

YUKON STEAMERS
Ora, Nora and Flora Will Leave Lower Labarge for Dawson This Week

WITH PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT
And With Ten Freight Crowded Barges in Tow

OLD COMMODORE MARTINEAU
In Pilot House of Flora Will Capsize the Fleet - Wire From Gen. Mgr. Calderhead.

Yesterday evening Mr. M. N. Miles of the Klondike Corporation Co., received from that company's general manager, Mr. R. W. Calderhead, who is now at lower Labarge with their three steamers, the following message and instructions by telegraph:

The steamers Ora, Nora and Flora will leave here for Dawson about Thursday, May 16th, with full loads of passengers and freight and with ten heavily laden barges in tow. Our steamers are all manned with crack-crew pilots, new machinery has been put in and they will make much faster time than ever before. Sell first-class tickets to Whitehorse for \$65 and through tickets to Victoria and Seattle, first-class, for \$105.

From the above it is evident that Manager Calderhead intends to have the Klondike Corporation fleet of steamers come down the river immediately behind the ice and probably ahead of considerable of it. The Flora was the first boat to land passengers in Dawson last year and the same man, Commodore Martineau, will guide her this season and as he, being the acknowledged best man on the river, will probably pilot the fleet down on this voyage, the Flora will be the last boat from up the river to throw out a gang plank in Dawson this year.

Derby ping tobacco demonstrates that quality speaks, not the name. Canned spring chicken. Selman & Myers.

Latest photo buttons at Goetzman's. New suitings at Brewitt's.

Hotel McDonald
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON. JOHN O. BOZORTH - Manager

Orr & Tukey.. FREIGHTERS
ON AND AFTER MAY 9 DAILY STAGE TO AND FROM GRAND-FORKS Leaving each place at 8 a. m. & 3 p. m. Office - A. C. Co. Building

The O'Brien Club
Refitted and Handsomely Furnished
First Class Bar Is Run in Connection for Members.

Marshbank & Murray..
Pure Drugs Patent Preps Toilet Articles

PACKING GARLOCK, TUCKS, Round and Square ALL SIZES
Rainbow Sheet Packing and Square Flax
McL., McF. & Co. LIMITED

The Ice Has Gone
At 4 o'clock this afternoon the ice in the Yukon broke away from its moorings opposite Dawson and started on its long journey to the sea. As usual the Nugget scoops all contemporaries in publishing the news.

TERRITORIAL COURT CASES
Two Important Decisions Handed Down Yesterday.

Yesterday morning in the case of Belcher vs. McDonald, Justice Dugas gave a judgment on the motion to amend the pleadings by the plaintiff and also the motion for a non-suit by the defendant, both motions being disallowed. The judgment partially reviews the case and says: "Having received the application for a non-suit, which strictly exists no more, I prefer to hear the argument on the merits after which I will adjudge upon the whole."

"I should have said before that at the second argument the plaintiff abandoned all that portion of the which is not contained in paragraphs 2 and 3, and therefore the whole contestation is now limited to the claim for the balance of the alleged \$100,000; or \$50,000 and the alleged claim of \$26,222, or whatever may be due thereon. The argument was set for Thursday morning."

In the case of T. G. Wilson vs. the C. D. Co. for damages for non-delivery of goods Justice Craig this morning gave judgment for plaintiff with reference to ascertain the amount. The amount of damages claimed is upwards of \$30,000 and the judgment practically allows the full amount.

Derby ping tobacco is in the market to stay; there's none better.

ASBESTOL, CORDOVAN, HORSEHIDE GLOVES
Are Proof Against Heat, Steam, Boiling and Cold Water and will give excellent satisfaction. At Wholesale and Retail By Sargent & Pinska First Ave., Cor. Second Street

The Ladue Co.
LOOK OUT FOR US THIS SEASON!
We will import more goods than ever before. The combination does not frighten us. Big bargains await you in carefully selected commodities.

THE LADUE CO...
IF YOU BUY IT OF LADUE CO. IT'S GOOD.

Pure Drugs Patent Preps Toilet Articles
Reid & Co. Miners' Drug Store Front Street

A DECISION RENDERED
By Judge Craig in Case Concerning Claim 13 on Gold Run--Evidence Points Towards Purgury and General Crooked Work.

Justice Craig this morning rendered his decision in the case of D'Avignon vs. Jones, Rutledge & Davis dismissing the plaintiff's actions, which was brought concerning title to claim 13 on Gold Run. The judgment is a lengthy one covering the entire evidence in the case speaking of which the justice said: "This is one of the most peculiar cases which I have ever heard of and is the most unsatisfactory case I have ever tried since I came into the territory--a case where so many objections can be raised to the evidence of all the parties to the issue and where so much has been shown to throw discredit upon the witnesses directly concerned in the result of the trial."

"The action is brought by D'Avignon to set aside an alleged deed of 13 Gold Run which he claims to be a cloud upon his title and which he claims he never executed to pass the title of this property. As the action is framed, the defendants claim title through D'Avignon and claim under a deed from D'Avignon, but during the course of the trial they sought to discredit it, D'Avignon and his witnesses and to throw doubt upon the root of their own title, and it was objected that such evidence was inadmissible."

The judgment then reviews the evidence and continues: "Upon the issue as framed and if evidence had not been given to discredit the testimony of Barlow, D'Avignon and Hildebrand, I would be disposed to think that the inherent evidences the documents themselves being such as to confirm the story of D'Avignon and Barlow, the dealings of D'Avignon and Barlow with the escrow papers being also consistent with their story, the plaintiff must succeed. But the defendants were allowed to give evidence to shake the credibility and honesty of these parties for the purpose of showing, I take it, that having told a false story in regard to one part of their case, their evidence could not be believed in the balance."

The balance of the evidence is reviewed and the judgment concludes with this statement: "As I said before it practically amounts to this, that if I find for the plaintiffs I must find the defendant knowledgeable guilty of forgery. I can find no sufficient motive which should move a man of his apparent respectability while the documents are strange, and not reconcilable with any proper mode of procedure, yet it is possible that his story may be correct and that the things did happen as he says they did, however strange it may seem. But I think the evidence of Abbott and White turn the scale in his favor and I must believe them. I can not say that I am satisfied with my own judgment in the matter. The whole thing is such a kaleidoscope of inconsistencies and improbabilities that one is lost in trying to reconcile all the discrepancies in the evidence. Another judge or jury might come to a very different conclusion upon the facts, but this is my view of the evidence. I might give the old Scotch verdict 'not proven,' There will be judgment dismissing the plaintiff's action."

COMING AND GOING.
Miss L. Sylvester, of Dominion, is a guest at the Regina hotel today. There will be a special meeting of the Yukon council tonight at 8 o'clock at the courthouse. It is said the ice in the river opposite Dawson was heard to crack several times today and the breaking is hourly expected now. Mr. Thos. Greer and his partner who recently sold their hillside claim opposite 20 below on Hunker, are in town waiting for a boat to take them to Nome. Harry Jones of the Dawson Hardware Co., left for the creeks yesterday. It is said he is onto a good thing, but the nature of his business he refuses to divulge. Complaints are made that dead dogs are being allowed to lay around at various places in the city much to the disgust of people whose business requires their passing these particular places. At 10 o'clock last night a telegraphic report was received by the state of the water at upper river points and it showed that the river rose 3 feet at Belkirk yesterday. No change was reported at Selwyn. The Stewart river was rising rapidly with good indications of breaking today; the jam was still holding but did not stop the water. At Ogilvie the ice ran for an hour, but jammed at a bend on the island below. No change was reported today.

Prepare to Decorate.
Every business house in Dawson and residences as well should be becomingly decorated on Victoria day, as a holiday without gala attire and bright display tends to repress the gay and glad-spirited that should abound on such occasions. Dress up and give the day a royal welcome.

Transfer of Real Estate.
The ridge between the sidewalk and street immediately in front of the barracks, orderly room and commissary is being graded down, the dirt being hauled inside the square which is being leveled up. A number of prisoners are employed on the work.

Up in the Air.
This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 80 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

How Frozen Meat Deteriorates.
Meats frozen and kept in cold storage for long periods do not undergo organic changes in the ordinary sense--that is, they do not putrefy, soften or smell bad--but they certainly do deteriorate in some intangible way. After a certain time frozen meat loses some life principle essential to its nourishing quality. Such meat lacks flavor; it is not well digested or assimilated. Its savorless condition cannot be remedied or successfully disguised by the use of sauces and condiments.

Those who eat cold storage food for any length of time develop diarrheal disorders, lose in weight and would eventually starve to death unless a change of diet was made. The same reasoning applies to tinned fruits and vegetables. They should not be used after a certain period has elapsed. Especially should people be warned against using stale eggs and old milk and cream. Milk and cream are kept for days, rancid butter is washed and treated chemically, but all food, and especially cold storage food, is damaged by long keeping, and will not nourish the body properly. There is the greatest abundance of food, but it does not satisfy. Sanitary Record.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor. P.O. near Drug Store. For a fine bath try Allman's.

CLEAR CREEK TO THE FORE
Promises to Furnish a Share of Litigation.

Clear creek promises to furnish its share of litigation to the courts if present indications may be taken as indicating what future developments will be. Clear creek was stamped and staked early last fall as everyone who was in Dawson or for that matter in the Klondike district will readily remember. Among the stampers who took part in the rush to Clear creek were W. A. McDonald, Ed Carnell, Dan McDonald and Geo. Kennedy.

The four were men in a party together. After reaching their destination and staking up the situation they decided to leave the main creek to the tender mercies of the other stampers and turned their attention to a promising looking pup which they designated with the euphonic title of "Squaw" creek. All four men planted their stakes on the pup, staking Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, creek claims in the order in which their names are given. They proceeded immediately to Stewart river where they placed their claims on record.

Thinking that everything was lovely and dreaming of pokes well filled with Clear creek nuggets the men came to Dawson and recently began preparations to return to their claims to prospect. Before doing so, however, they made an examination of the records in order to ascertain if there was any shadow of doubt as to their title. This examination revealed the fact that the same ground which they had staked on Squaw creek was also claimed by one Gray who had recorded the claim on Clear creek, at the point where they two streams join.

Gray had applied for and received 1000 feet on each side of the creek and the ground included within his boundaries left the four men who had staked on Squaw creek almost entirely off the map. The men have not decided whether they will enter a contest for the ground or not. A similar point has been before the gold commissioner before and the ruling was in favor of the owner of the claim on the main creek. As the matter stands their hard work has been for nothing.

Power Shut Off.
Owing to the breaking of a cylinder at the power house this morning the current which supplies a number of local concerns with power has been shut off all day. The work of repairing the break has been going on all day and it is expected that the lights will be turned on as usual tonight, although it will be midnight before the damage will be entirely repaired.

The machinery of the Nugget is run by electricity, but as a boiler and engine are kept on hand for just such emergencies no serious difficulty has been experienced in issuing the paper.

Griffith Still Lives.
36 Gold Run, May 21. Editor Nugget: I noticed in your last week's paper my name among the missing which was a surprise to me. I will wire home at once. Thanking you for your trouble, I remain yours truly, THOMAS A. GRIFFITH. P. S. Also hoping that those parties in Dawson with the same name would be kind enough to return mail after finding out it belongs to other parties and save much anxiety. I remain, T. A. G.

Married Last Night.
Mr. W. F. Thompson, business manager of the Yukon Sun, and Miss Maude Stone whose father is a successful claim owner and operator on Gold Run, were quietly married last night at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. Dr. Grant. The many friends of the newly wedded pair join the Nugget in extending to them hearty congratulations and the wish that their married life may be a long and happy one. See Brewitt the tailor for clothes.

RECEIVED BY WIRE. RATE WAR TO END

By Mutual Agreement of Steamship Companies May Fifteenth.

DEMANDS HAVE BEEN CONCEDED
Of Canadian Pacific and Pacific Coast Companies.

PREMIER FAVORS THE PLAN
Of Quebec to Purchase Plains of Abraham--Assay Offices for Vancouver and Victoria.

Seattle, May 9, via Skagway, May 14. The various Alaska steamship lines practically agree that the rate war will end on May 15th, the demands of the Canadian Pacific and Pacific Coast companies being practically conceded.

Favors Purchase.
Ottawa, May 8, via Skagway, May 14. Sir Wilfrid Laurier intimates that he is favorable to Quebec's plans for purchasing the Plains of Abraham.

Mint and Assay Offices.
Ottawa May 8, via Skagway, May 14. In the senate committee today Col. Prior called attention to the announcement that a mint and assay office will be located at Ottawa and strongly urged the establishment of assay offices at Victoria and Vancouver.

In Australia.
Melbourne, May 9, via Skagway, May 14. The first federal parliament opened today with imposing ceremonies. The Duke of Cornwall and Duke of York were present.

Sallybury Ill.
London, May 9, via Skagway, May 14. Stories of Lord Sallybury's illness are again being circulated.

Enter Your Dogs.
The managers of the dog show are very anxious to have all of the entries in by next Saturday, in order to classify the dogs and prepare the prizes. Entries are to be made to Mr. Jules Marion, room A, A. C. Co.'s office building from 2 to 4 o'clock, as follows: Breed, sex, weight, name, name of owner.

The sports committee will appoint the judges of the team races on the 24th for which prizes will be given. Owners of inside dogs must have their entries in not later than Saturday.

No entry fee is charged, and the proceeds of this show will be kept so as to establish a pedigree for all dogs that are entered, as the third year establishes the pedigree in all kennel clubs. Owners are expected to furnish collars and chains for their dogs.

Who Knows Him?
Mrs. S. Butler, of Dowington, Michigan, writes to A. Spitz of this city requesting information relative to the whereabouts of her son, Richard Butler. He has not been heard of for the past five years. He is 32 years of age and is supposed to be somewhere in this country.

Rubber gloves for slushing. Cribbs & Rogers. Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's. Spring clothing to order. Brewitt's.

LINEN
We have now on sale the most complete line of Cable Lines, Napkins, Doilies, Towels, Sheets and Pillow Cases. Ever shown in Dawson and at Most Attractive Prices.
Hotel and Restaurant Keepers
We call your especial attention to this sale.
AMES MERCANTILE CO.

The Klondike Nugget

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(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

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Single copies	.25

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Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	3.00
Single copies	.25

NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a special figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a goodly price for its space and its justification thereof remains to be established as paid circulation free from that of any other paper published between Dawson and the North Pole.

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

TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1901.

THE RIGHT WAY.

The place to attack the validity of concession titles is in the courts. Every applicant for a concession has been required to comply with certain specific requirements of law. If there is reasonable ground for belief that fraudulent means have been taken in securing grants to concessions, then it is likewise reasonable to believe that such titles will be annulled in the courts.

It is not a matter which requires resort to demagogic diatribes, nor will any assistance be given to the cause of the individual miner as against the concession holder by the use of abusive language.

The concession theory is entirely wrong in every detail—with that every one must agree who is familiar with the history of concession grants in this territory. Public mineral lands have been squandered in a reckless manner without apparent thought as to their value and as the actual extent of the territory's resources becomes better known, more general recognition is being given to this fact.

The question arises, what is best to be done under the existing circumstances? In dealing with this as with all other matters of public moment the facts must be accepted as they are found. We do not imagine that any concession holder will surrender the title by which he claims his ground simply because he discovers that public sentiment is almost a unit against him.

To set aside the rights now enjoyed by concessionaires require that it be shown that those rights were illegally obtained. A fight against concessions based upon these lines will have excellent chances of success. There is little doubt that concessions have been obtained almost entirely through misrepresentation of facts. Evidence to this effect placed before the courts should have the desired result. We fail to see how progress toward the desired end can be made in any other way.

ENCOURAGE ATHLETICS.

The approaching celebration of Victoria day bids fair to give a lively impetus to local athletics. As was detailed in the Nugget of yesterday, an association for the promotion of athletics has been formed at the Forks, and our thriving sister town will furnish healthy competition for the prizes to be offered on the occasion of the Victoria day celebration.

It will give Dawson plenty of work to do to hold her own against the talent which will enter the lists from the Forks and other creek points, and local athletic giants may well begin looking to the care of their laurels.

In this connection, it is to be hoped that such interest will be awakened in athletic matters that a permanent organization for the promotion of outdoor sports may be effected.

For the next four months Dawson will furnish ideal conditions for baseball, football, cricket and similar sports. The summer season though somewhat short is admirably adapted for all open air games and with an abundance of material to select from, Dawson should witness a series of splendid exhibitions of all the games noted.

The movement will be greatly aided if the idea of preparing a public athletic park is carried into effect.

A sufficiently large area in the vicinity of the barracks may be placed

in proper condition with no great expenditure either of labor or money. But even if such were not the case, the enjoyment which the public would derive therefrom should more than compensate for any cost involved.

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebenezer Sprout, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident, related by Dr. Hildreth, well illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sprout, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sprout set on the table some bread and cheese, with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers, and taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sprout soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner. "In apparent amazement he exclaimed: 'Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone.'"

ANTS INVENT A WAGON.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place, near Covington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits," says a contributor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their home."

"Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with their awkward booty and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty."

The Advance of Time.

The age of man, we are told, is three score years and ten. From 25 to 40, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to 50 the change is greater. Fifty-five to 60, the alteration starts; still we are not bowed down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the later stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable duty this and keenly felt by both. Such is time's progress.—Scottish American.

The Carp Is Very Bony.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 402 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

The Worst of It.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls.
Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.
Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.

Just Like a Man.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel?
Cabman—One dollar, sir.
Biggs—And how much for taking me alone?
Cabman—The same—one dollar.
Biggs (to his wife)—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.—Chicago News.

Homespun Philosophy.

If you are forty years old, don't expect anything of the future.
Patent medicine men promise health as readily as politicians promise reform.
A barber who would cut a man's hair as he wants it cut would get all the business.
Pay a palmist five dollars, and all you will get in return is a lot of agreeable flattery.
The people with cold, clammy hands

always insist upon shaking hands every time they meet you.

By the time a woman gets through with her spring sewing, it is time to begin her fall sewing.

When a local doctor can't fool a patient any longer, he sends her off to an accomplice in the east.

At first, a boy wears his father's old pants, made over. Later, the father wears the son's old pants.

A grocer can sell anything to a woman from soap to codfish, if he will claim that its use is good for the complexion.

It some people spent as much time at work as they do in complaining that they are abused, they could buy their critics.

We don't care what the poets say about the first robin; we regard the sound of a carpenter's hammer in spring as sweeter music.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

"The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, but end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said: "I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the diabolical locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

The Song of the Yukon River.

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engines. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night.

"When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."—Portland Telegram.

Deal of North Carolina, blended of the finest Virginia and Kentucky tobaccos.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's. Try Allman's scrub baths.

NOTHING CHEAP AND FLASHY!
SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING
ALL HIGH-CLASS AND ELEGANT!
OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK
HERSHBERG

"BEAU" BLAKE.

The Story a Texan Tells About the Irish Brigade Commander.

"I know 'Buck' Blake, or 'Beau' Blake, as some call him, who is now in command of the Irish brigade—with 'the Boers,' said a Texan man the other evening. "He had been a cowboy and at the time I made his acquaintance was interested with a Kentuckian named Harvey Watson in a horse ranch south of Brownsville. He was a big, good natured, powerful fellow, with humorous Irish blue eyes and a small, sandy mustache. Although he had no record as a 'bad man,' it was pretty well understood that he had plenty of sand and could take care of himself in an emergency. I saw that fully demonstrated one night at Fort Worth. He was in town on some business and, happening to walk into a big bar attached to a gambling house there famous throughout the southwest, encountered a cattleman named Ed Armstrong, with whom he had had some difficulty over a stock brand.

"Armstrong had the reputation of being a 'killer,' and as soon as he saw Blake he reopened the old quarrel. Blake replied to his remarks good humoredly, but he became more and more insulting and finally whipped out a six shooter and leveled it at the Irishman's head. 'Now, you hound, he roared, 'I want you to tell the whole house that you're a liar!'

"The action was so sudden that Blake had no time to defend himself, but he never turned a hair. 'Aw, put that thing away,' he said laughingly. Then looking over Armstrong's shoulder, he added, as if speaking to somebody behind him, 'It's all right, Harvey; he's only kidding.'

"Thinking that Blake's partner, Watson, had entered the place and was then in his rear, the desperado instantly wheeled around. As he did so the big Irishman hit him a crushing blow under the ear and knocked him fully a dozen feet. His revolver flew out of his hand as he fell and exploded harmlessly in the air, and before he could recover his senses Blake was on his chest, with his hands on his throat.

"That ended the row and made an everlasting impression on my mind. By the way, Blake got his nickname of 'Beau' from a favorite expression of his while a cowboy. On Sundays he used to 'beau up,' as he called it, to visit some girls on an adjoining ranch. 'Beauing up' consisted of shaving and taking his trousers out of his boots."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Eureka creeks, the Black Hills country and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. crt
Turkish bath at Allman's, \$3.

Children's Clothing
We offer a Large Stock
—
..TWEEDS AND WASH SUITS..
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS,
CHILDREN'S HATS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. P. McLENNAN...

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AN AWNING

Up-to-date Work
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ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek on Klondike River.
SLICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
Tom Chisholm, Prop.

LIFE.
A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh, but the moans came double,
And that is life!
A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh
us,
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the sweetest of foils for laughter,
And that is life!
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Still Holds Good.
"There was a time," exclaimed young Spenders, who had gone through a fortune, "when people used to say I had more money than brains. They can't say it now."
"No?" queried the caustic cad.
"No. I'm down to my last penny."
"Ah! but you have the penny."
Philadelphia Press.

Trouserings; latest patterns
Brewitt's.
Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

A. E. COMP'NY
Merchandise and Mining Machinery
RIGHT GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES

The White Pass & Yukon Route.
British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd.
Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between Dawson and White Horse:
"Victorian" "Columbian" "Canadian" "McConnell"
"Ogilvie" "Dawson" "Yukoner" "Bailey"
"Zealandian" "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers.
A daily steamer each way, connecting with passenger trains at White Horse. Through Tickets to all Puget Sound Ports. Baggage Checked and Bonded Through.
Travel by the Best Route and Avoid Trouble and Delay. Reservations Made on Application.
E. C. HAWKINS, Gen'l Mgr. W. P. & Y. R. H. DARLING, Gen'l Mgr. B. Y. N. Co. J. F. LEE, Traffic Manager. J. H. ROBERTS, Agent.

San Francisco Clothing House
New Ready to Wear Tailor-Made Clothing
Knickerbocker Knee Pants Suits.
Slater High-Top Shoes. Stetson Hats, Derbys and Fedoras.
Spring Overcoats. Golf Hose.

OPPOSITE YUKON DOCK
AMUSEMENTS

Savoy Theatre
WEEK OF
Monday, May 13
John A. Flynn's Big Burlesque
—THE—
Vassar College Girls
MISS JENNIE GUICHARD
—IN—
THE ARTIST'S MODEL
POST & ASHLEY
COMEDY COMPANY

The Standard Theatre
Week of
Monday, May 13
The Great Laughing Three Act Comedy
"My Friend From India"
You Laugh! You Scream! You Roar!
Ladies' Night Thursday. Seats Now on Sale.
RESERVED SEATS, \$1.00 & \$2.00. Secure Them Early. NUFF SEAT.

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT!
J. H. Hearde's Great Production
Vassar College May Festival
Duncan & Edgerton, Aerial Artists.
Bryant & Onslow—Fifteen Minutes in a Rough House.
Eddie Dolan's Farce Comedy
"PINK DOMINOES"

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REGARDING MONGOL LABOR

Strong Fight Being Made Against It in B. C.

"Victoria Outlook" Discusses Problem at Length—White Labor From East Wanted.

The statement of the small minority of this country cannot be developed without Mongolians, may be flatly met by pointing eastward—to Eastern Canada and the Eastern United States—where the Anglo-Saxon has brought the whole country from savagery to agriculture, mining, fishing and manufacturing productivity, in spite of climatic and other obstacles compared to which those in British Columbia are not worthy of mention.

Not only are the Mongols unnecessary to the development of this country—they are a blight and a hindrance. They do nothing towards bringing the country forward, but, on the contrary, keep out the very people who would bring it forward, at tenfold speed, and would ever succeed in getting the country driven out to the last man.

What sense is there in saying that British Columbia could be cleared of Chinese and Japanese competition, first white working people would reappear in Ontario earning 90 cents a day rather than come here and receive 52 cents a day that they don't come now?

It is said that, owing to the size of the land, land cannot be cleared without Chinese and Japanese labor. It is stated, on the other hand, that, by a combination of interests, and the use of machinery land could be cleared far more rapidly, and at ten to fifteen dollars per acre less cost with white labor.

On the Atlantic coast, with the most severe climatic conditions to contend against, the farming, fishing, lumbering and mining industries are necessarily and profitably conducted, by a honest, law-abiding and prosperous white population. Why is it that, with a thousandfold more plentiful, richer almost inexhaustible, mineral wealth of untold richness, a market for agricultural products one hundred per cent higher and a climate of semi-tropical mildness, the country cannot be developed without Asiatic labor?

On the coast of Nova Scotia, salmon are canned and shipped to England and all other markets, lobsters are also canned and shipped to the markets of the world (including Victoria, B. C.). In addition to fish, fruits, berries and condensed milk are canned and shipped as a profit from Nova Scotia. You can buy Nova Scotian condensed milk in any grocery store in Victoria today.

How is all this done without the help of the Chinese and Japs? When it is considered that salmon, on the coast of Nova Scotia, compared to British Columbia are "as scarce as hen's teeth" and that they are put up "white labor only," how is it that they can be placed upon the London market in competition with those raised by Chinese in British Columbia?

Lock at the difference in freight and insurance! Do not know what the difference amounts to, but feel safe in saying that more than offset by the greater quantity of the fish in Nova Scotia.

The canneries on the Atlantic coast are "manned," if we might use the word, by the daughters, cousins and nieces of the fishermen; the work of cleaning is performed with cleanliness and skill, and, so far as we know, strikes and lockouts are unknown. Some holds good on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

"You say," you say, "we have no fishermen with skilled daughters and nieces and aunts who live 'on the coast' and return to their work seasons after season."

Very true, my friend, but whose fault is that? This is the simple point we are trying to make, and will go on trying to make just as long as we can borrow a wad of copy paper and buy a five cent bottle of ink.

What if you exclude, kick out, or annihilate the Mongolians you will have difficulty in filling the country with workmen who will bring their sisters, cousins and aunts to this coast and work in your canneries from season to season, just as they are working today in the canneries of Nova Scotia. Why couldn't they? Why should they prefer the worst climate in the world to that of the best?

Why don't they come there as it is. Wages are higher than in Nova Scotia? Because any man, or woman who will work alongside of a Chinaman is neither fit for the land nor the "hilly hill," and that is where your "Chinese cheap labor" is, really, costing you more than the decent, clean, white labor of the Atlantic coast canneries.

Lumbering is another industry that is supposed to depend for its existence on the labor of the Mongolian, although the evidence given by two of our largest lumber manufacturers before the

royal commission points directly the other way. They said, in effect, "we would rather pay a white man \$2 a day than pay a Chinaman \$1." They also stated that if the orientals were excluded their places would, in a while, be filled by white men, and that no serious interruption to their business would result. They thought the total exclusion of Mongolians would benefit the country.

Going back to the Atlantic coast, and the older provinces. The near-by timber has been sawed up, the trees are smaller and the labor of felling and transporting timber must be much greater than in this new country. Yet the whole business is done with white labor, and the product is sent abroad and sold at a profit. How do they manage to keep out of the bankruptcy court without the help of the Chinese and Japs?

"Because their white labor is cheaper. If they pay a dollar and a half a day to strong healthy white men they are getting cheaper labor than Chinamen at six bits."

"Why don't these men come here to this fine climate and get better wages than they are now receiving where the snow is up to their necks, and the thermometer retires from business in the winter months?"

Because no man who is any good will work along side of a Chinaman, and this is a Chinese province.

Neither will a white girl who is any good enter domestic service in competition with the Chinese.

If the Chinese are totally excluded, and the Japanese continue to exclude themselves, the presence of those Mongols now here will, for years, keep the price of labor from fifty to a hundred per cent above that in the east. Let the capitalist put this in his pipe and smoke it.

Therefore the Mongols are a double barreled-curse, working damage both to employer and wage earner. They are keeping white people out of British Columbia, keeping their own wages up, and drafting the country of every dollar they receive in wages.

Is this true, or is it not? If they are not keeping the working people of the east from coming here, why do they (the people of the east) remain where they are, in a severe climate, burning more fuel, wearing more clothes, and accepting wages a hundred per cent lower?

"Are the eastern people fools?" "Very far from it."

"Why don't they come here, wear less clothing and get bigger wages?" We have already given what we suppose to be the reason. If you can think of any other, we would like to hear it.

"Ranching" is another industry which cannot possibly struggle on without the help of the Mongols. It is true that quite a number of farmers absolutely refuse to employ them, and still contrive to make a living. Many more say that but for their Chinamen and Japs they would have to go out of the business. Not a few have been obliged to go out of the business anyway—Mongols and all.

"How is it that the benighted farmers of Ontario, Quebec and the maritime provinces sell cabbages as low as four bits a dozen, potatoes at sixty to seventy cents a sack, and beef at four to five cents a pound with 'white labor only' to depend upon?"

"Because they got their 'help' as low as seven dollars a month and board."

"Why can't our farmers get help at seven dollars per month and board?" "Echo is speechless."

Today we met a man who is obliged to pervade the Chinese quarter in the way of business, and he explains in part the reason why Chinese tailors are so successful in getting at least a portion of their swell custom. It is because they are making and selling clothes "on tick." The boss of a prominent tailoring firm in Chinatown, took him to one side, and produced his order book. Pointing to a name recently entered he inquired:

LOG JAMS.

The Force They Exert and How They Are Broken Up.

"A log jam is one of the most formidable problems we have to encounter in our line of business," said a Mississippi lumberman. "How they begin is difficult to explain: A few dozen logs will become wedged for an instant in a narrow part of a stream and in less time than it takes me to tell you hundreds of others will come swooping down and pack themselves in an intricate, close knit span, reaching from bank to bank, and almost as solid as a rock. The force they exert is something marvelous. During one jam in my section I saw a lot of logs plunge under the edge of the blockade, and a few seconds later they pushed their way up through the very middle of the pack, tossing timbers as big around as a man's waist into the air like so many toothpicks. The noise they made as they drove through the mass was simply deafening. It sounded as if the solid earth was being torn up by its foundations. When the logs passed under the jam, they were evidently caught in such a way as to still further obstruct the imprisoned stream and were hurled upward with all the irresistible energy of millions of gallons of rushing water."

"The breaking of a jam is a very ticklish operation and seems to be largely a matter of instinct with old rivermen. The lines and angles of strain in such a blockade are so complicated that the best engineer in the world is apt to go wrong in indicating the proper point of attack. A veteran lumberman, on the contrary, will often take a long look at the mass and then point out the 'key log.' The key log is the timber on which the strain centers, and when it is blown out or pried out, the pack, in almost every instance, will break up of itself. I had an old fellow in my employ a few years ago who could locate a key log nine times out of ten. He couldn't read or write, knew nothing about engineering and was unable to explain how he arrived at his conclusions. He said it 'came kinder natchral.'" —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SHAKESPEAREAN PARTS.

The Melancholy Dane is the Longest of Them All.

The longest part in any Shakespearean play is Hamlet, who is before the audience almost constantly. Hamlet is a constant talker, and it is surprising that in the circumstances he says so many wise things. He has to his share 1,500 lines. Richard III is another long part, as the character speaks 1,161 lines, and next comes Iago, with 1,117 lines. Henry V has 1,063 lines.

One would suppose, from seeing the representation or from looking over the play that Othello had more lines than Iago, but it is not the case, for the valiant Moor has only 888 lines. Coriolanus has 886, the Duke in "Measure For Measure" 890 and Timon 883. Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra" does not seem a very long part judging by the appearance of the prompt book, but in reality he has 830 lines.

Brutus in "Julius Caesar" has 727, Falstaff in "Henry V" 719. Macbeth appears a long part judging from how much he is on the stage in the representation, but in fact he has only 700 lines. Romeo has 618, which is only a few more than the King in "Hamlet," who has 551. Cassius in "Julius Caesar," although a first class part, has but 507 lines.

The female parts in Shakespeare's plays are not very long. The actress who plays Portia has 589 lines to study. Rosalind has 748. Cleopatra has 670 and Juliet 541. Desdemona has only 389. Beatrice has 309. Only 20 of Shakespeare's women have more than 300 lines each, and some of the most famous of the great bard's feminine creations have comparatively little to say. Cordelia in "King Lear" has only 115 lines, Kate in "Taming of the Shrew," although so conspicuous and voluble, has but 229, while Lady Macbeth has but 211.—Baltimore American.

Her Explanation.

"Why," inquired Mr. Sirius Barker indignantly, "do women gossip so much?" "Because, dear," his wife answered sweetly, "if they don't go around and get the news during the day their husbands will insist on going down town to hear it instead of staying at home. And, even as it is, they have to go out two or three times a week to gather up what we overlook."—Washington Star.

Market Rates.

"I hear," remarked Nanny Gost, "that you made that bonafid goat from Rileytown look like 30 cents." "I guess not," declared the victorious Billy. "I'm the one that looks like 80 cents, for I'm the best butter. The very lowest oleo quotation about this 'im."—Philadelphia Press.

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the 12," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning, "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. When we were dropped into a dose, they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

All Ready For Pension.

"You say you were in three wars?" asked the judge of the colored prisoner. "Dat what I said, Jedge." "Name them." "Well, sub, I wuz cook fer de sojers in de war wid de Spaniards, en den I be married for times"—Atlanta Constitution.

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

WANTED. WANTED—At once, Women, Cooks and Waitresses to register at Dawson Employment Bureau, over Holme, Miller & Co., First Avenue.

FOR SALE. FOR SALE—3 Oak Bedroom Suites, Flannery Hotel.

FOR SALE—A snap: good paying restaurant in central location. Inquire at the American Lodging House, 3rd ave. between 1st and 2nd sts., daily between 3 and 5 p. m.

FOR SALE—Laundry, bakery, two furnished rooming houses, restaurant and three elegantly furnished cabins. Dawson Employment Bureau, over Holme, Miller & Co., First Avenue. Phone 173.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. PHYSICIANS. DR. W. I. BARRETT—Physician and Surgeon. Office over Northern Cafe, First Ave. Office hours 11 to 1; 3 to 5; 7 to 9. Telephone 182.

LAWYERS. WHITE, McCALL & DAVEY—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices, Aurora No. 2 Building. Phone 88.

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Montreuil, Carle Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front Street, Dawson. Telephone No. 30.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McPeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

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BELOUCHE, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belouche, Q. C. M. F. Frank J. McDougal, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS. J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., 1st floor to public school, and at below discovery, Hunker Creek.

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

GRAND FORKS. ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Beats the Best in Dawson" THE NORTHERN An Up-To-Date Hotel Elegantly Furnished Heated by Radiators Electric Lights, Call Bells Service and Cuisine Unexcelled. RAYMOND, JULIEN & CO., Proprietors

The Merry Murmur of the Rippling Water Is music in our ears, you bet. It means a lot to us all. Don't get a swelled head boys just because the gleaming dist has fattened your purse—save your dough. Call on me for bargains in Clothing, Boots, Underwear or any old thing you need in my line. I am not in a combine against you.

Hammell Grand Forks

THE GRAND HOTEL Formerly the Globe Rooms Elegantly Furnished First-Class in Every Respect BERRY & SAY, Proprietors

ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE! Grand Forks Market GIESMAN & KLENERT

CHECHACO BEEF JUST IN OVER THE ICE. TELEPHONE No. 19

A DEEP MYSTERY Why do so many members after truth visit the parlors of DR. SLAYTON... The Eminent Parapsychologist! Her reputation for scientific readings has been the talk of the country. Her parlors are thronged with visitors from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Hereafter she will have office hours from 10 to 12, to enable many disappointed visitors an opportunity of consulting her. She is a guiding star to all who will follow her teachings. Parapsychology and Psychometry taught scientifically at her parlors in.

SECOND AVENUE AND THIRD STREET THE PORTLAND EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MEATS. CAN NOW BE OBTAINED AT THE Bay City Market

Steam Hose EVERY FOOT GUARANTEED... AT... The Dawson Hardware Co. Telephone 36 SECOND AVENUE

Don't be a "Penny Wise" and a "Shilling Foolish." If You Wish to Secure a Competency Invest Now in a Mining Claim. If you look around you will find men who secured undeveloped claims for a small amount that are today yielding fortunes. This week I Have Some Snaps In Gold Run, Dominion, Bear, Hunker and Last Chance Claims. If you want to buy, sell, lease or rent, tell me about it. Should you desire competent help or desire a situation, I can supply your wants. R. GILLIS, Broker SECOND STREET, McDONALD HOTEL BUILDING 5 Boys, 12 to 16, Wanted. Call Tomorrow 10 a. m.

Str. GOLD STAR Will Leave Dawson for BETTLES, the Head of Navigation on the Koyukuk River As Soon as the Ice Goes Out. FARES: First-Class \$125; Second-Class \$100 Passage Reserved on Application. W. NEED, Agent YUKON DOCK

ROYALTY REDUCED We have also reduced our price on Havana Cigars Largest Stock in the City to Select from. TOWNSEND & ROSE

Now On the Way In!

The Most Artistic, Interesting and Valuable Collection of Klondike Scenes Ever Published. 200 Magnificent Views, elegantly bound, printed on heavily coated paper with illustrated cover. A Splendid Gift and one that will be Appreciated by the Recipient. Advance samples on exhibition. Orders taken for delivery upon the arrival of the first boat. PRICE \$5.00.

H. J. Goetzman, Photographer Publisher of "KLONDYKE SOUVENIR."

AT THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

Good and Interesting Productions Hold the Boards.

"My Friend From India" at Standard - Everything Funny at Savoy Big Hits at Orpheum.

"My Friend From India" which is being played at the Standard this week is without question the best comedy which has ever been put on the stage in Dawson. This being a difficult play to produce the management has taken particular pains with it, and has spent two weeks in preparing for its production and that its efforts are eminently successful was shown by the continued laughter and applause which greeted the play throughout by the large audience present last night.

The trouble is all caused by young Chas. Underholt who got on a drunk and brought home with him a stranger, A. Keene Shever, and to account for his presence in the house tells his father he is a theological student just come from India and a friend of his. Charles has taken his clothes away from him for fear he will escape before the explanation is finished, so Shever appears in a robe. He is taken as a prize into the family as the latest fad and it is expected that he will pave the way into society for them and gets them into all sorts of funny situations.

The cast is a strong one, each character is well taken and delivered in a creditable manner. The cast of the play is as follows:

Erastus Underholt, a retired packer, Edwin R. Raug; Chas. Underholt, son of Erastus, Robert Lawrence; A. Keene Shever, a theological barber, Wm. Mullen; Tom Valentine, a friend of Charles, Alf T. Layne; Rev. James Tweedle, an African missionary, F. C. Lewis; Jennings, a servant, Harry O'Brien; Bill Finnerty, one of the finest, A. R. Thorne; Mrs. Beckman Street, daughter, looking for a third, Lucy Lovell; Bernice Underholt, daughter of Erastus, Daisy D'Avara; Gertrude Underholt, another daughter, May Walker; Tilly, a German maid, Julia Walcott; Marion Hayste, engaged to Charles, Vivian.

The Savoy program this week is in keeping with the gladsome spring season, bright and sparkling. It opens with a one-act comedy "Squabbles" in which Billy Evans is heavy man ably supported by the balance of the cast. Following the opening comes the Winchells, Carrie and Julia, who have danced all over two or three hemispheres winning laurels everywhere. Waiters and Forest in their ballads and operatic duets are still Savoy favorites, while Nat Darling, the singing comedian, is out this week in new and interesting specialties.

"The Dominica," a burlesque in two scenes by John Flynn, is the big hit of the program and is brim full of amusement from start to finish, introducing a great deal of clever acting. The cast is as follows: Lady Florence, Jennie Gulchard; Mrs. Smith, Carrie Winchell; boarding school girls, Dorothy Campbell, Josie Gordon, Mamie Hightower, Cecil Marion, May Ashley, Miss Teeny; Stuttering Boy, Nat Darling; Prof. Hastings, Jas. Townsend; Prof. Brown, James Post; Prof. Smith, Jno. A. Flynn.

Celia DeLacy, the popular vocal soloist, is still a prime favorite as are also Sadie Taylor and Cecil Marion.

Post and Ashley do a most clever comedy sketch entitled "A Mixed Affair," one of the brightest features of the program, being new and sparkling throughout with merriment.

Jennie Gulchard and the Savoy gaitety girls in living pictures close the program which is one of the best ever yet presented at the Savoy.

The orchestra still leads, this week's overtures being a most complete and careful selection.

J. H. Hearde's productions are still the drawing features at the Orpheum and this week the long program is a hummer from start to finish. It opens with "Vassar College May Festival" in which the cast of characters is as follows:

Principal of School, Larry Bryant; Andy McHugh, the familiar, Ed. Dolan; Mollie McHugh, his wife, Edith Moutrose; Billie Peck, Billie Onslow; Mary, the tough, Alie Delmar; assisted by Orpheum Stock Co. The above is taken from a Mayday Festival at Vassar College, New York state, during which choruses, dances and drills are produced by Garnett, J.H. Hearde, Mae Stanley, Blanche Cametta, Master Wilson, Madge Melville and the Orpheum quartette.

Among the specialists who are all out this week in new and sparkling productions are Mae Stanley, Clothilde Rodgers, Madge Melville, Rae Eldridge, Dolly Mitchell, Blanche Cametta, Kate Rockwell and others.

Eddie Dolan still continues on the grand successful march begun at the

Orpheum eight weeks ago, his star growing brighter with each succeeding week.

Madam Lloyd appears this week for the first time on the Orpheum stage, her repertoire being entirely new and of a high standard.

Bryant and Onslow's specialty work is unexcelled, while the inimitable Hearde in "Every Day is a Wedding Day With Me" is a "button buster" of the irresistible class.

The performance closes with Ed Dolan's huge farce "Pink Primroses" in which the entire cast appears to good advantage.

The Orpheum orchestra continues to discourse a class of music seldom heard and never excelled in a vaudeville show.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened to the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The old standby, Seal of North Carolina, is always generally good.

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STORY OF A HIDDEN LEGACY.

An Old-Fashioned Daguerreotype Contained the Secret

And It Was Given to the One Whom It Was the Intention Should Have Only Trinkets.

"It's an insult," said Jack Stone. "You shall send them right back. You're just as near a relative as the Gordons, yet they have got everything, just because they were there when your aunt died, and then because they knew you were entitled to something, in fact, just as much as they, from her estate, have sent you this collection of odds and ends."

"Hush, John! Never mind. It's not worth talking about, and we might as well make the best of it. Beggars can't be choosers, you know," sagely remarked his wife.

The cause of this outburst was an oblong green pasteboard box which had just arrived, and whose contents, so Eleanor Stone said, were not worth the express paid on it. An accompanying note addressed to Mrs. Stone, in explanation of the box, was as follows:

Dear Eleanor—I send you herewith what mother, May and I have picked out as your share of Aunt Marcia's belongings. They weren't as much as anticipated, and we divided the rest among ourselves, as we had the care of her in her last illness. Your affectionate cousin. EFFIE GORDON.

Eleanor Stone took the note and flung it in the stove. "So much for my cousin's affection. It's too bad. I know Aunt Marcia must have had some money, and, as for the bother of her illness, it was self sought, which makes me doubly sure she left something, for the Gordons are not the kind to put themselves out for nothing. If we only had just a little of her money to tide us over until you get well and put us on our feet again!"

Aunt Marcia was Miss Marcia Perkins, a maiden great-aunt of Eleanor Stone, who had lived somewhat as a recluse and who had recently died.

Eleanor turned the box upside down, gazing regretfully at the little heap on the table. There were an old fashioned bone harpin, two bits of lace, surmounted with lavender bows, such as old ladies wear for caps, two or three cheesecloth dusters, five handkerchiefs, a hair ring and an old fashioned daguerreotype in a rusty black and gilt case, showing the faded countenance of a genteel looking youth of past date.

"There," said Mrs. Stone derisively, "is my share of my late lamented aunt's estate, and here am I, who expected \$100 or \$200 anyway, as hard up as anybody could be, with John sick and unable to work, while Aunt Susan, Effie and May Gordon, who know nothing of hard times, are probably basking in the sunshine of her dollars."

At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, she gathered up her inheritance, put it away in the closet and devoted herself to her husband, who lay grumbling on the sofa, a victim in the clutches of rheumatism.

Several weeks later Eleanor was

brooding over the financial situation when the bell rang and an elderly man stood at the door. He introduced himself as "Mr. Clavers" and said that, being the Gordons' family lawyer and happening to be in town that day, he had come at their request to ask a little favor.

"Would Mrs. Stone care to part with a little, old fashioned daguerreotype the Gordons had sent her in a box of things that were Miss Perkins'?"

Eleanor's curiosity and suspicions were aroused by the sudden desire for this worthless relic of former days. Mr. Clavers explained that the ladies had taken a fancy for it, as an antique merely. They would be quite willing to purchase it, and if a \$10 bill would be any object—

"No," answered Eleanor, spurred on to refusal by a sudden conviction. "I didn't get many of my aunt's things, but what I did I shall keep!" Whereupon she arose and politely but unmistakably bowed the astonished old gentleman out.

Then she hurried to the closet and, rummaging around, soon found the box and in it the daguerreotype case. This she opened and began to scratch it all over with her thumb nail and to finger its surface carefully, hoping that she had not let a \$10 bill go by for nothing.

It might really be a whim of Aunt Susan's after all to want the old thing, yet somehow it seemed to Eleanor that she had once heard Aunt Marcia speak of a daguerreotype case with a secret spring and false back which was a much prized possession, the gift of a dear friend.

Suddenly she gave a gasp and John looked up from his couch in time to see something white flutter to the floor. Forgetting his rheumatism, he sprang from the sofa and stood reading over Eleanor's shoulder a bit of writing on a scrap of paper that meant much to those two:

I, Marcia Perkins, hereby give to the person who after my death becomes the owner of the daguerreotype of Joseph Thurston, in the case of which this paper will be placed by me, the sum of \$2500.

That was as far as they went. "Oh!" said Eleanor.

"Hum," said John, and there was a silence for as many as three seconds.

"Go on," said John.

"It is nothing more about us. It's only that he"—waving the placidly pictured young man—"was her lover. He was drowned at sea, and her house and other belongings are to be sold and the money is to go to the Seamen's Orphans' fund.

"So Effie and the others will have to give up what they have already taken possession of, and instead of everything will have nothing.

"Good enough," concluded John, in a satisfied tone, "provided this paper is perfectly legal. Thought they could slight you entirely, but instead they made a mess of it themselves by giving you a cast off, insignificant looking trinket, which happened to be the most valuable thing our aunt left after all."

"If everything is only turned over to us without any trouble," concluded his wife. "To think of their pretending she didn't leave anything."

There was little trouble over the matter, the paper being dated, signed and witnessed. Thus the Gordons reluctantly saw their knowledge of the daguerreotype's secret came too late, while the Stones, with its aid, were enabled to buy a pleasant little home, where, secure from "hard times," they enjoy life together, the daguerreotype case occupying the place of honor.—Boston Post.

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