS. CHISHOLM.

Not Discouraged.

R. B. Watson and Hamilton Fisher who have spent two years prospecting near the head waters of the Stewart, returned to town yesterday, Mr. Walsh having unfortunately lost the greater part of his outfit on Canyon river. Mr. Walsh will set out again some time next week.

Mr. Fisher does not think he will return. In his opinion the prospects in the district visited get poorer the nearer the Rockies are approached, and when within a hundred miles of that range the formation carrying quartz seems to disappear altogether. He states, however, that there are others who are not discouraged. Five prospectors are staying at the head waters of Canyon river, a tributary of the south fork of the Stewart, and say they are going still further eastward. Hector Morrison and his partner have been prospecting in that neighborhood for three years, and are yet so confident of eventually striking good pay that they speculate on prospecting there for another two years.

Judgment Rendered

In the case of F. S. Dunham vs. the dealers in cheap groceries, the public have decided in favor of Dunham and will continue to trade with him because they know they can depend on always getting the best at The Family Grocery, corner Second avenue and Albert streets.

BONANZA AND ELDERADO.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burney of No. 3 Victoria Gulch came to town yesterday.

Mr. A. J. Maiden has finished his work on No. 18 Eldorado and returned to his home on No. 30 above Bonanza.

Mr. H. T. Cristensen expected to get through sluicing on No. 22 Eldorado last Saturday but will commence summer work immediately.

Mr. G. N. Williams of No. 27 Eldorado is putting a few finishing touches to the neat little cottage which he recently built by adding an upper verandah.

Little Harold Kenyon has started in business all for himself on No. 28 above Bonanza. He has a small tent and sells ice cold soft drinks.

The dance given last Friday night at No. 33 below Bonanza by Mrs. Frame was fairly well attended. The night was rather bad which kept a number from attending, though there was enough to have a nice time. Mrs. Frame has one of the finest halls for dancing on the creek and always aims to make it pleasant for strangers in particular. The music! O, well, there is a rule which the scribe will ever preach and practice: If you cannot conscientiously say a kind or good word about a person, say nothing, therefore regarding the stiff-fingered fiddler who fiddled for the dance at No. 33 below Bonanza last Friday night I will keep mum.

On last Thursday evening a farewell dance was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Acheson, nee Miss Mary McDevitt, at the social hall previous to their departure for the outside. About fifty people were present and

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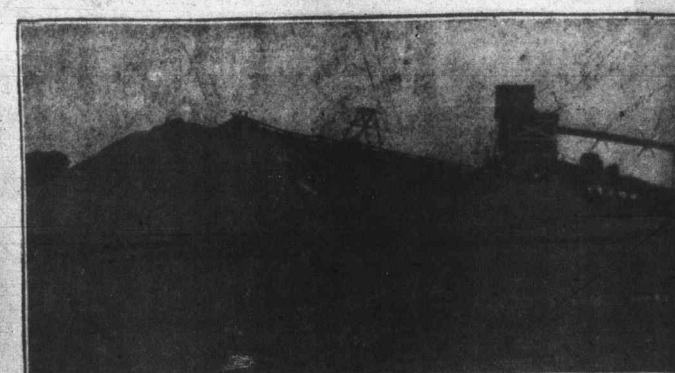
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